



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

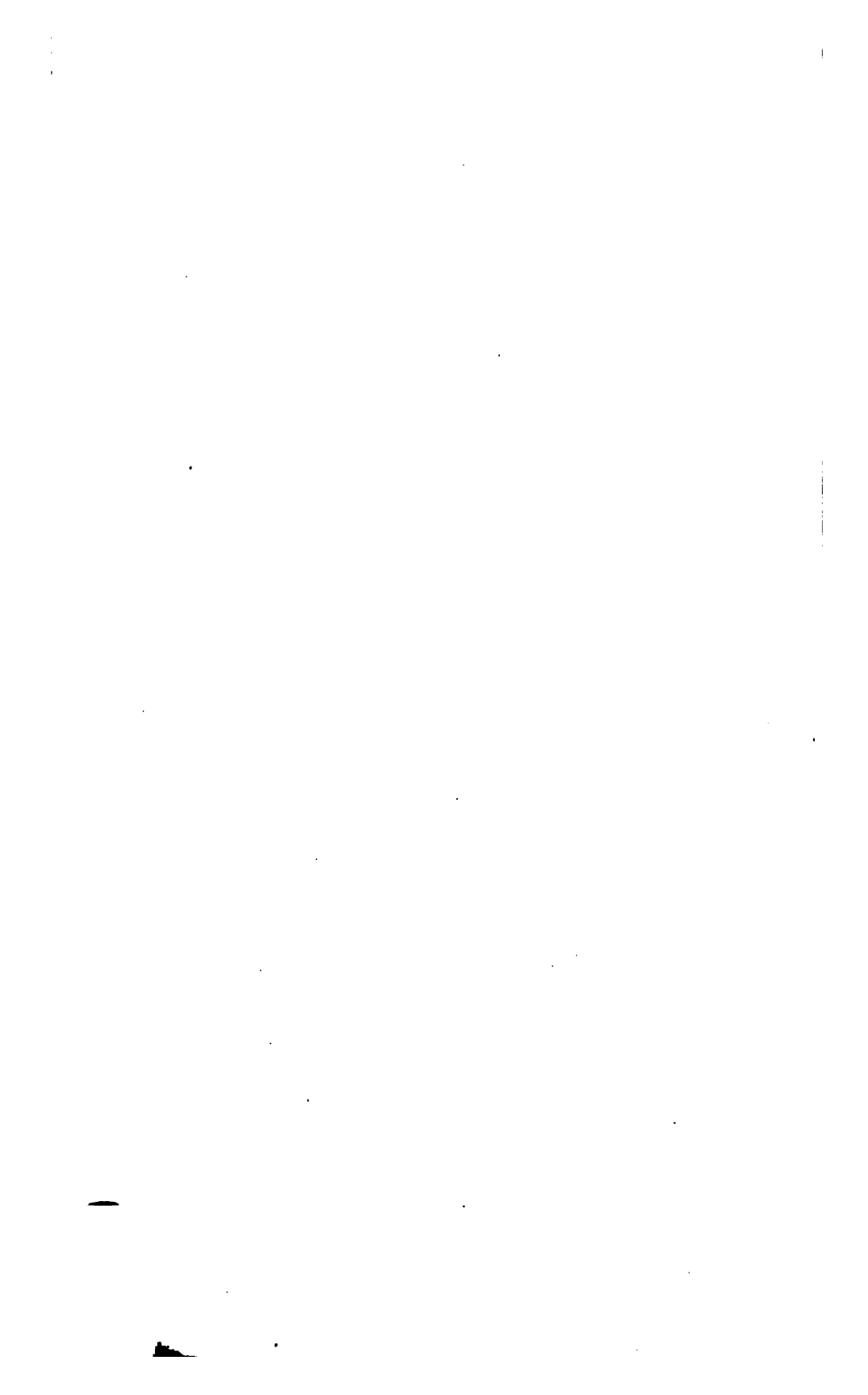
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

KF 20561 (4)







THE NEW ERA:

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL

DEVOTED TO

Humanity, Judaism, and Literature.

EDITED BY REV. RAPHAEL D'O. LEWIN.

VOL. IV.

THE VOICE OF REASON IS THE VOICE OF GOD.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED AT NOS. 67 & 69 WILLIAM STREET.

1874.

4

KF 20561 (4)



Ingraham fund

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by
RAPHAEL D'O. LEWIN,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ADVICE TO THE TEMPERANCE SENSATIONALISTS.....	258
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF RABBI JOSEPH ALBO.....	245
CARL SCHURK.....	208
CHARLES SUMNER.....	223
DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.....	24, 80, 156, 176, 217, 270, 381, 353
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT :	
A Christian Thanksgiving.....	680
Circular of the United Hebrew Charities.....	628
Letter from the Editor to the Hebrew Leader.....	575
New-Year Thoughts.....	511
Our New Volume.....	630
Serious Charges against the Hebrew Orphan Asylum of New York.....	506
Systematic and Efficient Charity.....	627
The Charges against the Orphan Asylum.....	569
The Coming Season of Italian Opera.....	517
The Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews.....	576
The Late Dr. Abraham Geiger.....	625
EXTRACTS FROM RABBINICAL WORKS, TALES, ALLEGORIES, ETC. :	
Charles II. and his Chaplain.....	406
Quality above Quantity.....	264
The Death of Adam.....	351
The Fox and the Fishes.....	435
The Gifts of Nature.....	184
The Scientific Carver.....	567
The Three Friends.....	168
The Two Gates of Heaven.....	466
The Universality of Inspiration.....	360
The Welcome Stag.....	328
The Worthiest of Trees.....	117
Thumping Won't Make a Gentleman.....	560
Unmistakable Identity.....	449
FREEMASONRY, JUDAISM, AND CHRISTIANITY.....	393, 457, 521, 577
GENES OF THOUGHT.....	84, 87, 155, 193, 322, 376, 403, 500, 532
GEORGIA COTTON MILLS.....	263
HARPER'S MAGAZINE AND THE ROTHSCHILDS.....	50
HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE JEWISH CONGREGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES :	
The Shearay Tefilah.....	169
The Temple Emanu-El.....	121
JEWISH BELIEF IN GOD, AND EXPOSITION OF THE "ANGEL" OF SCRIPTURE.....	323, 384, 432, 496, 557
JUDAISM, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.....	14
LETTERS ON THE READING OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.....	165, 182, 247, 305, 326
LIFE OF MADMONIDES.....	137
LITERARY NOTICES :	
A History of Germany from the Earliest Times.....	634
A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive.....	633
Arthur Bonnicastle.....	63
Coomassie and Magdala.....	451
From the Earth to the Moon.....	64
Liberty and Law under Federative Government.....	61
Physiology for Practical Use.....	453

	PAGE
Responsibility in Mental Disease.....	455
The Atmosphere.....	68
The Bric-A-Brac Series.....	455
The Expanse of Heaven.....	456
The Friendship of Books, and other Lectures.....	456
The Heart of Africa.....	519
The Life and Death of John of Barneveld.....	454
The Life of Christ.....	681
The Sermons of Henry Ward Beecher.....	450
Yale Lectures on Preaching.....	520
MR. TRACERAY'S VISIT TO SOME JEWISH SCHOOLS.....	55
ON THE BIBLICAL PRECEPTS WHICH RELATE TO IDOLATRY	501, 527
POETRY:	
A Blessing.....	481
A Hymn of Praise.....	175
A New-Year Greeting.....	504
A Prayer for Faith	264
A Sabbath Hymn.....	295
A Shipwreck.....	407
God our Light	136
Hymn for Pentecost.....	259
Old Toasts.....	392
Omniscience.....	207
Signs of Prosperity.....	262
RABBINICAL APHORISMS.....	54, 96, 352
SAIDINGS OF HILLEL.....	495
SKETCHES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS.....	31, 88
TALISMANS AND TALISMANIC FIGURES.....	296
THEATRICAL REHEARSALS.....	620
THE CHARACTER AND VOCATIONS OF SOME ANCIENT RABBIS	404
THE CHERETHITES AND PELETHITES.....	348
THE ERA OF ACCIDENTS.....	263
THE EXCELLENCE OF WIT.....	252
THE GREAT JEWISH CHARITIES OF AMERICA :	
The Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum Society of the City of New York.....	7
The Mount Sinai Hospital.....	65
The Touro Infirmary of New Orleans.....	265
THE INTENTION OF THE MOSAIC LAW	343
THE LESSONS OF THE CEMETERY.....	587
THE MOSAIC DISTINCTION OF ANIMALS.....	208
THE NEW BETH-EL CONGREGATION.....	115
THE ORIGIN OF OBOLATIONS.....	436
THE POSITION OF THE JEWS IN GREAT BRITAIN.....	132
THE PRESS THE EDUCATOR OF MANKIND.....	185
THE STAGE.....	119, 635
THE TALMUD AND ITS PERSECUTORS.....	389
THE TWO TROMBONES.....	443
THE VALUE OF ORDARS ; OR, THE MARTYR.....	85, 95, 143, 194, 233, 283, 329, 361, 409, 467, 533, 593
THE WEST LONDON REFORM CONGREGATION OF BRITISH JEWS	92
WHAT I DID WITH A SHILLING.....	561
ZABIAN IDOLATRIES AND FABLES.....	377

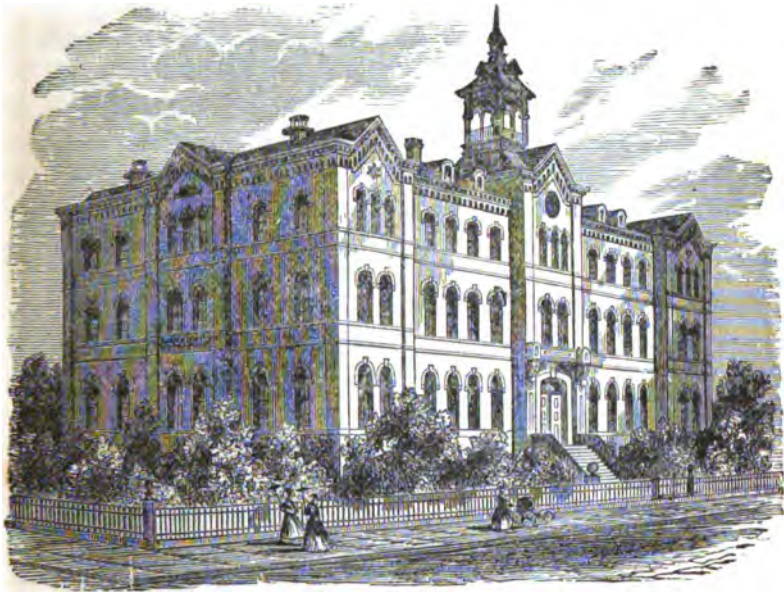
THE NEW ERA.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1874.

No. 1.

THE GREAT JEWISH CHARITIES OF AMERICA.



THE HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM OF NEW-YORK, CORNER 77TH STREET AND THIRD AVENUE.

“If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.” This recommendation of the immortal Addison is, to our mind, as applicable to corporate bodies, public societies, and even to whole nations and races of people as it is to individuals. Without perseverance, experience, caution, and hope, no enterprise whether of the smallest nature or of the most gigantic proportions can become permanently and truly successful. The

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by RAPHAEL D'C. LEWIN, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

histories of great institutions, like the biographies of great men, have one feature in common, that both exhibit in glaring colors the difficulties, obstacles, and impediments which had to be overcome, and the trials, struggles and sufferings to be endured, before the victory was gained and the triumph achieved. Judged by this standard, how untiring must have been the perseverance, how mature the experience, how wise the caution, how buoyant the hope of those under whose fostering care and direction the great Jewish Charities of America have become so pre-eminently successful. Half a century ago the noblest of these noble institutions sprung into existence, and, though at first but a tender shoot, it has developed into a towering tree, and has lived to be surrounded by others of almost equal magnificence, whose expanded branches have sheltered and protected the aged and the needy, the sick and the helpless, the widow and the orphan. Half a century ago! What wonderful revolutions, what stupendous changes, what grand events has the world witnessed since that date! With the generations which have passed from earth have also passed many of the thoughts, sentiments and theories which actuated them in life. In the social and religious no less than in the political and scientific world, old ideas have sunk into oblivion and new ideas have been born, which for the most part, have conferred the greatest blessings on the human family. These mighty influences have doubtless affected the Jews as they have the rest of mankind. Yet there is one sentiment, one great incentive to action in the Jewish heart which is to-day the same as it ever was, a sentiment as old as the hills, as indestructible as creation itself, as unaffected by change and revolution as the most enduring of nature's works, the sentiment of compassion, of sympathy, of benevolence, of heaven-born charity. It was this innate feeling of commiseration for the woes of others which prompted the original founders of our great benevolent societies to undertake the holy work; it is this same feeling which has rendered them what they are to-day and which will in the future continue to insure their prosperity and increase their advantages. So great is the influence for good exercised by these institutions and so deep a hold have they on the affections of our people that we venture to hope that the sketches we shall publish in the pages of this magazine will prove not only interesting reading, but that they will even possess some historical value. We therefore, without further preliminary remarks, enter upon the subject of our first sketch.

I.

THE HEBREW BENEVOLENT AND ORPHAN ASYLUM SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Like most of the great Jewish Charities of America, this excellent institution had a very humble origin. Early in the year 1820, a Jew, who had been a veteran in the American War of Independence, was brought to the City Hospital in a dying condition. He had neither friends nor funds, but finding his end approaching, expressed a desire to see some of his co-religionists. Messrs. John J. Hart, Joseph Davies, and others, becoming acquainted with this fact, visited the soldier and collected money for his support. His death, however, which occurred shortly afterward, left some \$300 in the hands of his kind visitors for disposal. Then arose the question in the minds of these gentlemen, whether it would not be an opportune moment for establishing a society to afford assistance to its own members, as well as to others, in time of need. It must be remembered that there was at that date but one Jewish Congregation in the City of New York, the number of Hebrews being at the utmost but a few hundreds, and no benevolent society at all, if we except a congregational society, if such it can be called, for visiting the sick, and attending funerals and houses of mourning. The desirability of establishing a benevolent society, was therefore readily acknowledged, and steps were at once taken for the formation of one. Many meetings were held and much deliberation ensued, until on the 8th day of April, 1822, Messrs. Daniel Jackson, Joseph Jackson, Joseph Davies, John J. Hart, Abraham Collins, Rowland Davies, Simon Meyers, Abraham Mitchell, Charles J. Hart, and Joseph Samuel met and associated themselves together with other gentlemen, and formed a charitable institution under the name and style of The Hebrew Benevolent Society of the City of New York. At this meeting the rules and regulations for the government of the society were formed, and the following gentlemen unanimously chosen as the first board of officers: Daniel Jackson, President; Joseph Jackson, Treasurer; John J. Hart, Abraham Collins, Rowland Davies, Abraham Mitchell, Moses Leon, and Joseph Samuel, Committee; and Charles John Hart, Secretary.

We must here acknowledge our indebtedness, for most of the early history of the society, to Mr. Meyer Stern's excellent address delivered on the occasion of the Semi-Centennial celebration, from which we learn that, "The first anniversary, held at David Barnett's Hotel

in the Bloomingdale Road, was noticeable for two reasons: first, because the supper was cooked by the members themselves, and secondly, the startling sum of \$49 was the result of the evening's donation." In this unpretending way the society worked on, increased in membership, and enlarged its sphere of usefulness. Thus a decade of years passed, without any important event transpiring.

In 1832, the society applied to the Legislature of the State for an act of incorporation, which, through the assistance of Mordecai Meyers, Esq., a member of the Assembly from this city, was obtained. The act was passed February 2d, 1832; the following names appearing therein as the incorporators: Moses B. Seixas, Louis Levy, Daniel Jackson, Solomon Seixas, John J. Hart, Myer Levy, Mordecai M. Noah, Myer Moses, and Joseph Levy. From this date until 1841, no information regarding the transactions of the society can be obtained from the records, the minutes kept during that period having doubtless been lost. In the latter year, however, under the presidency of Mr. Elias L. Phillips, who seems to have succeeded Mr. Morland Mitchell, an anniversary dinner was given which resulted in great pecuniary gain.

In 1842, the Hon. M. M. Noah was elected President, which office he held until the time of his death, in the early part of 1851. He was succeeded by Mr. Harris Aaronson who served the society with much ability until 1857, when, declining a re-election, Mr. P. J. Joachimsen was called to the Presidential chair. In 1844 Mr. Henry Goldsmith became Secretary, and for seven years proved himself a faithful and zealous officer. In 1851 he was succeeded by Mr. Alfred Lazarus, who retained the position until 1857, when Mr. Goldsmith again assumed his former duties, and to this day continues to discharge them with credit to himself and honor to the Institute. In 1854 the society became the recipient of \$5,000, a bequest by the late Judah Touro, the philanthropist. This amount raised the funds to \$11,377.99; the amount disbursed exceeded \$4,000 during the year. In December 1857, a large sum of money was realized by a grand operatic entertainment given by the Directors at the Academy of Music, "Il Trovatore" and the accomplished Mr. Thalberg being the attractions.

With events such as those, and occasional changes in the management, the society continued to prosper and progress, increasing in membership and doing all the good that came in its way until the Spring of 1859, when a most important action was taken by which its prosperity was materially enhanced and its sphere of usefulness con-

siderably increased. To render this action perfectly intelligible to our readers, it is necessary that we now go back for a few years and chronicle the facts connected with the history of another benevolent society, which up to the year 1859 existed as a separate and independent organization.

We have said that in 1820, the number of Jews in the city of New York was so limited that one congregation was deemed sufficient. By degrees however, as emigration from Germany and central Europe increased, the Jewish element was greatly strengthened, so much so that in 1845 there were in existence besides the original Portuguese congregation, three congregations following the German Minhag and two the Polish Minhag. The Temple Emanu-El was also then about being organized as a reform congregation. The number of societies for benevolent, educational and other purposes had increased to fourteen, the latest addition being the one to which we have to direct our attention.

In January, 1845, it having been deemed necessary to organize another society "to assist the needy, succor the helpless, and protect the weak," the German Hebrew Benevolent Society was formed by the following gentlemen: Henry Keyser, I. D. Walter, Isaac Dittenhoefer, L. Haas, J. Stettheimer, Chas. Sander, E. Speyer, H. Bernheimer, S. Kohnshaw, Gustav Bernhard, Wm. Renau, E. S. Ballin, L. Lederer, H. Hildburghausen, H. Hyneman, Mayer Schutz, Philip Pike, N. Asyl, M. Cooper, Jos. Ochs, Henry Jones, Drs. Bruckman and Mitchel, and others. The Act of Incorporation from the Legislature was obtained by the Hon. Charles Stewart; the proceedings and minutes of the new society were transacted and kept in the German language, and so great was the favor it received from the public that during the first year over two hundred names were enrolled on its list of members.

In September, 1847, the Jewish population of the city, and consequently the number of the poor had so increased that a proper house of refuge for the destitute sick became an actual necessity. The German Benevolent Society perceiving and feeling this want, proposed to the Benevolent Society and to the several congregations, that they should unite together for the erection of a Hospital, and in order to show its sincerity in the proposal voted the sum of \$1,500 out of its general fund, and a certain portion of its yearly receipts. The Benevolent Society promptly joined in the proposal and a meeting of deputies was convened, the Hon. Judge M. M. Noah presiding.

The project, however, failed of its intended result, several of the larger congregations refusing their co-operation. The German Hebrew Benevolent Society nevertheless continued to keep apart the sum voted for the object and steadily augmented it.

In 1859, the Jewish charitable institutions were so numerous that the opinion became general that a union between the two societies, of which we are treating, would serve the cause of charity better and effect a greater amount of good. Accordingly negotiations were entered into for this purpose. "The German Hebrew Benevolent Society having by a unanimous and final vote of its members declared: '*THE HOSPITAL FUND now belonging to the German Hebrew Benevolent Society, shall be appropriated for the establishment of an Orphan Asylum and Home for aged and indigent Jews;*'" and settled by conferences all minor matters relating to a union, the respective societies met in the month of April, 1859, when their consolidation was completed. The two societies united under the name of the 'Hebrew Benevolent Society of the City of New York.' The following composed the first board of officers of the new society: P. J. Joachimsen, President; M. Cooper, Vice-President; Isaac Horter, Treasurer. The united funds amounted to nearly \$25,000.

We now quote largely from Mr. Stern's speech already alluded to.

"The principal fact which had incited prominent members of each society to arrange a complete union, was the necessity of providing at once a suitable home for Jewish orphan children, who then were scattered in various parts, some even in the city institutions. The call was general for a relief of this kind, and offers of assistance unanimous if only the first steps were to be taken. Accordingly, the announcement of the consolidation was hailed with delight, and immediately a call was made on the new Board of Directors to establish measures at once for the relief of the orphans. To their credit be it said, as soon as the necessary arrangements had been effected for the ordinary workings of a charitable society, they at once took the matter into careful consideration. They issued an appeal to the Jewish public, which was promptly and handsomely answered. An enlarged charter was obtained from the Legislature, which empowered the Directors of the society to buy and hold real estate, and to have the management of orphans as in other institutions. Further, the Common Council were authorized to appropriate such land for the building of the Asylum as they deemed proper, so that nothing was now left but to open at once a home for the reception of children."

The supplementary act of the Legislature spoken of by Mr. Stern was passed April 12th, 1860, about which time a house was rented in West 29th Street, as a temporary Asylum, and thirty children at once placed therein under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Hart.

In September of this year also, a number of highly influential and charitable ladies associated themselves together under the name of "The Ladies Sewing Society of the Jewish Orphan Asylum," "for the purpose of providing clothing for the children of the Asylum, and to aid in other respects the internal arrangement more properly under the sphere of woman." The ladies of this noble sisterhood continue to this day to minister, like guardian angels, to the wants of the poor little orphans. They not only procure all the material for clothing from their own funds, but meet once in every week to attend to the necessary sewing, and to examine into the comfort of the children. The invaluable aid they have rendered the Asylum is thus prettily acknowledged by Mr. Stern, in his Semi-Centennial address: "The chief influence exercised, the great strength, the incalculable encouragements we receive, are due to the indefatigable labors of the *Ladies' Sewing Society* attached to our Institution, from the efficient officers down to the last and humblest member, each vying with the other to foster and promote the interest of a common cause. . . . If there be one incentive more inspiring than another to nerve the arm and press the energy of man to works of humanity, that incentive is supplied in the heroic example of woman. There is an innate and instinctive sympathy in her heart with suffering, and the tear that moistens her cheek at the couch of disease and death, and in the presence of trial and affliction, is as pure as the dew-drop that sips the fragrance of the morning flower. Her presence, her co-operation, her smile, her encouragement, is worth to our cause more than gold and silver and precious stones, and will win for us, if we but prove ourselves worthy of her confidence, greater trophies than all other of our elements of strength combined."

In 1861, Mr. Joseph Seligman was elected President, and by the report submitted that year, it appeared that thirty-three children had been admitted, that the donations received during the year amounted to \$9,000, and the total receipts from all sources \$26,218.35, that the expenses were about \$19,000 and that the assets had reached the handsome sum of \$62,749.75. In the following year Mr. Seligman having declined a re-election, Mr. Benjamin I. Hart, was chosen President. The members then numbered 450 and the assets amounted to nearly

\$70,000. Applications for admission into the Asylum were now coming in so plentifully to the Trustees, that they soon saw the necessity of providing more suitable accommodations, and accordingly, without any delay, determined to construct an elegant and commodious building. The society was in splendid condition for this undertaking, the assets being of themselves great, and the city having munificently donated \$30,000 to the purpose besides the ground at the corner of 77th Street and Third Avenue. Early in August, the contractors went to work, and on September 30th, 1862, the cornerstone was laid by the late John J. Hart, one of the founders of the Society. Appropriate ceremonies, participated in by the clergy and the most prominent members of the Jewish community, characterized the important event. The erection of the Asylum had the effect of exciting and bringing into action the best feelings of all classes of the Jewish people. Even youths and children manifested their anxiety and interest by giving entertainments and presenting the proceeds to the society. In the meanwhile the building was approaching completion, and when at length it was in perfect readiness for the noble use for which it was intended, the directors resolved to celebrate its inauguration in a manner worthy of so great a work. The formal dedication took place on November 5th, 1863, and was fully reported by all the daily papers. We quote from *The New York Times* :

“The occasion was of more than ordinary interest to the Jewish residents of New York, and they gathered in great numbers to witness, and by their presence add importance to the act of inauguration. All the wealth and high respectability, all the beauty and the fashion of which the sons and daughters of Israel who have cast their lot in this community possess so largely recognized a share, were represented in immense force, and the number of the general multitude could not be calculated at less than several thousands. Unlike most affairs of the kind, in which the spectators are chiefly attracted by curiosity, all in this case seemed brought together by feelings of personal pride in the success of the undertaking, and by that strong bond of sympathy which keeps a people of peculiar race and religion specially united in a land of their adoption.”

The same paper, some weeks prior to the dedication, gave the following description of the building :

“The building within as well as without is one of the best appointed Asylums and most beautiful structures in the country. Set back 125 feet from the Avenue, it has a principal frontage of 120 feet on

Seventy-seventh street by 60 feet in depth, and 90 in height to the top of the ornamental cupola. It consists within of cellars, basements, three stories and an attic. There are wings and projecting gables to the main building, the whole being in the Romanesque style of architecture, after the plans of H. Fernbach, the architect, the mason work by Wm. Laimbeer, Jr., and the carpenter work by Hennessy & Gibson. The cellars are built in the most substantial manner, of the best quarried bluestone, with hammered facings; the basement front is of Connecticut brown-stone, with rustic joints, and the remaining upper frontage of the best Philadelphia pressed brick with brown-stone trimmings. The principal entrance, on 77th street, is reached by a handsome flight of brown-stone steps, with railings of the same material, and pedestals representing at the top the globe and bands, typical of charity spanning the earth. Over the doorway is an arched slab bearing the inscription, "Hebrew Orphan Asylum;" and in the centre of each of the projecting gables is a *Mogen David*, or David's shield, of double triangles, with the date "1862" on the main projection. The interior is arranged in vast halls for school-rooms, play-rooms, dormitories, hospital apartments, with a library, grand reception saloon, chapel, and the apartments of the superintendent and his family. The arrangements for the laundry, bakery, kitchen, bathing, heat, light and ventilation are of the most improved kind. The accommodation is ample for 200 orphans. The edifice and its fittings are now nearly completed, at a cost of about \$50,000, and reflect great credit not only upon the architect and contractors but also upon the building committee—Messrs. W. Rossman, Philip Frankenheim, Samuel Hackes, Jacob Goldsmith, Henry Lewis, H. B. Herts, Jr., S. M. Cohen, M. Cooper, W. Heller, and S. Adler."

Shortly after the opening of the new Asylum the question arose as to the future plan to be pursued in the education of the children. The House Committee's report, presented at the annual Anniversary meeting held in 1864, recommended "that application be made to the Board of Education to grant us the requisite teachers, whereby the necessity of the children's attending School outside of the building would be obviated." The president, Mr. B. I. Hart, refused to indorse this recommendation, and his words on the occasion were so replete with common sense and good judgment, and expressed so fully the general opinion in the Jewish mind on the subject of the national system of education, that we cannot refrain from quoting them *in extenso*:

"My opinion is that the public school system of this State is a great blessing to the public at large. In these schools the best kind of education is afforded the pupils. Sectional doctrines or principles are excluded; the earlier our children mingle with those of their own age who belong with them to a common country and who in after life are to be their fellow citizens, the better. In our homes and houses of worship we should be Hebrews; in all other conditions of life let us claim the proud title of *Americans*, from which we may expect whatever advantage may belong to our character as such."

What a commentary is such a sentiment, on the narrow-minded and pernicious policy which has always been pursued by the Catholics, led on by their priests, and which is now producing such sad results! It is hardly necessary to say, that the President's words met with full and sincere approbation. The children of the Asylum continue to this day to attend the public Schools, and "the order, regularity, cleanliness and general deportment of the pupils," as well as their diligence and progress in their studies, have often been highly commended by the principal and teachers. From education Judaism has nothing to fear and all to gain. The public schools of this country, so long as they are conducted under its present system or as good a one, can never do harm to Judaism, nor will Jews ever dread to permit their children to associate with those of a different religious belief. A religion conscious of its own truth, need never fear coming into contact with opposing systems. Of course Hebrew and Religious instruction is given to the children in an evening school at the Asylum; and the very young ones are also prepared there in secular studies before being sent to public school.

In April, 1865, Mr. Hart having declined a re-election, Mr. Samuel M. Cohen was called to the chair. Under the two years of his administration, the progress of the Institute was wonderful. The number of inmates had increased to 141; the number of members to 4000, and the assets, independently of the value of the building and ground, to \$52,964.79.

In 1857, Mr. Cohen declining a re-election, the late Joseph Fatman was chosen to succeed him. This excellent gentleman served the Institution with peculiar ability and efficiency until his death, which sad and melancholy event occurred on October 7th, 1869. Taken from earth in the prime of life, and in the midst of a most useful and honorable career, the Society in common with the Jewish community sustained a loss which was deeply felt.

During the first year of Mr. Fatman's administration, Dr. Greenbaum who after the opening of the Asylum had succeeded Mr. Hart, as Superintendent, tendered his resignation, and Mr. Louis Schnabel was appointed to fill the vacancy. In securing the services of this gentleman, the Society have had much cause for congratulation. Apart from the conscientious and zealous manner in which he fulfilled his duties he soon evinced great executive ability, and by his suggestions and recommendations did much toward advancing the Institute and increasing its sphere of usefulness. To his wise forethought is due the establishment of the Industrial Schools, which now rank among the chief features of the Asylum.

The first of these schools was a shoe factory, which was opened in May 1869. A master-shoemaker having been engaged, the work was commenced with six apprentices selected from the inmates with their own consent, and so great was the success of the undertaking that within the first year of its existence, not only did the shop supply all the wants of the Asylum, but did for outside customers between four and five hundred dollars' worth of work, besides giving away to outdoor poor several pairs of boots and shoes.

On the death of Mr. Fatman, Mr. Myer Stern, the Vice-President, was called to the chair, which office he still holds, having been unanimously re-elected every succeeding year. Those who have the pleasure of Mr. Stern's acquaintance are not long in discovering the great benefit which any institution or work of charity must derive from his connection therewith. Apart from the largeness of his heart and his munificent generosity, he possesses administrative ability in no ordinary degree. Judged by the number of positions he is called upon to fill in different institutions, among them being a Commissioner of Charities for the City of New York, and from the zeal and energy with which he serves them all, it is safe to say that he is at the same time one of the most popular and hardest worked men in the Jewish community. During the years that Mr. Stern has presided over the Orphan Asylum, its fortunes have been greatly enhanced.

The report of the finance committee in April 1870 showed receipts from all sources of \$53,427.63, and disbursements \$52,707.08. Of the receipts less than \$12,000 were collected from member's dues; but in the following year, owing to the indefatigable labor of the President and his Board, over a thousand names were added to the list of Patrons, and the finances in April 1871 showed an increase, from dues alone, of \$37,965 against the \$12,000 of the year previous. The funds

of the Society were however materially swelled from other sources. In December 1870, the Great Hebrew Charity Fair, held in common with the Mount Sinai Hospital, yielded as the share for the Asylum the handsome sum of \$33,879.20. The Golden Book of Life, inaugurated by the devoted friend of charity, Lazarus Morgenthau, Esq., also added over \$10,000 to the general fund.

While the Institution was thus prospering financially it was also increasing in its usefulness. The experiment made in the small shoe shop led to the introduction of another trade—that of type-setting and printing. Of the inauguration of this important branch the Superintendent thus speaks in his annual report for 1871:

“On the occasion of the thirteenth birthday of his son Henry, the worthy chairman of your committee, Jesse Seligman, Esq., consulted me as to what kind of present for the orphans I would propose; I recommended a printing office.

‘By all means go to work,’ was the generous answer of our worthy chairman, and behold, on the 10th of June the younger branch of our Industrial School sprung into existence; its official name being: The Hebrew Orphan Asylum Printing Establishment.”

Seven boys were at once apprenticed to the trade and, like the shoemakers, the juvenile printers receive, besides pocket money, compensation, which is deposited in Savings Banks. The number of apprentices in the printing office is now seventeen. Of the success of the undertaking we leave our readers to judge when we state that this Printing Office, in both its Book and Job departments can compete with the largest establishments of the kind in the country. The original sum invested by Mr. Seligman, was \$1,079 89, but the additions which have been made by presents and purchases have been so great that the value of the stock cannot be less than several thousands of dollars.

On April 11th, 1872, the Society celebrated its Fiftieth Anniversary. An immense gathering took place at the Academy of Music, the exercises consisting of addresses and vocal and instrumental music, among the speakers being Chief Justice Charles P. Daly.

About this time Mr. Louis Schnabel resigned his position as Superintendent of the Institute, and we find in the annual report of the Committee of Governors the following just tribute to his worth:

“It has been his fixed purpose since he entered upon the responsibilities attending the discharge of his duties, not only to perform all that could reasonably be required of him, but to prepare those, who

have looked up to him with feelings of mingled respect and love, for useful and honorable positions in life. His religious and moral teachings, seconded by his example, have become firmly impressed upon his dutiful pupils, and cannot fail to exert a beneficial influence over their future life. Indeed have we good cause to deplore the determination of Mr. Schnabel to sever his connection with our Institution, and our best wishes follow him into whatever sphere of life he may enter."

Mr. Schnabel, however, did not leave the Institution, but became the principal of the Industrial School, to which he is at present attached. In his office as Superintendent he was succeeded by Mr. Jacob Cohen, a gentleman whose former connection with the Cleveland Orphan Asylum rendered him fully qualified for the important position. Mr. Cohen has, since his assumption of the duties of his office, given repeated evidence of his fitness and we doubt not but that under the kind treatment of himself and wife, the inmates of the Asylum will continue to enjoy all the advantages of their condition.

From the last annual report we learn that the present number of inmates is 183, the division being 133 Boys and 50 Girls; that the receipts from all sources for the past year were \$70,658.26 and the expenditures \$69,284.94, of which \$19,000 were spent in Charity and Relief, and that the assets have reached the handsome sum of \$127,398.57. From the same report we obtain the following names as the list of Officers and Trustees for the present year: Myer Stern, President; Jesse Seligman, Vice-President; S. T. Meyer, Treasurer; G. M. Leventritt, P. W. Frank, Benjamin I. Hart, L. J. Phillips, Jacob Goldsmith, Jonas Heller, Seligman Solomon, Leopold Lithauer, Ignatz Stein, Moritz Cohn, Isaac Hoffman, Simon Sternberger, Moses Goodkind, John Rau, Emanuel Lehman, Solomon Hyman, Henry Rice, and Louis Lewengood, Directors; Henry Goldsmith, Secretary, and Simon H. Stern, Assistant Secretary.

We have thus endeavored to place on record all the most important events connected with the history of this great Institution from the earliest date of its organization to the present time. That it may continue as heretofore to accomplish much good, that it may endure for ages to come, as an ornament to the metropolis of the New World and a monument of the benevolence of the Jewish Community, is indeed our fervent wish and prayer; and we doubt not but that this sentiment will be cordially indorsed by all our readers.

JUDAISM: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY THE EDITOR BEFORE THE "ANSHI CHESED" CONGREGATION OF NEW YORK, ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873.

FROM the earliest date in the record of the world's history to the present moment, no subject has received so much of the attention of mankind as religion. Through the long range of centuries which have intervened between what are termed ancient and modern times, it has been, of all questions, the one which produced the greatest controversy and the most uncompromising discussion. Were it possible to collect all the books, pamphlets and manuscripts which have treated about it, the most capacious building in existence would be too small to contain them. The greatest national army would, in point of numbers, sink into insignificance when compared with the multitude of disputants who have engaged in its argument. But not merely to polemical treatises and wordy debates has this absorbing topic confined itself. It has sought and obtained wider fields of action. It has entered into and been made part of all the great social and political issues which have agitated the world. It has disturbed the peace of the mightiest empires, the most powerful kingdoms. Beneath its influence the strongest governments have trembled, the wisest legislators have been perplexed. To it, perhaps more than to any other cause, may be attributed the horrors, calamities, sufferings and afflictions which have befallen humanity. In its name and on its behalf the bloodiest wars have been undertaken and conducted, the most atrocious and revolting barbarities have been perpetrated, the vilest excesses have been indulged in. It has been used to screen the most heinous crimes, to justify the worst offences of which man is capable. It has spread a funeral pall over the fair face of earth, it has blotted out God's bright daylight, it has filled the pure air of nature with the agonizing shrieks and groans of millions of human beings.

Withal this, however, the religious question is still foremost in society. It is still the principal theme of discussion, still the vexed problem which is constantly threatening the peace of the old world, and which is even here attacking the very groundwork upon which this great republic has been established. Yet, indeed, do we not find that society is vastly improved by this almost universal interest.

The world judged as a whole, is perhaps not much better than it was in the remote ages of antiquity. If civilization has corrected some of the evils of the past, it has produced new evils as the result of its own progress. If it has been the means of eradicating old vices, it has engendered fresh ones in their place. Crime still remains unchecked, and sin in all its native deformity and ghastly ugliness stalks triumphantly through the length and breadth of the land. People nevertheless continue as of old to quarrel on the religious question; priests and ministers and theologians, supported by their respective adherents and followers continue to war with each other, each sect asserting the supremacy of its own particular faith and condemning as false that of every other. As a witty writer justly observes: "Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it; anything, but live for it."

Such then being the state of the religious problem, it is a matter of considerable importance for us Jews clearly to ascertain how this great question has affected us and Judaism in the past, what its influence is now on us and our belief, and what may be the probable results of that influence in the future. Before we enter on the consideration of so comprehensive a subject, let us for the better understanding thereof, arrive at a true definition of the term religion.

This word has been often erroneously substituted for theology, doctrine, belief, creed and the like. From a misconception of the proper relationship between religion and the Bible, the former has been generally represented as the offspring of the latter. Hence as no work has ever been subjected to so many different constructions as the Bible, what is religion to one man is infidelity to another. Whereas religion, far from being exclusive or sectarian in its nature, is universal, humanitarian. The Bible is really the outgrowth of religion, for long before that great book was written, religion existed and exercised its influence. Indeed it was coeval with the creation of man, and from the very commencement of man's life on earth gave manifestations of its existence, in the desire of his soul to soar upward to the Ideal and to conquer the corporeal and earthly.

In a word, then, Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. It has been, is now, and will forever remain an enduring and living monument of the very existence and truth of God himself. As such, religion has existed from all eternity. How crude or imperfect soever the moral and intellectual culture of the various nations and races of men may be, the sentiment of religion is still with them, and being there,

the desire to give that sentiment a reality and a life, manifests itself in a variety of ways, according as their capacity for discovering and retaining abstract truth is either great or small. Hence arose theologies, systems of religion, or to use the popular term religions. Now if we would know which of these systems has the best right to be entitled religion, which of these systems is in truth the world-embracing religion, let us seek it in that system which though appearing at first as a national religion yet possesses sufficient vitality to rise above its nationality and to outlive the very national existence of that people among whom it primarily developed itself. Such a system is Judaism alone, for not only has Judaism survived the destruction of Jewish nationality, but it has survived the combined efforts of the whole world, and of every other system to uproot and annihilate it. And the very fact of its existence to-day, in spite of the bitter opposition it has encountered, is evidence sufficient of the truth of its mission.

When Judaism arose, its surroundings were wild indeed. The entire world was in darkness on the subject of spiritual religion. Ignorance and superstition prevailed, idolatry was the general form of worship, and the wildest conjectures were entertained as to the nature of the Supreme Being, his relation to man and the duties and obligations of the latter consequent on that relation. True the patriarchal conception of God had done something toward disseminating religious knowledge, but the Egyptian bondage had impeded further progress and had almost eradicated the true idea from the Hebrews themselves. When therefore the emancipation took place, the religious feeling of the whole world could not grasp anything higher than the conception of a Superior Being and the recognition of his power. Its only incentive was fear, its only aim the propitiating of that Supreme power that it feared. It had yet to be trained to see in God the perfection of purity, the embodiment of love. To Judaism was appointed this task, for inasmuch as different races seem endowed with certain faculties which are not possessed in equal force by others, the Jewish race was unmistakably endowed with the faculty for the perception of abstract truth. The genius for Religion was born with the Jewish people; they were indeed the children of Revelation. As, however, to introduce into the world a new idea was to encounter a fierce struggle with well established customs and predilections, Judaism was compelled to enter upon its mission, invested in an outer covering of a coarser nature. Hence the true and only religion worthy of that exalted name of the universal sentiment, had to appear

in the garb of a national religion and to wear that garb so long as it could not safely be dispensed with. Thus those national laws and statutes which Moses imparted to the Israelites became a portion of the religion itself, became in fact the preservers of the Religious idea, without which the idea would doubtless have been crushed out even among themselves. Then did Judaism enter upon its errand of love, to elevate mankind and to teach the knowledge of the true God to all His children. And oh! what a precious knowledge was that! What a tale of love and mercy and fatherly compassion and above all of justice had not Judaism to tell the world! What grand lessons, what sublime precepts, what beautiful truths had not Judaism to impart! Entering boldly upon its career with the proud consciousness of its own divine truth, it proclaimed at the outset its pure conception of God and made His Unity its watchword. "The Lord our God is the one Eternal God." Such is the banner of Judaism, such was the first announcement of Judaism, such was its constant proclamation amidst all the tribulations it afterward encountered, such is its motto to-day, and such will it ever be until all the world shall take up and echo that glorious cry. But the true knowledge of God, and his attributes was not all that Judaism had to teach. Man's nature and mission on earth, his duties, his destiny, were subjects upon which no correct judgments were formed until Judaism imparted those religious truths necessary for man to believe and those moral laws through the observance of which every human being may become good and happy. Truly it is Judaism which gave birth to all the higher sentiments of which humanity is capable, and to us Jews, as the promulgators of that religion, the world owes a debt of gratitude. How that debt has been paid is known to every reader of history. The martyrdom to which our race was subjected for eighteen unbroken centuries, the persecutions we have suffered, the tortures we have endured—all because we would not surrender our noble belief, our God-appointed mission, are facts too well authenticated and too generally acknowledged to need recapitulation at the present time. Let us then turn to the one bright feature in that retrospect which is otherwise so painfully dark—the devotion with which we clung to our heritage and the good we did the world in return for all the bitter hatred, the unmeasured scorn, the inhuman contumely which was heaped upon us. Driven from country to country, from city to city, from village to village, the despised and reviled of men, the Jew went over the whole world and not only kept his faith intact, but wherever he went sowed

the seeds of true religion and in other ways also benefited his species. For not alone do we claim pre-eminence in the science of theology, but also in the arts of poesy and music, which undoubtedly sprung from us. Philosophy, astronomy, mathematics, medicine and jurisprudence are also indebted to us for their introduction into certain countries whither our enemies had driven us, and last though not least, commerce has received its greatest impulse through Jewish talent and Jewish energy.

Such was the Judaism of the past. While the religious question was deluging the world with blood and seeking to carry conviction to men's minds by means of the sword, the rack and the torch, Judaism was pursuing her quiet path, bearing in silence the odium and the shame that was cast upon her, scattering blessings everywhere in return for the curses which were so plentifully heaped upon her, and uniting her own followers in the closest bonds of brotherly love and kindling in their breasts the most ardent devotion to their God and their cause.

But at last the night of Israel's sorrows passed, and a glorious morn arose. Toward the close of the eighteenth century, the spirit of civilization breathed upon the petrified forms of social and spiritual life and inaugurated a new epoch in the world's history. Then came those momentous revolutions which shook the earth to its centre and vibrated through every channel of society. The Declaration of American Independence sounded the key note for man's emancipation from the thralldom of ancient systems, and its echo was heard far across the ocean, faintly at first, but gradually growing stronger and stronger, until the French Revolution caught up its strain and, with a voice of thunder, made it resound throughout Europe. Then did the nations of the old world shake off the dust of barbarism and enter upon a career of humanity and enlightenment. The foundations upon which the systems of the old *regimes* were established gave way and the entire superstructure fell to the ground. Then did Judaism also feel that her hour had struck and that she was thenceforth to emerge from the darkness in which she had been so long enveloped. Then did she perceive that the time had arrived for her to throw off the armor she had worn as a national religion and to appear in her own heavenly garb as the universal and only religion. Then arose in Germany the great Jewish thinkers—the leaders of that movement which, under the name of Reform, was not only to regenerate Judaism, but to accomplish the holy task of uniting the Jew and the Christian

in the common bonds of humanity. Westward this movement took its way, battling for every inch of the ground it gained, until it planted itself safely and securely on American soil.

And here I feel that I ought not to tax your patience with any review of the present state of Judaism outside of our own country. We shall find in our own condition of affairs enough to claim our most serious attention and enable us to form some judgment as to the Judaism of the future.

When Reform first reared its head among us, it came in the shape of a restorer of public worship. It was found that the old ritual with its cumbersome repetitions and unnecessary ceremonies no longer produced devotional feeling, and the spirit of Judaism, so far as the Synagogue was concerned, was almost obscured by the form. Hence its first mission was to remodel the service and make it more attractive. By degrees, however, its programme was enlarged. Not alone had old forms and customs to yield to the demands of a progressive intelligence, but all ideas connected with the national character of Judaism had to be abandoned. You all know how the old has been torn down, how, little by little and step by step, nearly all of the customs which were once held sacred have been abrogated, and how by degrees nearly every vestige of Judaism, as a national religion, has been removed. You all know how these changes have been justified, and how opposition was silenced by the constant cry of Progress, progress! Well, what has been the result of this so-called progress? What, I ask, is the state of Judaism to-day in spite of those gigantic reforms which have been made? Have we or have we not made any true progress? My good friends, let us not deceive ourselves; let us not evade the question, for sooner or later it must be answered; and beware lest should it be delayed, it may indeed be answered too late. "The pulpit," says one of the greatest preachers of the age, "is for living truth aimed at living men." Bear with me, then, if the truth I am about to speak be not as palatable as you would like to hear. Have we or have we not made any true progress? I answer unhesitatingly, "We have not." Devoted as I am to the reform cause, I cannot, I dare not, hide from myself the real state of affairs and I must not hide it from you. That which we call Judaism to-day, is not Judaism, is not the religion destined for mankind; it is, alas! that I should be forced to say it—Skepticism, Infidelity! The materialistic spirit of the age has made frightful inroads on our fold. Apathy and indifference are everywhere observable. Hence the trifling with religion, the reck-

less dealing with sacred subjects, we so often encounter. See how bitter are the fruits of this unbridled license. The rising generation are growing up to be utterly callous to all the requirements of Judaism. Ignorant of the noble history of their race, knowing nothing of the wealth of Jewish literature which our ancestors bequeathed to us, they care little whether Judaism survives their day or not. And what has caused this sad degeneracy? Are we to attribute the blame to Reform? Are its doctrines and teachings so destructive to the welfare and even the very existence of Judaism? Is Reform indeed only a subterfuge for materialism? No friends, not so. It is not Reform which is at fault; it is the manner of our reform. Believing that the old orthodox system contained many abuses, superstitions and fallacies, and that a removal of these would elevate and spiritualize the masses, we have devoted all our energy to tear down, but have done absolutely nothing toward building up. For what after all are our magnificent temples, our grand organs, our well-trained choirs! Very excellent appendages to the more substantial requirements of Judaism, but without them complete failures, monuments not of religious zeal but of its utter want. For a while the novelty may please, and, if I may be permitted a theatrical expression in the pulpit, "the performances will draw good houses." But unless the honest conviction of the truth of Judaism, the sincere love for its mission, the willingness to make sacrifices in its cause, and the knowledge requisite to establish such conviction, love and willingness, be present in the hearts and minds of the audience, the novelty will wear off and the sacred edifices will be empty.

I have spoken exclusively of Reform Judaism, because in this country there really is no other. Orthodoxy in the true acceptance of the term no longer exists in America, for with but few exceptions, those who profess to be orthodox are so merely in theory, while in the few congregations that yet remain under that system, the same cause of complaint exists. People are indifferent, they will not attend synagogue, they keep the Sabbath no better than the professed reformers, and they take as little pains as we do, to instruct their children in the principles of our faith.

Such is the Judaism of the present age. Not a very flattering picture, surely, but still a true one. Judging then from the evidence before us, what will become of it in the future?

A momentous question indeed! Who shall answer it? The Judaism of the future! Who shall declare it? You, my brethren and

sisters, you men and women, fathers and mothers in Israel, you alone have the power to determine its future. Either Judaism will be swept away entirely by the huge wave of materialism which is even now engulfing some of the brightest minds in the world; or it will arise from its lethargy, break the iron chains of bigotry, superstition and irreligion which still fetter the greater portion of the human race, uproot infidelity and atheism, and unite mankind under one grand and noble banner whose motto will be "God and Humanity." Now which of these is it to be? There is no middle ground, mark you, no compromise, no halting between the two. Either Judaism is to die, never to be resuscitated, or it is to go boldly forward and enter upon a life of immortality. Will you dig its grave or will you give it eternal vitality? In your hands alone lies its fate. If now you miss your opportunity Judaism is lost, for with the tendency to Nihilism which is already so apparent in the rising generation, it can hardly be expected that they will come to the rescue. Indeed it is they who are in danger, they who are to be rescued, and it will take a strong arm and a willing heart to bring them back to the path of revealed religion.

"But what shall we do," it may perhaps be asked. "Shall we check the onward march of civilization; shall we stem the tide of progress; shall we curtail the free exercise of thought?" By no means. To attempt either of these would be to aim at impossibilities and to result in failure. We can no more put a stop to progress than we can to the rotation of the earth. Neither can we stand still, for as everything moves on in the universe, we too must move or cease to be. But we must, as we move, be sure that we do so in the right direction. Progress does not mean merely change; its true synonym is development. Now every change is not a development, nor is every progress a benefit. We may make much progress and yet accomplish little good. The true progress, the healthy progress is sure and steady. It is not the creature of impetuosity, but the child of reflection and judgment. And here, if you will pardon me for offering a word of counsel to your own congregation, I would say: "You too will be called upon to take part in the onward move; do not hesitate in your course; be progressive by all means, but "make haste slowly;" in every reform you introduce, in every change you make, consider well beforehand all its bearings and all the consequences likely to ensue; do not be radical, for radicalism in Judaism has hitherto not gone down to the roots and cut away only what is bad

but it has cut everything away and put nothing in its place; do not try to outdo every other congregation in the number of your reforms, for this rivalry is not the outgrowth of a true religious spirit, but labor to make your reforms such as shall elevate your soul to God and inure to the benefit of Judaism." In this spirit I would speak to all congregations. I would say to them, "If you have cleared the ground of the *debris* of ages, hasten to build up on the barren site an enduring superstructure which shall be the means of preserving Judaism for all time." Of what shall that structure be made? Of true religious knowledge imparted to the masses through different channels.

First by placing in our pulpits good and true men, men of ability and integrity, men of principle in whom the love of God preponderates over the love of self, men capable of speaking the language of the country to our sons and daughters. I maintain that every Jewish pulpit in the land should give forth its lessons in the vernacular, and if in some congregations it would, from the force of circumstances, be impractical to do so in English alone, then let the German pulpit go hand in hand with the English pulpit, but by no means let it usurp its place. Our ministers too must be honest in their convictions and in all their sentiments. They must be faithful sentinels, worthy watchmen, true servants of the Most High. They must be clear and explicit in their utterances, warn their flocks of the dangers which surround them, and be not afraid to tell them the plain, ungarnished truth. Vague generalities, empty phrases, wily expressions which may mean one thing and may mean another, sycophantic flattery, and idle self-congratulations, do nothing but injury to both flock and pastor, for though they may for a while go down with a few of the illiterate, they will be certain in the long end to merit the scorn and indignation of every sensible mind.

With our pulpits all occupied in the manner indicated, the next step should be the establishment in every congregation of classes for young men and young women, in religious instruction and biblical interpretation. These classes should be conducted either directly by the minister or by competent teachers under his supervision. The Sunday religious schools are excellent institutions, but do not meet the end I have in view, the education of those who are too old to attend those schools. If these classes are made interesting enough, our youths and our maidens will soon take as much delight in acquiring religious knowledge as in any of their secular studies. Friday evening lectures on Jewish history and literature may also be given with

much pleasure and profit, and perhaps may be the means of bringing about a better observance of the Sabbath. Then every encouragement should be given to the dissemination among the people of such works as may tend to diffuse religious knowledge and awaken an interest in Jewish matters. But these are only a few of the many things which might be done, to perpetuate Judaism and insure its speedy recognition as the Universal Religion. Above all, however, the elders must give the juniors the precious example of pure and upright lives. The theoretical lessons imparted in the Temple, in the religious school, in the lecture room, or at the bible class, must receive their practical illustrations in the lives and deeds of the parents at home and abroad, in private and in public. Oh! my respected friends, what a sweet consolation, what a source of comfort and joy it will be to you, when the final moments of your earthly career have arrived, to reflect that through your bright and noble example, your children are worthy of bearing your honored names to the latest posterity, and that through the influence of your upright lives, you have done as much for your hallowed faith as your ancestors did when they cheerfully suffered the pain of martyrdom rather than yield one principle of God's law. Oh! what a glorious reward will be yours; what a heavenly light will break forth upon you, as your spirits released from their corporeal bondage soar upward to God; what bliss unspeakable will be your portion in the future! For while your souls are dwelling in the realms of immortality, the good seed you have sown on earth will have taken deep root, and will have grown into a healthy tree whose branches cover the world. For then Judaism will be Religion in the purest conception of the word; then will its teachings and moral precepts have absolute dominion, "for the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," then will all nations and all races be united in a common brotherhood—the children of One Father, and then will they come to worship on the mountain of the Lord, exclaiming in one accord, "Praised be the name of the glory of His Kingdom for ever and ever." Amen.

DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY LARA.

(SIXTH ARTICLE.)

IN a preceding article I have given a brief sketch of exclusively Catholic education, or rather Catholic popular instruction generally as it exists in France. The subject of the present article is an inquiry into the social, moral, and intellectual condition of the gentler sex in Catholic countries, as influenced by the same system of education, and where its influence must necessarily be much greater as being less weakened by counteracting circumstances, namely, opposing and competing systems, the surrounding diffusion of knowledge, and, in spite of opposition and prohibition, the freer access to books as sources of information and enlightenment and means of approach to many facts and truths. The reader will thus have afforded him an opportunity of comparing with it the American national system, which aims at the expansion of the female mind, and the enlightenment as well as the social and political usefulness of the sex, as members of society; a system too well known to require, in this connection, any further remarks. What, then, is that system of Catholic education which is to mould the mind of the young girl, so as to form the intelligent woman, the careful mother, the faithful wife, the useful member of society? What is it, even in France, "the most enlightened country" in Europe?

Prior to the introduction by the government in France of a system of education for girls, the condition of female society is represented by Bishop Dupanloup in the following terms:

It is necessary to premise, that M. de Maistre, a great Catholic authority, had stated in substance, that it was quite sufficient for women to have some little smattering of knowledge; thus, for instance, that it was enough for them to know what men were doing and talking of, so far as to know that Pekin is not in Europe; and that Alexander the Great did not demand in marriage a niece of Louis XIV.; that though they might love and admire the beautiful, they were not to be allowed to express it; that art or study of any kind, was to be only carried on by way of amusement; that woman is only ridiculous and unhappy, if she should attempt anything

serious, in any department of knowledge; that if she does attempt it, she only becomes a monkey; in short, that though she may be receptive of the thoughts of others, the power of original thought cannot and ought not to be hers.

To this Bishop Dupanloup replies, that not only have women a right to intellectual cultivation, but that it is also a duty; that God never makes useless gifts, and woman has received from her Creator the gift of intelligence, that it may be used. "Woman," the bishop says, "is not what she is erroneously considered to be—the property of man; not made only for him, to be her end and aim, a fascinating creature to be adored, but still an inferior being, for the use and pleasure of man, who is alone to be her master, legislator, and judge, as though she had herself neither soul, conscience, nor moral liberty, and as if God had not given her also faculties, aspirations and *rights*, as well as duties."

The bishop proceeds to show that "the repressed capabilities and dissatisfied desires, which are not allowed to feed on what is good and true, fix on all sorts of false and unwise objects, and hence *the lowness of mental and moral tone*, the feeble-mindedness of many women evidently fit for better things, but whose education has been stopped, when they were really children." "A clever woman," he says, "will not remain confined to such arid duties, as M. de Maistre desires. The knowledge that 'Pekin is not in Europe,' and the like, will not satisfy her, and unless she has intellectual pleasures, as a rest from material duties, she will resort to frivolity, in order to escape *ennui*. We must not deceive ourselves: rigid principles, with nothing but futile occupation; devotion with a merely material or worldly life, produce women without resources in themselves, and often insupportable to their husbands and children. Earnest, intellectual occupation, calms her exaggerated feelings of anxiety; restores the balance of her mind and satisfies any just and noble desires she possesses; it gives peace sometimes *more than any prayer*, and brings back the spirit of order and good sense." "It is the part of a Christian woman to teach her daughters to dread the dangers of brutifying stupidity and idleness; the social and intellectual suicide, produced by having no employment, no office, no work; to show the religious and political necessity of taking up a useful position in life; of asserting one's influence in the cause of right. . . She must become serious, reflective, firm, courageous, I will even say manly in thought, to be able to do her part. . . . She is intended as the

socia of the man—even more, his helpmate, support, counsellor, *adjutorium*.” “Study is necessary to accomplish her most important duties—those toward her children. She must attend to their intellectual as well as to their moral education.” “Study, makes women like their homes, and instead of being ‘crushed and flattened under the enormous weight of nothing,’ as De Maistre calls it, gives them an occupation and an interest therein.”

Nothing can be more admirable than the bishop’s tone, or more judicious than his remarks. Had he written a prize essay in defence of the American national system of education, he could scarcely have employed stronger arguments, expressed in more convincing forms, than he did in his little pamphlet. The Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, member of the Senate, followed suit; and it now remained to find a proper remedy for the invariably defective state of female education in France, and the condition of society in that country, as influenced by that state of education. A paternal government, of course, felt itself called upon for action, and the Minister of Public Instruction appealed to the whole lay body of teachers to organize a better system for the education of women.

After all Bishop Dupanloup had written, it might have been expected that he would have hailed such a measure on the part of the government, whosoever might have been the parties, charged with the carrying it out. Far from it! Monseigneur Dupanloup was furious. To have himself “nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,” was too much for his equanimity, and forgetting all his former philosophic calm, he published two very strongly worded condemnatory pamphlets, wherein he declares, that the whole was the result of a conspiracy, to take the education of women out of the hands of the Church. But what was, what is, the nature of that education? It is described in a little book, written by M. de Sauvestre as one of the representatives of the lay and reforming part of the community, and entitled *Sur les genoux de l’église*.*

“If,” says M. de Sauvestre, “the Church has already had the whole of the education of the girls in her own hands, as by your own confession is the case, upon it must fall the responsibility of the state of things which has called forth the reprobation of the two bishops.”

“For nearly twenty years the clergy in France have enjoyed an

*Literally. “On the Church’s lap,” but the witty French title is more telling than its English rendering can be. Some extracts from the book have been given in a former article.

influence recalling the worst days of the restoration; for ten years, that clergy have had the direction of almost all education, as Monsigneur admits; and what are the results—in his own words? ‘Flimsiness, frivolity, superficiality.’” “A young woman, in general, knows nothing, absolutely nothing; she knows all about dress, fashions, operas, balls, races, the absurdities of other people and so forth; but alas! should conversation turn on any subject connected with history, geography, etc., she is struck dumb; she is incapable of talking on business, art, politics, or science.” “These girls,” says Sauvestre, “so well up in horses and theatres, all come out of fashionable convents.”

It is not necessary to give a detailed description of the course of tuition in the convents; but to the studies and practices are the following: That to the “stern philosophy of Lignori, are added the exercises for girls, according to the method of St. Ignatius, when the object is preparation for a holy life. The aspirant is to imagine that she sees before her some holy scene and place; for instance that of the annunciation; to fancy the blessed house where the holy Mary is awaiting in the moonlight, the beautiful angel who is to bring to her the happiness and glory of maternity.”* Then comes “the contemplation of the circumcision in the same way.” “Imagine yourself in the stable where it is performed,” the whole scene being given in what we must consider most extraordinary detail.

* In the church of “Our Lady of Lorette” may be seen the very house in which Mary received from the Angel Gabriel the mystery of maternity, and in which her son was brought up. Within the house there is, or at least was, some years since, a painting by Farini, representing Saint Joseph carried by angels to the feet of the Virgin, to ask pardon for the suspicion which he had entertained of her pregnancy—a suspicion strengthened by the conduct of the angel, who, instead of walking into the house, as any mere mortal would or could have done, appears to have entered by the window; St. Joseph not having reflected that angels having six instead of four limbs, namely, besides arms and legs, a pair of wings, so indispensable for flying from and to heaven, naturally enough, took the shortest road. The humbled look of the good man contrasts beautifully with the severe look of reproach cast upon him by the chaste and triumphant wife. A number of neighbors, male and female, are introduced on the canvas, who appear to be witnesses to the contrition of the indulgent husband. This picture was stolen, but one, said to be a copy, and attributed to the same painter, was found in a church at Bologna. One cannot help being struck with the mixture of human passion and religious sentiment, by which both painters and sculptors appear to have been inspired in the production of some of their masterpieces, so numerous in the three hundred and thirty churches in the city of Rome.

Among the splendid sepulchral monuments erected in St. Peter's church, is that of Alexander VII. Near the spot where it was to be erected, was a door leading to an

The coarse materialism of the exercises of Death and Hell is still worse. "You are to realize through every sense—sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch—what will take place on your deathbed; your cries of pain, the death rattle, your agony and fear; then the tolling of the bell; the sexton digging your grave; your nasty smell after your death; your funeral; the conversation of those who see you carried along and discuss your character." The contemplation of Hell is "to bring up before your mind, first the abyss, its length, width, depth, filled with an enormous fire; then the horrible smell of the smoke, as of pitch and sulphur; the taste all that can be conceived of bitterness, such as tears; the noise of sighs, cries of agony, blasphemy, and howling, amidst the roar of the flaming fire," etc.

Part of the recommendations for a holy life consists in a seclusion of four weeks, wherein five such exercises are to be gone through each day. "You are to deprive yourself as much as possible of the light of day; the doors and windows are to be closed, only light enough being left to read and perform necessary things. Avoid all thoughts which can give you joy, *such as the Resurrection*." A haircloth shirt, girdle with small iron chains, and discipline, even to the drawing of blood, are recommended. *No conversation, except with the director*. The patients are to live with the phantasmagoria of death, hell, and the crucifixion; to weep, accuse themselves of sins, invoke phantoms, and to believe in their own guilt; if the phantoms do not appear at their call to lash themselves, torture their bodies, in order to drive away all reality and judgment. By the time the seclusion is ended, the wretched victims have probably lost all control over their reason, require a director indeed, and are in a fit state of subjection to that director. "These exercises, singularly called spiritual, are used in all the religious houses in France, and are to be found in every variety of edition and of different arrangements, "they produce a deep self-contempt, the giving up thought and action alike to the director, the fear of hell, a systematic destruc-

apartment, and which could not be dispensed with. The genius of the artist has turned this very inconvenience to account. Death is seen to issue from the door to cut short the days of the Pontiff. Two statues, Charity and Truth, come to support him and give him confidence. The latter was completely naked, but beautiful in form and feature to that degree, that one of the canons of the church, a Spainard by birth, fell so desperately in love with it, that Innocent XI. ordered it to be decently covered, as if naked Truth was out of place in the church of St. Peter and Theology concealed it.

tion of reason and conscience.* This is what has been put in the place of morality; and this is why the country desires to take the direction of education into its own hands."

The Bishop had gone so far, in his first work, as to allow, that female education, as now conducted, "even the most religious, does not give any taste for serious work, or but too rarely; that it dissipates, weakens, and debases the minds of women, instead of strengthening and raising them. "Who," answers the layman, "are to blame for this, if the clergy are always crying woe to those who seek in human science, for what will satisfy their curiosity, and when the ideals held up for imitation, are those contained in the *Lives of Saints, Servants of Mary*, etc., the absurdities and indecencies of which are too unpleasant to quote? These books are given as prizes and constitute the staple religious reading in schools and convents (the "besotted lecture piense" which Miss Bronte describes with such horror in *Villette*). What must be a girl's notion of a useful life and of true piety, who is called upon to admire, e. g. "the blessed Benoitte Reneurae," who "used to discipline every day from her fifteenth to her forty-fifth year, wore haircloth fifteen years, iron bracelets armed with sharp points twelve years, iron gaiters four years, a corset of tin pierced inside like a rasp for five years, all which sounds like the penances of some Indian fakir in honor of some hideous Juggernaut."

In an "exercise" given to the pupils of a convent in Ille et Vilaine, the vision of a nun who had appeared to one of the sisters, gives much information as to purgatory. "It is like a lime-kiln, but some souls endure icy cold." "The Holy Virgin does not often come there, but when she does, she talks to every soul and tells them how long there time will be." "St. Joseph very rarely visits the souls, she has seen him only once." The nun who saw the vision offered a calming gift of holy water; the soul was pleased, but said that it felt hot, and, vanishing, left a piece of the burnt flesh of her fingers behind, which looks like burnt velvet. "To doubt the truth of this apparition," says the directress, "appears impossible, considering the infinite good resulting from that two-fold miracle." "The flesh of a soul!" says Sauvestre, admiringly. Be it remembered that the French convent schools are not private and independent specula-

* Whether these exercises are good for the soul I do not stop to inquire. Those that have a taste for them no doubt enjoy them. *Sarna con gusto no pica*; but what is their influence as part of education for this world?

tions, but that they are part of a great organization, carried on under the guidance of the Church.

"The details of the strange, mystic, amorous passion inculcated toward the Savior in these young girls, are too startling to give;"* but Sauvestre relates a trial in which a certain Rev. Father Gonzaga figured before the law courts of Poitiers, where letters were produced, such as "I threw you palpitating into the arms of your husband" (Jesus Christ); showing how such sentiments may be abused.†

In the presence of the facts stated, Bishop Dupanloup says, "To take girls out of the influence of the clergy is to deprive them of all religion, to make them atheistic." . . . "La femme sage, modeste, laborieuse," can only be obtained "sur les genoux de l'église," in the face of his own report of the utter failure, hitherto, of this very influence in the ordinary modern French woman.

Many of the subjects of lectures cited by the Bishop may not be very judicious; but does he think the erratic literature of the convent more likely to produce modest women? As he says many of the professors may have gone far in scientific rationalisms, but a study of the surprising facts of the catechism is hardly likely to fortify the mind against its attacks.

"It is however supposed that a young girl is more likely to be religious for believing that Pilate died at Vienna and that birds were born of the sea; that being during several weeks shut up in a darkened room, thinking of nothing but the sufferings of hell and the companionship of devils, wearing a tin corset perforated like a rasp; deprived of all conversation or intercourse, except with her spiritual director; lashing herself five times a day or scourged by that same director; * dreaming of the extatic pleasure of being thrown panting and palpitating into the arms of that savior whose sculptured or graven image it constantly exposed to her view, her senses, her contemplation;

* Many of the expressions of the original I have softened down thus, and have substituted the word startling for a much stronger epithet employed by the author.

† See hereafter the case of the *Padra Polaya*.

* Amongst the ancient pagans, (I forget whether it was amongst the Greeks or Egyptians) barren women presented themselves before the priest, to receive discipline. The woman was to crouch before him naked. She was to hold his left hand in both hers, while she received a number of lashes administered by him with a short staff to which were appended a number of leather straps, a sort of "cat-of-nine-tails." A representation of this discipline may be seen in a work already quoted elsewhere in one of these articles, namely, "*Goeree's Joodiche and Moesche Outheden*." It is upward of sixty years since I read the work, or have seen it.

who after four weeks of such a life has become partially insane—that such a girl will turn out to be a wiser woman, better wife, better mother, than the girl who has been educated in our “godless schools?” The question is answered by the condition of female society in France, in every Catholic community, by Bishop Dupanloup himself.” Thus far M. de Sauvestre on female education in France.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SKETCHES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. ZUNZ, BY REV. H. B. ASCHER.

(Continued from Vol. III, page 467.)

THUS WAS, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, the whole of the western part of Europe almost depopulated of its Jewish inhabitants. The most of them, as yet, lived only in Germany, Italy, Poland, and in the Ottoman and African states. Not very considerable has their number been in the distant provinces of Asia, nor in Arabia, where, even at the present moment, independent Jews are yet in existence at Hedshas, black Jews in Mocca, white ones at Sennaar; in Persia, where they live under oppression, and in a state of complete ignorance; in Afghanistan, where they carry on traffic and trade from Cabul to China; in India, where mention has already been made, about the fifth century, of their settlement in Eranganor; in Cochin China, where they probably arrived with some Portuguese settlers, and where their chief occupation consists in agriculture and handicraft; at the Buchari, where they have secured some civil rights and immunities, and where they are owners of extensive silk and metal manufactories; in Tartary, China, and Abyssinia, where they maintained their independent position down to the year 1608; and also in Sudan and Loango. In northern Africa, especially at Algiers, Tlemezen, Oran, Tetuan, Tunis, &c., many a new Hebrew congregation rose at the side of the old-established ones, on account of the numerous families who were compelled to leave Spain, anno 1391 and 1492. A separate quarter was (anno 1504) assigned to the Jews at Fez in the new town. The Jews of Fez and Taflett were particularly favored, in the middle of the seventeenth century, by Muley Archey. In Morocco, where the Jews are placed under the jurisdiction of a sheik and twelve city representatives, it is not very seldom

that the highest offices are superintended by Jews, whose chief business is trade and traffic. The Jews in Barbary were, anno 1790 in several places exposed to severe maltreatment on account of some political feud, and those of Algiers lived under the most disgraceful oppression, from which they were only liberated (anno 1830) by the French.

But far more auspicious was their condition in Turkey, and especially in the Morea, where their number continued to increase, on account of the numerous settlers who emigrated from the various European provinces; and with the exception of some exactions imposed on them by the respective Pashas, the intolerance of the Janissaries, and some other mishaps, the Jews have seldom been molested. The Jews have most considerable and important communities at Constantinople, Adrianople, Salonica, Smyrna, Aleppo, and Damascus. The Jews of Palestine, who mostly consist of Polish emigrants, live, even at the present day, in the greatest want and misery. The Jews in Turkey share, in common with the other Osmanli subjects, equal rights and privileges; and also in Egypt has their condition been considerably ameliorated.

Better and more humane feelings began to evince themselves toward the Jews in Christian Europe with the dawn of civilization, the cultivation of science, and the introduction of reform into the Roman Church. But spite of the spread of science and progress of civilization in that happy period, the just claims of the Jews were nevertheless withheld from them in many provinces till the commencement of the eighteenth century. Both the inquisitions and the various Popes combined to tyrannise over the Jews of Italy, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in a most arbitrary manner. Sermons instructive of Christian doctrines were preached in 1584 at Rome to the Jews in all the churches, which sermons a Papal bull compelled them to attend; and not very unfrequently have the inoffensive Jews been forced, till 1570, to quit their respective places of residence, as, for instance, their banishment from Naples, which occurred in 1540. They however enjoyed more liberty at Venice, Padua, Florence, Pisa, and, since anno 1600, even at Livorna (Leghorn), where they possess at present flourishing schools, splendid synagogues and colleges, and excellent charitable institutions and asylums. In many places they are compelled to live in Jewries (Ghettoes). The Jews of Sardinia are allowed to carry on in their Ghettoes trades, professions, and mechanical pursuits, but they are

excluded from the privilege of possessing landed property. The Jews of Modena were again subjected, in 1831, to the same restriction, from which they had been relieved anno 1814. There are also Jewish congregations in Lombardy and Dalmatia; the former have even secured some civic privileges. In France there were already, as early as 1550, some Spanish and Portuguese Jews admitted to settle at Bayonne and Bordeaux; and those of Alsace and Lothringen obtained pretty nearly their former constitution and liberties under the auspices of the French government. The degrading impost of the body-tax was abolished 1784; and through the revolution of 1791 the rights of citizens were granted to the Jews, from which period the name of *Jew* was changed for the appellation of *Israelite*. To confirm this new but propitious and happy event, an assembly of renowned and notable Jews, and a Sanhedrim, were, 1806, convoked by an imperial decree. The restrictions of anno 1808 were only temporary. By the constitutions of 1814 and 1830, and by the law of 1831—by virtue of which every Jewish Rabbi, minister, and official was placed under the immediate pay of the government treasury—the emancipation of the French Jews was fully completed. The same humane principles prevail also in Belgium, where perfect emancipation has been secured to the Jews. The Jews, who have, since 1655, been re-admitted to settle in England, obtained, 1723, the privilege of being owners of landed property; and though the nationalization act of 1753 was revoked at a later period, they have nevertheless lived since then in that blessed empire in undisturbed tranquillity. Since 1830 they have been admitted to become members of the city corporations; from 1833 they have been called to the bar; and since 1845, they obtained also, by an act of Parliament, access to the aldermanic dignity. The Portuguese Jews found also (anno 1603) an asylum and a happy home in the liberated Netherlands; and both the Spanish and the German Jews, though they were excluded from civic immunities—which were only granted to them anno 1796—nevertheless enjoyed in this realm liberty. The government, in a royal decree of 1814, granted and confirmed their complete emancipation.

In Denmark, where the Jews are already mentioned in the year 1600, many rights and privileges were granted to them anno 1738; and from the year 1814 they have been almost in the enjoyment of unlimited naturalization. In Sweden, the Jews were only allowed to settle as late as anno 1776, in Stockholm and in three other cities, and only to a few individuals were some civic rights awarded by way

of distinction. Norway, even to the present day, refuses to the Jews admission into her provinces.* From original and old Russia, where the Jews were received under the protection of Peter the Great, they were subsequently exposed, 35,000 in number, to the inhuman treatment of banishment in 1743, under the reign and by the decree of the Empress Elizabeth. They were, however, re-admitted under the reign of Catherine II. Some liberties were conferred on them by Alexander I, viz., to carry on trade, traffic, &c., of which they were again deprived by Nicholas I. They live in large numbers under the Russian government and scepter in Courland, Crimea (Odessa and Cherson), in Grusien—where mention has been made in the mediæval ages of the Jewish city Aspauboni—Caucasus, and in the provinces which belonged formerly to the kingdom of Poland. Some gradual emancipation of the Jews has been under contemplation in Russia from 1835; there likewise new Jewish schools have been established. The Jews are now compelled to serve in the army.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—*Longfellow*.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforters than from any other calamity in life.—*Young*.

Despondency is not a state of humility; on the contrary, it is the vexation and despair of a cowardly pride; nothing is worse; whether we stumble or whether we fall, we must only think of rising again and going on in our course.—*Fenelon*.

It is a pity we so often succeed in our attempt to deceive each other, for our double-dealing generally comes down upon ourselves. To speak a lie or to act a lie is alike contemptible in the sight of God and man.—*Everton*.

* Thanks to Heaven, this hitherto stubborn dominion has ultimately listened to the dictates of reason and humanity. The Jews have lately been admitted into Norway, and placed almost on an equality with their Christian brethren.—TRANSLATOR.

THE VALE OF CEDARS ; OR, THE MARTYR.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

CHAPTER I.

"They had met, and they had parted ;
Time had closed o'er each again,
Leaving lone the weary hearted
Mournfully to wear his chain."—MS.

A DELICIOUSLY cool, still evening, had succeeded the intense heat of a Spanish summer day, throwing rich shadows and rosy gleams on a wild, rude mountain pass in central Spain. Massive crags and gigantic trees seemed to contest dominion over the path, if path it could be called ; where the traveler, if he would persist in going onward, could only make his way by sometimes scrambling over rocks, whose close approach from opposite sides presented a mere fissure covered with flowers and brushwood, through which the slimmest figure would fail to penetrate ; sometimes wading through rushing and brawling streams, whose rapid currents bore many a jagged branch and craggy fragment along with them ; sometimes threading the intricacies of a dense forest, recognizing the huge pine, the sweet acorn oak, the cork tree, interspersed with others of lesser growth, but of equally wild perplexing luxuriance. On either side—at times so close that two could not walk abreast, at others so divided that forests and streams intervened—arose mountain walls seeming to reach the very heavens, their base covered with trees and foliage, which gradually thinning, left their dark heads totally barren, coming out in clear relief against the deep blue sky.

That this pass led to any inhabited district was little probable, for it grew wilder and wilder, appearing to lead to the very heart of the Sierra Toledo—a huge ridge traversing Spain. By human foot it had evidently been seldom trod ; yet on this particular evening a traveler there wended his solitary way. His figure was slight to boyishness, but of fair proportion, and of such graceful agility of movement, that the obstacles in his path, which to others of stouter mould and heavier step might have been of serious inconvenience, appeared by him as unnoticed as unfelt. The deep plume of his broad-rimmed hat could not conceal the deep blue restless eyes, the delicate complexion, and rich brown clustering hair ; the varying expression

of features, which if not regularly handsome, were bright with intelligence and truth, and betraying like a crystal mirror every impulse of the heart—characteristics both of feature and disposition wholly dissimilar to the sons of Spain.

His physiognomy told the truth. Arthur Stanley was, as his name implied, an Englishman of noble family; one of the many whom the disastrous wars of the Roses had rendered voluntary exiles. His father and four brothers had fallen in battle at Margaret's side. Himself and a twin brother, when scarcely fifteen, were taken prisoners at Tewkesbury, and for three years left to languish in prison. Wishing to conciliate the still powerful family of Stanley, Edward offered the youths liberty and honor if they would swear allegiance to himself. They refused peremptorily; and, with a refinement of cruelty more like Richard of Gloucester than himself, Edward ordered one to the block, the other to perpetual imprisonment. They drew lots, and Edwin Stanley perished. Arthur, after an interval, succeeded in effecting his escape, and fled from England, lingered in Provence a few months, and then unable to bear an inactive life, hastened to the Court of Arragon; to the heir apparent of which, he bore letters of introduction, from men of rank and influence, and speedily distinguished himself in the wars then agitating Spain. The character of the Spaniards—impenetrable and haughty reserve—occasioned, in general, prejudice and dislike towards all foreigners. But powerful as was their pride, so was their generosity; and the young and lonely stranger, who had thrown himself so trustingly and frankly on their friendship, was universally received with kindness and regard. In men of lower natures, indeed, prejudice still lingered; but this was of little matter; Arthur speedily took his place among the noblest chivalry of Spain; devoted to the interests of the King of Sicily, but still glorying in the name and feeling of an Englishman, he resolved, in his young enthusiasm, to make his country honored in himself.

He had been five years in Spain, and was now four and twenty; but few would have imagined him that age, so frank and free and full of thoughtless mirth and hasty impulse was his character. These last fifteen months, however, a shadow seemed to have fallen over him, not deep enough to create remark, but *felt* by himself. His feelings, always ardent, had been all excited, and were all concentrated, on a subject so wrapt in mystery, that the wish to solve it engrossed his whole being. Except when engaged in the weary stratagem, the

rapid march, and actual conflict, necessary for Ferdinand's interest, but one thought, composed of many, occupied his mind, and in solitude so distractingly, that he could never rest; he would traverse the country for miles, conscious indeed of what he *sought*, but perfectly unconscious where he *went*.

It was in one of these moods he had entered the pass we have described, rejoicing in its difficulties, but not thinking where it led, or what place he sought, when a huge crag suddenly rising almost perpendicularly before him, effectually roused him from his trance. Outlet there was none. All around him towered mountains, reaching to the skies. The path was so winding, that, as he looked around bewildered, he could not even imagine how he came there. To retrace his steps, seemed quite as difficult as to proceed. The sun too had declined, or was effectually concealed by the towering rocks, for sudden darkness seemed around him. There was but one way, and Stanley prepared to scale the precipitous crag before him with more eagerness than he would a beaten path. He threw off his cloak, folded it in the smallest possible compass, and secured it like a knapsack to his shoulders, slung his sword over his neck, and, with a vigorous spring, which conquered several paces of slippery rock at once, commenced the ascent. Some brushwood, and one or two stunted trees, gave him now and then a hold for his hands; and occasional ledges in the rock, a resting for his foot; but still one false step, one failing nerve, and he must have fallen backward and been dashed to pieces; but to Arthur the danger was his safety. Where he was going, indeed he knew not. He could see no further than the summit of the crag, which appeared like a line against the sky; but any bewilderment were preferable to the strange stagnation toward outward objects, which had enwrapped him ten minutes before.

Panting, breathless, almost exhausted, he reached the summit, and before him yawned a chasm, dark, fathomless, as if nature in some wild convulsion had rent the rock asunder. The level ground on which he stood was barely four feet square; behind him sloped the most precipitous side of the crag, devoid of tree or bush, and slippery from the constant moisture that formed a deep black pool at its base. Stanley hazarded but one glance behind, then looked steadily forward, till his eye seemed accustomed to the width of the chasm, which did not exceed three feet. He fixed his hold firmly on a blasted trunk growing within the chasm; it shook—gave way—another moment and

he would have been lost ; but in that moment he loosed his hold, clasped both hands above his head, and successfully made the leap—aware only of the immense effort by the exhaustion which followed, compelling him to sink down on the grass, deprived even of energy to look around him.

So marvellous was the change of scenery on which his eyes unclosed, that he started to his feet, bewildered. A gradual hill, partly covered with rich meadow grass, and partly with corn, diversified with foliage, sloped downward, leading by an easy descent to a small valley, where orange and lime trees, the pine and chestnut, palm and cedar, grew in beautiful luxuriance. On the left was a small dwelling, almost hidden in trees. Directly beneath him a natural fountain threw its sparkling showers on beds of sweet-scented and gayly-colored flowers. The hand of man had very evidently aided nature in forming the wild yet chaste beauty of the scene ; and Arthur bounded down the slope, disturbing a few tame sheep and goats on his way, determined on discovering the genius of the place.

No living object was visible, however ; and with his usual reckless spirit, he resolved on exploring further, ere he demanded the hospitality of the dwelling. A narrow path led into a thicker wood, and in the very heart of its shade stood a small edifice, the nature of which Arthur vainly endeavored to understand. It was square, and formed of solid blocks of cedar ; neither carving nor imagery of any kind adorned it ; yet it had evidently been built with skill and care. There was neither tower nor bell, the usual accompaniments of a chapel, which Stanley had at first imagined it ; and he stood gazing on it more and more bewildered. At that moment, a female voice of singular and thrilling beauty sounded from within. It was evidently a hymn she chanted, for the strain was slow and solemn, but though *words* were distinctly intelligible, their language was entirely unknown. The young man listened at first, conscious only of increasing wonderment, which was quickly succeeded by a thrill of hope, so strange, so engrossing, that he stood, outwardly indeed as if turned to stone ; inwardly, with every pulse so throbbing that to move or speak was impossible. The voice ceased ; and in another minute a door, so skillfully constructed as when closed to be invisible in the solid wall, opened noiselessly ; and a female figure stood before him.

CHAPTER II.

“ Farewell ! though in that sound be years
 Of blighted hopes and fruitless tears—
 Though the soul vibrate to its knell
 Of joys departed—yet farewell.”

MRS. HEMANS.

To attempt description of either face or form would be useless. The exquisite proportions of the rounded figure, the very perfection of each feature, the delicate clearness of the complexion—brunette when brought in close contact with the Saxon, blonde when compared with the Spaniard—all attractions in themselves, were literally forgotten, or at least unheeded, beneath the spell which dwelt in the *expression* of her countenance. Truth, purity, holiness, something scarcely of this nether world, yet blended indescribably with all a woman's nature, had rested there, attracting the most unobservant, and riveting all whose own hearts contained a spark of the same lofty attributes. Her dress, too, was peculiar—a full loose petticoat of dark blue silk, reaching only to the ankle, and so displaying the beautifully-shaped foot ; a jacket of pale yellow, the texture seeming of the finest woven wool, reaching to the throat ; with sleeves tight on the shoulders, but falling in wide folds as low as the wrist, and so with every movement displaying the round soft arm beneath. An antique brooch of curiously wrought silver confined the jacket at the throat. The collar, made either to stand up or fall, was this evening unclosed and thrown back, its silver fringe gleaming through the clustering tresses that fell in all their native richness and raven blackness over her shoulders, parted and braided on her brow, so as to heighten the chaste and classic expression of her features.

On a stranger that beautiful vision must have burst with bewildering power : to Arthur Stanley she united *memory* with *being*, the *past* with the *present*, with such an intensity of emotion, that for a few minutes his very breath was impeded. She turned, without seeing him, in a contrary direction ; and the movement roused him.

“ Marie ! ” he passionately exclaimed, flinging himself directly in her path, and startling her so painfully, that though there was a strong and visible effort at self-control, she must have fallen had he not caught her in his arms. There was an effort to break from his

hold, a murmured exclamation, in which terror, astonishment, and yet joy, were painfully mingled, and then the heroine gave place to the woman, for her head sunk on his shoulder and she burst into tears.

Time passed. Nearly an hour from that strange meeting, and still they were together; but no joy, nor even hope was on the countenance of either. At first, Arthur had alluded to their hours of happy yet unconfessed affection, when both had felt, intuitively, that they were all in all to each other, though not a syllable of love had passed their lips; on the sweet memories of those blissful hours, so brief, so fleeting, but still Marie wept: the memory seemed anguish more than joy. And then he spoke of returned affection, as avowed by her, when his fond words had called it forth; and shuddered at the recollection that that hour of acknowledged and mutual love, had proved the signal of their separation. He referred again to her agonized words, that a union was impossible, that she dared not wed him; it was sin even to love him; that in the tumultuary, yet delicious emotions she had experienced, she had forgotten, utterly forgotten in what it must end—the agony of desolation for herself, and, if he so loved her, for Stanley also—and again he conjured her to explain their meaning. They had been separated, after that fearful interview, by a hasty summons for him to rejoin his camp; and when he returned, she had vanished. He could not trace either her or the friend with whom she had been staying. Don Albert had indeed said, his wife had gone to one of the southern cities, and his young guest returned to her father's home; but where that home was, Don Albert had so effectually evaded, that neither direct questionings nor wary caution could obtain reply. But he had found her now; they had met once more, and oh, why need they part again? Why might he not seek her father, and beseech his blessing and consent?

His words were eloquent, his tone impassioned, and hard indeed the struggle they occasioned. But Marie wavered not in the repetition of the same miserable truth, under the impression of which they had separated before. She conjured him to leave her, to forget the existence of this hidden valley, for danger threatened her father and herself if it were discovered. So painful was her evident terror, that Arthur pledged his honor never to reveal it, declaring that to retrace the path by which he had discovered it, was even to himself impossible. But still he urged her, what was this fatal secret? Why was it sin to love him? Was she the betrothed of another? and the

large drops starting to the young man's brow denoted the agony of the question.

"No, Arthur, no," was the instant rejoinder: "I never could love, never could be another's; this trial is hard enough, but it is all I have to bear. I am not called upon to give my hand to another, while my heart is solely thine."

"Then wherefore join that harsh word 'sin,' with such pure love, my Marie? Why send me from you wretched and most lonely, when no human power divides us?"

"No human power!—alas! alas!—a father's curse—an offended God—these are too awful to encounter, Arthur. Oh do not try me more; leave me to my fate, called down by my own weakness, dearest Arthur. If you indeed love me, tempt me not by such fond words; they do but render duty harder. Oh, wherefore have you loved me!"

But such suffering tone, such broken words, were not likely to check young Stanley's solicitations. Again and again he urged her, at least to say what fatal secret so divided them; did he but know it, it might be all removed. Marie listened to him for several minutes, with averted head and in unbroken silence; and when she did look on him again, he started at her marble paleness and the convulsive quivering of her lips, which for above a minute prevented the utterance of a word.

"Be it so," she said at length; "you shall know this impassable barrier. You are too honorable to reveal it. Alas! it is not that fear which restrained me; my own weakness which shrinks from being to thee as to other men, were the truth once known, an object of aversion and of scorn."

"Aversion! scorn! Marie, thou ravest," impetuously exclaimed Stanley; "torture me not by these dark words: the worst cannot be more suffering."

But when the words were said, when with blanched lips and cheeks, and yet unfaltering tone, Marie revealed the secret which was to separate them for ever, Arthur staggered back, relinquishing the hands he had so fondly clasped, casting on her one look in which love and aversion were strangely and fearfully blended, and then burying his face in his hands, his whole frame shook as with some sudden and irrepressible anguish.

"Thou knowest all, now," continued Marie, after a pause, and she stood before him with her arms folded on her bosom, and an expres-

sion of meek humility struggling with misery on her beautiful features. "Senor Stanley, I need not now implore you to leave me; that look was sufficient, say but you forgive the deception I have been compelled to practice—and—and forget me. Remember what I am, and you will soon cease to love."

"Never, never!" replied Stanley, as with passionate agony he flung himself before her. "Come with me to my own bright land; who shall know what thou art there? Marie, my own beloved, be mine. What to me is race or blood? I see but the Marie I have loved, I shall ever love. Come with me. Edward has made overtures of peace if I would return to England. For thy sake I will live beneath his sway; be but mine, and we shall be happy yet."

"And my father," gasped the unhappy girl, for the generous nature of Arthur's love rendered her trial almost too severe. "Wilt thou protect him too? wilt thou for my sake forget what he is, and be to him a son?" He turned from her with a stifled groan. "Thou canst not—I knew it—oh bless thee for thy generous love; but tempt me no more, Arthur; it cannot be; I dare not be thy bride."

"And yet thou speakest of love. 'Tis false, thou canst not love me," and Stanley sprung to his feet disappointed, wounded, till he scarce knew what he said. "I would give up Spain and her monarch's love for thee. I would live in slavery beneath a tyrant's rule to give thee a home of love. I would forget, trample on, annihilate the prejudices of a life, unite the pure blood of Stanley with the darkened torrent running through thy veins, forget thy race, descent, all but thine own sweet self. I would do this, all this for love of thee. And for me, what wilt thou do?—reject me, bid me leave thee—and yet thou speakest of love: 'tis false, thou lovest another better!"

"Ay!" replied Marie, in a tone which startled him, "ay, thou hast rightly spoken; thy words have recalled what in this deep agony I had well nigh forgotten. There is a love, a duty stronger than that I bear to thee. I would resign all else, but not my father's God."

The words were few and simple; but the tone in which they were spoken recalled Arthur's better nature, and banished hope at once. A pause ensued, broken only by the young man's hurried tread, as he traversed the little platform in the vain struggle for calmness. On him this blow had fallen wholly unprepared; Marie had faced it

from the moment they had parted fifteen months before, and her only prayer had been (a fearful one for a young and loving heart) that Stanley would forget her, and they might never meet again. But this was not to be; and though she had believed herself prepared, one look on his face, one sound of his voice had proved how vain had been her dream.

"I will obey thee, Marie," Stanley said, at length, pausing before her. "I will leave thee now, but not—not for ever. No, no; if indeed thou lovest me time will not change thee, if thou hast one sacred tie, when nature severs that, and thou art alone on earth, thou shalt be mine, whatever be thy race."

"Hope it not, ask it not! Oh, Arthur, better thou shouldst hate me, as thy people do my race: I cannot bear such gentle words," faltered poor Marie, as her head sunk for a minute on his bosom, and the pent-up tears burst forth. "But this is folly," she continued, forcing back the choking sob, and breaking from his passionate embrace. "There is danger alike for my father and thee if thou tarriest longer. Not that way," she added, as his eye glanced inquiringly toward the hill by which he had descended; "there is another and an easier path; follow me—thou wilt not betray it?"

"Never!" was the solemn rejoinder, and not a word more passed between them. He followed her through what seemed to be an endless maze, and paused before a towering rock, which smooth and perpendicular as a wall built by man, ran round the vale and seemed to reach to heaven. Pushing aside the thick brushwood, Marie stood beside the rock, and by some invisible movement, a low door flew open and disclosed a winding staircase.

"Thou wilt trust me, Arthur?"

"Ay, unto death," he answered, springing after her up the rugged stair. Narrow loopholes, almost concealed without by trees and brushwood, dimly lighted the staircase, as also a low, narrow passage, which branched off in zig-zag windings at the top, and terminated, as their woody path had done, in a solid wall. But again an invisible door flew open, closing behind them; and after walking about a hundred yards through prickly shrubs and entangled brushwood that obscured his sight, Marie paused, and Arthur gazed round bewildered. A seemingly boundless plain stretched for miles around him, its green level only diversified by rocks scattered about in huge masses and wild confusion, as if hurled in fury from some giant's hand. The rock whence he had issued was completely in-

visible. He looked around again and again, but only to bewilder himself yet more.

"The way looks more dreary than it is. Keep to the left: though it seems the less trodden path thou wilt find there a shelter for the night, and to-morrow's sun will soon guide thee to a frontier town; thy road will be easy then. Night is falling so fast now, thou hadst best not linger, Arthur."

But he did linger, till once more he had drawn from her a confession of her love, that none other could take his place, even while she conjured him never to seek her again—and so they parted. Five minutes more, and there was not a vestige of a human form on the wide-extended plain.

CHAPTER III.

"Now History unfolds her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time."

CLEARLY to comprehend the internal condition of Spain at the period of our narrative (1479)—a condition which, though apparently purely national, had influence over every domestic hearth—it is necessary to glance back a few years. The various petty Sovereignties into which Spain had been divided never permitted any lengthened period of peace; but these had at length merged into two great kingdoms, under the names of Arragon and Castile. The *form* of both governments was monarchical; but the *genius* of the former was purely republican, and the power of the sovereign so circumscribed by the Junta, the Justicia, and the Holy Brotherhood, that the vices or follies of the monarch were of less consequence, in a national point of view, in Arragon, than in any other kingdom. It was not so with Castile. From the death of Henry the Third, in 1404, a series of foreign and civil disasters had plunged the kingdom in a state of anarchy and misery. John the Second had some virtues as an individual, but none as a king; and his son Henry, who succeeded him in 1450, had neither the one nor the other. Governed as his father had been, entirely by favorites, the discontent of all classes of his subjects rapidly increased; the people were disgusted and furious at the extravagance of the monarch's minion; the nobles, fired at his insolence; and an utter contempt of the king, increased the virulence of the popular ferment. Unmindful of the disgrace attendant on his

divorce from Blanche of Navarre, Henry sought and obtained the hand of Joanna, Princess of Portugal, whose ambition and unprincipled intrigues heightened the ill-favor with which he was already regarded. The court of Castile, once so famous for chastity and honor, sank to the lowest ebb of infamy, the shadow of which, seeming to extend over the whole land, affected nobles and people with its baleful influence. All law was at an end: the people, even while they murmured against the King, followed his evil example; and history shrinks from the scenes of debauchery and licentiousness, robbery and murder, which desecrated the land. But this state of things could not last long, while there still remained some noble hearts amongst the Castilians. Five years after their marriage, the Queen was said to have given birth to a daughter, whom Henry declared should be his successor, in lieu of his young brother Alfonso (John's son, by a second wife, Isabella of Portugal). This child the nobles refused to receive, believing and declaring that she was not Henry's daughter, and arrogated to themselves the right of trying and passing sentence on their Sovereign, who, by his weak, flagitious conduct had, they unanimously declared, forfeited all right even to the present possession of the crown.

The confederates, who were the very highest and noblest officers of the realm, assembled at Avita, and with a solemnity and pomp which gave the whole ceremony an imposing character of reality, dethroned King Henry in effigy, and proclaimed the youthful Alfonso sovereign in his stead. All present swore fealty, but no actual good followed: the flame of civil discord was re-lighted, and raged with yet greater fury; continuing even after the sudden and mysterious death of the young prince, whose extraordinary talent, amiability, and firmness, though only fourteen, gave rise to the rumor that he had actually been put to death by his own party, who beheld in his rising genius the utter destruction of their own turbulence and pride. Be this as it may, his death occasioned no cessation of hostilities, the confederates carrying on the war in the name of his sister, the Infanta Isabella. Her youth and sex had pointed her out as one not likely to interfere or check the projects of popular ambition, and therefore the very fittest to bring forward as an excuse for their revolt. With every appearance of humility and deference, they offered her the crown; but the proudest and boldest shrank back abashed, before the flashing eye and proud majesty of demeanor with which she answered, "The crown is not yours to bestow; it is held by Henry,

according to the laws alike of God and man; and till his death, you have no right to bestow, nor I to receive it."

But though firm in this resolution, Isabella did not refuse to coincide in their plans for securing her succession. To this measure Henry himself consented, thus appearing tacitly to acknowledge the truth of the reports that Joanna was a surreptitious child, and for a brief period Castile was delivered from the horrors of war. Once declared heiress of Castile and Leon, Isabella's hand was sought by many noble suitors, and her choice fell on Ferdinand, the young King of Sicily, and heir-apparent to the crown of Arragon. Love was Isabella's incentive. Prudence, and a true patriotic ambition, urged the Archbishop of Toledo not only to ratify the choice, but to smooth every difficulty in their way; he saw at once the glory which might accrue to Spain by this peaceful union of two rival thrones. Every possible and impossible obstacle was privately thrown by Henry to prevent this union, even while he gave publicly his consent; his prejudice against Ferdinand being immovable and deadly. But the maneuvers of the Archbishop were more skilful than those of the King. The royal lovers—for such they really were—were secretly united at Valladolid, to reach which place in safety Ferdinand had been compelled to travel in disguise, and attended only by four cavaliers; and at that period so straitened were the circumstances of the Prince and Princess who afterward possessed the boundless treasures of the new world, that they were actually compelled to borrow money to defray the expenses of their wedding!

The moment Henry became aware of this marriage, the civil struggle recommenced. In vain the firm, yet pacific Archbishop of Toledo recalled the consent he had given, and proved that the union not only secured the after-glory of Spain, but Henry's present undisturbed possession of his throne. Urged on by his wife, and his intriguing favorite, the Marquis of Villena, who was for ever changing sides, he published a manifesto, in which he declared on oath that he believed Joanna to be his daughter, and proclaimed her heiress of Castile. Ferdinand and Isabella instantly raised an army, regardless of the forces of Portugal (to whose monarch Joanna had been betrothed), who were rapidly advancing to the assistance of Henry. Ere, however, war had regularly commenced, a brief respite was obtained by the death of Henry, and instantly and unanimously Isabella was proclaimed Queen of Leon and Castile. Peace, however, was not instantly regained; the King of Portugal married Joanna, and

resolved on defending her rights. Some skirmishing took place, and at length a long-sustained conflict near Fero decided the point—Ferdinand and the Castilians were victorious; the King of Portugal made an honorable retreat to his own frontiers, and the Marquis of Villena, the head of the malcontents, and by many supposed to be the real father of Joanna, submitted to Isabella. Peace thus dawned for Castile; but it was not till three years afterward, when Ferdinand had triumphed over the enemies of Arragon, and succeeded his father as Sovereign of that kingdom, that any vigorous measures could be taken for the restoration of internal order.

The petty Soveriegnities of the Peninsular with the sole exception of the mountainous district of Navarre, and the Moorish territories in the south, were now all united; and it was the sagacious ambition of Ferdinand and Isabella to render Spain as important in the scale of kingdoms as any other European territory; and to do this, they knew, demanded as firm a control over their own subjects, as the subjection of still harassing foes.

Above a century had elapsed since Spain had been exposed to the sway of weak or evil kings, and all the consequent miseries of misrule and war. Rapine, outrage, and murder had become so frequent and unchecked, as frequently to interrupt commerce, by preventing all communication between one place and another. The people acknowledged no law but their own passions. The nobles were so engrossed with hatred of each other, and universal contempt of their late sovereign, with personal ambition and general discontent, that they had little time or leisure to attend to any but their own interest. But a very brief interval convinced both nobles and people that a new era was dawning for them. In the short period of eighteen months, the wise administration of Isabella and Ferdinand, had effected a sufficient change to startle all ranks into conviction that their best interests lay in prompt obedience, and in exerting themselves in their several spheres, to second the sovereign's will. The chivalric qualities of Ferdinand, his undoubted wisdom and unwavering firmness, excited both love and fear; while devotion itself is not too strong a term to express the national feeling entertained toward Isabella. Her sweet, womanly gentleness, blended as it was with the dignity of the sovereign; her ready sympathy in all that concerned her people—for the lowest of her subjects; doing justice, even if it were the proud noble who injured, and the serf that suffered—all was so strange, yet fraught with such national repose, that her influ-

ence every year increased; while every emotion of chivalry found exercise, and yet rest in the heart of the aristocracy for their Queen; her simple word would be obeyed, on the instant, by men who would have paused, and weighed, and reasoned, if any other—even Ferdinand himself—had spoken. Isabella knew her power; and if ever sovereign used it for the good, the happiness of her people, that proud glory was her own.

In spite of the miserable condition of the people during the civil struggles, the wealth of Spain had not decreased. It was protected and increased by a class of people whose low and despised estate was, probably, their safeguard—these were the Jews, who for many centuries had, both publicly and secretly, resided in Spain. There were many classes of this people in the land, scattered alike over Castile, Leon, Arragon, Navarre, and also in the Moorish territories; some there were confined to the mystic learning and profound studies of the schools, whence they sent many deeply learned men to other countries, where their worth and wisdom gained them yet greater regard than they received in Spain; others were low and degraded in outward seeming, yet literally holding and guiding the financial and commercial interests of the kingdom;—whose position was of the lowest—scorned and hated by the very people who yet employed them, and exposed to insult from every class; the third, and by far the largest body of Spanish Jews, were those who, Israelites in secret, were so completely Catholic in seeming, that the court, the camp, the council, even the monasteries themselves, counted them amongst them. And this had been the case for years—we should say for centuries—and yet so inviolable was the faith pledged to each other, so awful the dangers around them, were even suspicion excited, that the fatal secret never transpired; offices of state, as well as distinctions of honor, were frequently conferred on men who, had their faith or race been suspected, would have been regarded as the scum of the earth, and sentenced to torture and death, for daring to pass for what they were not. At the period of which we write, the fatal enemy to the secret Jews of more modern times, known as the Holy Office, did not exist; but a secret and terrible tribunal there was, whose power and extent were unknown to the Sovereigns of the land.

The Inquisition is generally supposed to have been founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, about the year 1480 or '82; but a deeper research informs us that it had been introduced into Spain several centuries earlier, and obtained great influence in Arragon. Confid-

ing in the protection of the papal see, the Inquisitors set no bounds to their ferocity: secret informations, imprisonments, tortures, midnight assassinations, marked their proceedings; but they overreached themselves. All Spain, setting aside petty rivalships, rose up against them. All who should give them encouragement or assistance were declared traitors to their country; the very lives of the Inquisitors and their families were, in the first burst of fury, endangered; but after a time, imagining they had sunk into harmless insignificance, their oppressors desisted in their efforts against them, and were guilty of the unpardonable error of not exterminating them entirely.*

According to the popular belief, the dreaded tribunal slept, and so soundly, they feared not, imagined not its awakening. They little knew that its subterranean halls were established near almost all the principal cities, and that its engines were often at work, even in the palaces of kings. Many a family wept the loss of a beloved member, they knew not, guessed not how—for those who once entered those fatal walls were never permitted to depart; so secret were their measures, that even the existence of this fearful mockery of Justice and Religion was not known, or at that time it would have been wholly eradicated. Superstition had not then gained the ascendancy which in after years so tarnished the glory of Spain, and opened the wide gates to the ruin and debasement under which she labors now. The fierce wars and revolutions ravaging the land had given too many, and too favorable opportunities for the exercise of this secret power; but still, regard for their own safety prevented the more public display of their office, as ambition prompted. The vigorous proceedings of Ferdinand and Isabella rendered them yet more wary; and little did the Sovereign suspect that in their very courts this fatal power held sway. The existence of this tribunal naturally increased the dangers environing the Israelites who were daring enough to live amongst the Catholics as one of them; but of this particular danger they themselves were not generally aware, and their extraordinary skill in the concealment of their faith (to every item of which they yet adhered) baffled, except in a very few instances, even these ministers of darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* Stockdale's History of the Inquisition.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE AND THE ROTHSCHILDS.

BY A. WELLINGTON HART.

A CONTRIBUTION to Harper's Magazine for January, under the caption of "Knights of the Red Shield," professes to give the history of the Rothschild family, and under such guise, perpetrates an outrage on the memory of the founder of the London house—Baron Nathan Meyer Rothschild. It is not my purpose to criticise the article as it deserves. I merely wish to correct those mis-statements which, while they rake up the ashes of a great and good man, serve no better purpose than to exhibit a malignancy unworthy of the magazine that published them. Many of these perversions of fact are of themselves inoffensive, and merely prove how utterly ignorant the writer is of his subject; thus, for instance, we are told the Rothschilds once came to the succor of the Bank of England, when in reality it was just the reverse. The London firm required a loan for a short time and made application to the Bank of England offering securities therefor. The Governor promptly declined, and, as Nathan Meyer Rothschild was not in the habit of being refused, he withdrew and summoned his bankers for a conference. The London firm shift monthly their bank account from one to the other of the banks which they select to receive their deposits and cash their checks, for they never ask for a discount. Now it happened that the amount of gold in the Bank of England was at the time at the lowest point, and if a run had been commenced it would have led to the suspension of the bank. Mr. Rothschild gathered in all his balances from his several bankers and walking into the Bank of England, demanded specie for three times the amount held by that institution. The Governor was staggered at the position Mr. Rothschild had placed the bank in, and immediately convened the directors. They conveyed the expression of their deep regret at the occurrence and Mr. Rothschild withdrew his demand for the specie. A few years after when the charter of the Bank of England required renewal, Mr. Rothschild was summoned, and he then expressed to the Committee of the House of Commons his belief that the Government funds, without positive safeguard, should never be committed to the custody of a private corporation, since he could have bankrupted the Bank of England had he been vindictive and

selfish enough, but that the course he pursued was merely the warning voice of one who was stronger in funds than the bank itself. The contributor to Harper's will be enlightened on this subject if he will refer to Francis' History of the Bank of England.

Mr. Rothschild is charged with being "covetous and churlish." The above truthful narrative is a positive example of that covetousness and churlishness which I trust will be manifested by every banker of intelligence and integrity when placed in a similar position.

The story of Mr. Rothschild going to Belgium and Waterloo, and hanging on to the skirts of the Duke of Wellington who threatened to hang "the skulking Jew," is simply a sensational story got up for the occasion and disseminated without the least regard for truth or fact. Carrier pigeons were used to express news, and the agents of the respective houses committed all their cipher messages to these winged carriers. Mr. Rothschild never left the city of London during all this period, for his presence at Waterloo would have militated against the chances of money making, for the carrier pigeon would have made the voyage in one quarter the time that he would have taken to cross the channel. What advantage or motive then, to prompt the great financier to abandon his "charmed circle" and risk his life on the battle-field? I doubt much if the contributor to Harper's ever read or heard of such a narrative.

I now wish to show that the prominent features of Mr. N. M. Rothschild's character indicated neither churlishness nor covetousness to prompt the enmity of his fellow men, or to hold before his eyes the dagger or pistol of the assassin. Mr. Rothschild was the representative of great monied interests, centered in his firm, yet held by the world at large. If he conducted his business with the strictest honor and integrity, from what source could spring the jealousies or vindictiveness of his brother bankers and brokers? Taking on our side of the water, such representative men as Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Thomas A. Scott as railroad kings; William B. Astor, in landed estate, and Moses Taylor as a wealthy, eminent banker, who has ever heard of their lives being threatened? Each has made his millions by the rise and fall of stocks or in the rise of property. Purity of character is a shield against the assassin's threats, and as this writer gives Mr. Rothschild credit for great bravery in imperiling his life on the battle-field, where his presence was uncalled for even for personal or selfish motives, I opine that this contributor must have drawn

heavily on his own imagination when he gives the most minute particulars of a death-bed scene in which there were no participants but the immediate and personal members of his own family.

The offer of Anselm Rothschild to his wife of \$500,000 *if she would give him a male heir*, goes far to show that the contributor's sources of information are valuable and reliable, no doubt drawn from the gossip of some monthly nurse! Such an assertion however is simply disgusting, and is enough to bring down the contempt of every intelligent reader on the head of this interviewing Bohemian.

The contributor asserts that the late N. M. Rothschild was princely in his entertainments yet penurious to the last degree when dealing with his employees; that he would dispute a bill for a shilling and keep overworked clerks on the verge of starvation; that he was lavish with his vanity but a niggard at heart; that he was a giant in grasp and enterprise but a worm in soul; that he invested nothing in humanity, for humanity to his shortsightedness returned no interest; that he had few friends and numberless enemies, and that his churlish and covetous nature had led him to become a monomaniac, believing his life was ever threatened by assassins, so much so, that on his death-bed he exclaimed, "He is trying to kill me! quick, quick, give me the gold!" This reliable contributor also states as his own opinion—whatever that may be worth—that it was a mercy to the *magnificent hunks* that he was not conscious that he was parting forever from the seventy to eighty millions of dollars he was supposed to have left, for the thought would have annihilated his sordid soul; and in another place he thinks that five years in which he made a million of dollars ought to have satisfied this *Archfiend of Pawnbrokers!* Now mark this same historian's account of the firm of which Mr. Rothschild was the founder, director and prime mover in every phase, and let us inquire into the *animus* of his writing and we will find it is simply a prejudice against the Jewish race that not even civilization in the nineteenth century will soften. Hear what he says and then judge if he is a truthful historian or a base slanderer:

"Their word is religiously kept. Their promise, once given, is as certain of redemption as their drafts are to be paid. *Their financial record is blameless.* That which they say they will do may be regarded as done. . . . The Rothschilds have common sense and *uncommon honesty.*"

"Their charities to their co-religionists have been many and liberal. They have endowed schools, built hospitals and founded almshouses.

Their attachment to their ancient form of worship is noble and commendable."

"Respecting their partnership affairs every Rothschild is as silent as the Sphinx. They are never mentioned outside of their immediate family. . . . They trust themselves and distrust humanity. . . . They impart nothing to their employees which is not essential to their business. Scarcely anyone of their accountants or agents knows anything of their affairs beyond his proper functions."

"Their energy, courage, ability and integrity command the admiration of the whole commercial world. . . . They were sublime in their self-dependence, glorious in their capacity for management."

"It has been from the beginning the fixed policy of the Rothschilds to keep as inviolable secrets their smallest as well as their largest transactions."

Now how can this contributor reconcile the various assertions he makes of their losses and gains, their investments and their wealth when the simple fact, as stated by himself, is patent, that no secret has ever been divulged in reference to the transactions of the Rothschilds.

I will now speak of the philanthropy and charity of Mr. N. M. Rothschild, whose character has been limned in such an atrocious manner and whose memory is dragged from the grave, after a sleep of nearly forty years.

During his life he never neglected the poor; his charities were unbounded. He had a great regard for the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hirschell, and through him he devoted thousands of pounds annually for the relief of poor and distressed members of the Jewish faith. An interesting incident occurred which I will narrate. For years, semi-annually, a carter would deliver at the Jewish Orphan Asylum cases of clothing for the boys and girls. The source whence this benefaction came was unknown. No explanation was vouchsafed, a receipt was given, and the children clothed. Mr. Rothschild paid a visit to Frankfort-on-the-Main where he sickened and died. It was the period for the fall supply and none came. A month after the family's return to London, and of the burial of this great and benevolent man, the cases of clothing were delivered, and for the first time it was discovered

"Who did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame."

This is the character traduced by Harper's correspondent, who looks with horror at an intermarriage sanctioned by the Bible, and

views it as incestuous ! I may not myself admire the intermarriage of first cousins, yet I claim that physiologists are much divided as to the effects of such marriages on the physical body or brain. Weak minds have not yet marred the earthly happiness of the Rothschild family. Their high position in the aristocratic circles of England ; their levathan transactions all over Europe, in fact the world ; their prominence in Parliament, Baron LIONEL representing the City of London for the past thirty years ; his son NATHAN MYER, representing Aylesbury ; and his brother MYER representing Hythe ; indicate that they all possess *mens sana in corpore sano*. The charities of the firm of N. M. Rothseild & Sons are equally unbounded. No hospital or asylum fund but is benefited by their subscriptions. For the erection of synagogues, for charitable societies, purchase of cemeteries and for every object in which the charity of man is supplicated, there will be found their names. Their venerated father's life was one of meekness, benevolence and universal charity, and his children follow in his footsteps.

"The long remembered beggar was his guest,
 "Whose beard descending swept his aged breast,
 "Careless their merits or their thoughts to scan,
 "His pity gave, ere charity begun ;
 "Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 "And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side."

Thus the grave closed over the remains of a conscientious, honest and benevolent Israelite, and his death, after a life of usefulness and of public good, was deplored with unfeigned sorrow, grief and regret by not only the community of Great Britain but that of entire Europe.

RABBINICAL APHORISMS.

CARE corrodes more than poison.

Grief for imaginary evil causes actual malady.

Sorrow unrestrained by patience prolongs grief.

Patience is the invulnerable shield of the defenceless.

Poverty can never disgrace the wise man, nor will lust subdue him.

Withhold knowledge from the unworthy, lest you wrong wisdom ; refuse it not from the deserving, lest you wrong them ; nor requite the wicked according to their wickedness, lest you forfeit the reward of your Creator.

MR. THACKERAY'S VISIT TO SOME JEWISH SCHOOLS.

IN an old number of the *Cornhill Magazine* is to be found an article entitled "Little Scholars," written by the late Mr. Thackeray, in which he gives a most interesting account of his visit to some Jewish schools in London. Believing that our readers will feel pleased to know the impression made upon the great novelist, we give a few extracts.

"In another old house standing in a deserted old square near the City, there is a school which interested me as much as any of those I have come across—a school for Jewish boys and girls. We find a tranquil roomy old house with light windows, looking out into the quiet square with its ancient garden; a carved staircase; a little hall paved with black and white mosaic, whence two doors lead respectively to the Boys' and Girls' schools. Presently a little girl unlocks one of these doors, and runs up before us into the school-room—a long well-lighted room full of other little girls busy at their desks: little Hebrew maidens with Oriental faces, who look up at us as we come in. This is always rather an alarming moment; but Dr. —, who knows the children, comes kindly to our help, and begins to tell us about the school. 'It is an experiment,' he says, 'and one which has answered admirably well. Any children are admitted, Christians as well as Jews; and none come without paying something every week, twopence or threepence, as they can afford, for many of them belong to the very poorest of the Jewish community. They receive a very high class of education.' (When I presently see what they are doing, and hear what questions they can answer, I begin to feel a very great respect for these little bits of girls in pinafores, and for the people who are experimenting on them.) 'But the chief aim of the school is to teach them to help themselves, and to inculcate an honest self-dependence and independence.' And indeed, as I look at them, I cannot but be struck with a certain air of respectability and uprightness among these little creatures, as they sit there, so self-possessed, keen-eyed, well-mannered. 'Could you give them a parsing lesson?' the doctor asked the schoolmistress, who shakes her head, and says it is their day for arithmetic, and she may not interrupt the order of their studies; but that they may answer any questions the doctor likes to put to them.

"Quite little things, with their hair in curls, can tell you about tons and hundredweights, and how many horses it would take to draw a ton, and how many little girls to draw two-thirds of a ton, if so many little girls went to a horse; and if a horse were added, or a horse taken away, or two-eighths of the little girls, or three-fourths of the horse, or one-sixth of the ton,—until the room begins to spin breathlessly round and round, and I am left ever so far behindhand.

"‘Is *avoirdufois* an English word?’ Up goes a little hand, with fingers working eagerly, and a pretty little creature, with long black hair and a necklace, cries out that it is French, and means, *have weight*.

"Then the doctor asks about early English history, and the hands still go up, and they know all about it; and so they do about civilization, and despotism, and charters, and Picts and Scots, and dynasties, and early lawgivers, and colonization, and reformation.

"‘Who was Martin Luther? Why did he leave the Catholic Church? What were indulgences?’

"‘You gave the Pope lots of money, sir, and he gave you dispensations.’ This was from our little portress.

"There was another little shrimp of a thing, with wonderful, long-slit, flashing eyes, who could answer anything almost, and whom the other little girls accordingly brought forward in triumph from a back row.

"‘Give me an instance of a free country?’ asks the tired questioner.

"‘England, sir!’ cry the little girls in a shout.

"‘And now of a country which is not free?’

"‘America,’ cry two little voices; and then one adds, ‘Because there are slaves, sir.’ ‘And France,’ says a third; ‘and we have seen the emperor in the picture-shops.’

"As I listen to them, I cannot help wishing that many of our little Christians were taught to be as independent and self-respecting in their dealings with the grown-up people who come to look at them. One would fancy that servility was a sacred institution, we cling to it so fondly. We seem to expect an absurd amount of respect from our inferiors; we are ready to pay back just as much to those above us in station; and hence I think, notwithstanding all the kindness of heart, all the well-meant and well-spent exertion we see in the world, there is often too great an inequality between those who teach and those who would learn, those who give and those whose harder part it is to receive.

"We were quite sorry at last when the doctor made a little bow, and said, 'Good morning, young ladies,' quite politely, to his pupils. It was too late to stop and talk to the little boys down below, but we went for a minute into an inner room out of the large boys' school-room, and there we found half-a-dozen little men, with their hats on their heads, sitting on their benches, reading the Psalms in Hebrew; and so we stood, for this minute before we came away, listening to David's words spoken in David's tongue, and ringing rather sadly in the boys' touching childish voice."*

"But this is not by any means the principal school which the Jews have established in London. Deep in the heart of the city—beyond St. Paul's—beyond the Cattle Market, with its 'countless pens—beyond Finsbury Square and the narrow Barbican, traveling on through a dirty, close, thickly-peopled region, you come to Bell Lane, in Spitalfields.† And here you may step in at a door and suddenly find yourself in a wonderful country, in the midst of an unknown people, in a great hall sounding with the voices of hundreds of Jewish children. I know not if it is always so, or if this great assemblage is only temporary, during the preparation for the Passover, but all along the sides of this great room were curtained divisions, and classes sitting divided, busy at their tasks, and children upon children as far as you could see; and somehow as you look you almost see, not these children only, but their forefathers, the Children of Israel, camping in their tents, as they camped at Succoth, when they fled out of the land of Egypt and the house of bondage. Some of these here present to-day are still flying from the house of bondage; many of them are the children of Poles, and Russians, and Hungarians, who have escaped over here to avoid conscription, and who arrive destitute and in great misery. But to be friendless, and in want, and poverty stricken, is the best recommendation for admission to this noble charity. And here, as elsewhere, any one who comes to the door is taken in, Christian as well as Jew.

"I have before me now the report for the year 5619 (1858), during which 1,800 children have come to these schools daily. 10,000 in all have been admitted since the foundation of the school. The working alone of the establishment—salaries, repairs, books, laundresses, &c.—amounts to more than £2,000 a year. Of this a very

* The above is a description of the West Metropolitan Jewish School, Red Lion Square, originated by the members of the West London Synagogue of British Jews.

† This account refers to the Jews Free School, Bell Lane.

considerable portion goes in salaries to its officers, of whom I count more than fifty in the first page of the pamphlet. '£12 to a man for washing boys,' is surely well-spent money ; '£3 to a beadle ; £14 for brooms and brushes ; £1 19s. 6d. for repairs of clocks,' are among the items. The annual subscriptions are under £500, and the very existence of the place (so says the Report) depends on voluntary offerings at the anniversary. That some of these gifts come in with splendid generosity, I need scarcely say. Clothing for the whole school arrives (at Easter) once a year, and I saw great bales of boots for the boys waiting to be unpacked in their schoolroom. Tailors and shoemakers come and take measurings beforehand, so that everybody gets his own. To-day, these artists having retired, carpenters and bricklayers are at work all about the place, and the great boys' school, which is larger still than the girls', is necessarily empty,—except that a group of teachers and monitors are standing in one corner talking and whispering together. The head master, with a black beard, comes down from a high desk in an inner room, and tells us about the place—about the cleverness of the children, and the scholarship lately founded ; how well many of the boys turn out in after life, and for what good positions they are fitted by the education they are able to receive here ;—'though Jews,' he said, 'are debarred by their religious requirements from two-thirds of the employments which Christians are able to fill. Masters cannot afford to employ workmen who can only give their time from Monday to Friday afternoon. There are, therefore, only a very limited number of occupations open to us. Some of our boys rise to be ministers, and many become teachers here, in which case Government allows them a certain portion of their salary.'

"The head mistress in the girls' school was not less kind and ready to answer our questions. During the Winter mornings, hot bread-and-milk are given out to any girl who chooses to ask for it, but only about a hundred come forward, of the very hungriest and poorest. When we came away from — Square a day before, we had begun to think that all poor Jews were well and warmly clad, and had time to curl their hair and to look clean, and prosperous, and respectable, but here, alas ! comes the old story of want, and sorrow, and neglect. What are these brown, lean, wan little figures, in loose gowns falling from their shoulders—black eyes, fuzzy, unkempt hair, strange bead necklaces round their throats, and ear-rings in their ears ? I fancied these must be the Poles and Russians, but

when I spoke to one of them she smiled and answered very nicely, in perfectly good English, and told me she liked writing best of all, and showed me a copy very neat, even, and legible.

"Whole classes seemed busy sewing at lilac pinafores, which are, I suppose, a great national institution; others were ciphering and calling out the figures as the mistress chalked the sum upon the slate. Hebrew alphabets and sentences were hanging upon the walls. All these little Hebrew maidens learn the language of their nation.

"In the infant school,* a very fat little pouting baby, with dark eyes, and a little hook-nose and curly locks, and a blue necklace, and funny ear-rings in her little rosy ears, came forward, grasping one of the mistresses' fingers.

"'This is a good little girl,' said that lady, 'who knows her alphabet in Hebrew and in English.'

"And the little girl looks up very solemn, as children do, to whom everything is of vast importance, and each little incident a great new fact. The infant-schools do not make part of the Bell Lane Establishment, though they are connected with it, and the children, as they grow up, and are infants no longer, draft off into the great free-school.

"The infant-school is a light new building close by, with arcaded playgrounds, and plenty of light, and air, and freshness, though it stands in this dreary, grimy region. As we come into the school-rooms we find, piled up on steps at either end, great living heaps of little infants, swaying, kicking, shouting for their dinner, beating aimlessly about with little legs and arms. Little Jew babies are uncommonly like little Christians; just as funny, as hungry, as helpless, and happy now that the bowls of food come steaming in. One, two, three, four, five little cook-boys, in white jackets, and caps, and aprons, appear in a line, with trays upon their heads, like the procession out of the Arabian Nights; and as each cook-boy appears, the children cheer, and the potatoes steam hotter and hotter, and the mistresses begin to ladle them out.

"Rice and browned potatoes is the manna given twice a week to these hungry little Israelites. I rather wish for the soup and pudding certain small Christians are gobbling up just about this time in another corner of London; but this is but a half-penny worth, while the other meal costs a penny. You may count by hundreds here instead of by tens; and I don't think there would be so much shout-

* The Jews' Infant School, Commercial Place.

ing at the little cook-boys if these hungry little beaks were not eager for their food. I was introduced to one little boy here, who seemed to be very much looked up to by his companions because he had one long curl right along the top of his head. As we were busy talking to him, a number of little things sitting on the floor were busy stroking and feeling with little gentle fingers the soft edges of a coat one of us had on, and the silk dress of a lady who was present.

"The lady who takes chief charge of these 400 babies told us how the mothers as well as the children got assistance here in many ways, sometimes coming for advice, sometimes for small loans of money, which they always faithfully repay. She also showed us letters from some of the boys who have left and prospered in life. One from a youth who has lately been elected alderman in some distant colony. She took us into a class-room, and gave a lesson to some twenty little creatures, while, as it seemed to me, all the 380 others were tapping at the door, and begging to be let in. It was an object, and then a scripture-lesson, and given with the help of old familiar pictures. There was Abraham with his beard, and Isaac and the ram, hanging up against the wall; there was Moses, and the Egyptians, and Joseph, and the sack and the brethren, somewhat out of drawing. All these old friends gave one quite a homely feeling, and seemed to hold out friendly hands to us strangers and Philistines, standing within the gates of the chosen people.

"Before we came away, the mistress opened a door and showed us one of the prettiest and most touching sights I have ever seen. It was the arcaded play-ground full of happy, shouting, tumbling, scrambling little creatures: little tumbled-down ones kicking and shouting on the ground, absurd toddling races going on, whole files of little things wandering up and down with their arms round one another's necks: a happy, friendly little multitude indeed: a sight good for sore eyes.

"And so I suppose people of all nations and religions love and tend their little ones, and watch and yearn over them. I have seen little Catholics cared for by kind nuns with wistful tenderness, as the young ones came clinging to their black veils and playing with their chaplets;—little high-church maidens growing up rosy and happy amid crosses and mediæval texts, and chants, and dinners of fish, and kind and melancholy ladies in close caps and loose-cut dresses;—little low-church children smiling and dropping curtseys as they see the Rev. Mr. Faith-in-grace coming up the lane with tracts in his big

pockets about pious negroes, and broken vessels, and devouring worms, and I dare say pennies and sugar-plums as well.

"Who has not seen and noted these things, and blessed with a thankful, humble heart that fatherly Providence which has sent this pure and tender religion of little children to all creeds and to all the world?"

LITERARY NOTICES:

LIBERTY AND LAW UNDER FEDERATIVE GOVERNMENT. BY BRITTON A HILL. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippencott & Co.*

SOME people never read prefaces; we always do, hence we learn that the author has sent forth his book "to plead the cause of the oppressed and to break down the despotic systems and monopolies, that now fortify and increase the power of the oppressors," also that it is intended to effect "a thorough reorganization of our State and federative governments," and to advance the human race in "morality, law, art, science, and all other means whereby the miseries, crimes, follies, and evils of life may be lessened, and its happiness increased as much as possible by wise and just systems of laws, bearing equally upon all." We say we learn all this from the preface, for we certainly never would have conceived the idea from a perusal of the work by itself. That indeed would have impressed us strongly with the belief that Mr. Hill's theory of government was subversive of every principle by which society is kept together, that it aimed at overturning everything which now stands quietly on its feet and setting it violently on its head, that its prime object and purpose was to establish an entirely new order of things of which Mr. Hill should be the infallible prophet and ruling spirit. However, as we have already stated, the preface reassures us, and if this were not sufficient, then we have it on Mr. Hill's own authority that his work is the result of "careful study," and of "thirty-five years' practice of the law," so we are willing to concede good intentions at least to the gentleman who has so kindly undertaken a task, than which, according to his own statement "no higher one can engage the mind of man." It is indeed to be regretted, therefore, that however much we may sympathize with the splendid intention of the author, he has placed it out of our power to congratulate him on the execution, for we candidly believe that were his theories carried into practice, those unfortu-

nates who would be under their control would be the most miserable beings on earth. Here, for instance, are some of the proposed plans by which "results would follow surpassing even the dreams our most sanguine patriots have dared to indulge in."

Everything is to exist only by the gracious permission of the law. Nothing is to be done without governmental interference and sanction. Railroads, telegraphic lines, all manner of intercommunication, the very modes in which business is to be conducted, are to be under the direction of the government. Everybody is to be under police surveillance and no one is to be permitted to enter any city, town or village until his name, residence, occupation and proposed destination have been duly registered by the authorities. The Chinese are under no circumstances to be tolerated: in fact immigration is to be stopped, except in the case of respectable people with money, who if they will behave themselves and vote the right ticket, may come, otherwise the population of the country must increase through the energy, zeal and patriotism of its native-born citizens. Polygamy and the press are to be put down. In place of the former, people are to marry young, extravagance in women is to be abolished, cohabitation is to constitute marriage and divorces are to be permitted. In place of the press, laws are to be made for the establishment of a "system of state and national newspaper publications," which, by the way, are to be distributed gratis to everybody, to illustrate, we presume, the freedom of the press. The only money to be used is a paper currency, issued at the will of the government, and as interest for the use of money is only the result of cowardice, it is to be abolished.

Such are a few of the great reforms proposed by Mr. Hill. Who can doubt that they are destined to destroy the "existing rivalries between rich and poor," and change "the superstitious dread of the future world into serene and happy assuredness of infinitely continuing revelations of new beauty?" But this is not all that Mr. Hill intends to do for civilization, for he has announced almost at the very commencement of his present book that he will in a subsequent work "develop the application of those fundamental principles as requiring, for the purpose of securing to all men immunity from the unlawful interference of others—1st, a code of law, and a constitution for each state; 2d, a political constitution for the federative republic of all the states; and 3d, an international constitution for all the states of the world, as they may gradually and one after another see the wisdom of adopting such a legal international form of govern-

ment." We look forward anxiously for the publication of this promised work as we do not doubt that it will, like its predecessor, prove very agreeable and entertaining reading.

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE. *An American Novel.* By J. G. HOLLAND. New York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*

In all the writings of Dr. Holland the one great feature which strikes the careful reader is the genuine sincerity of the author and the earnestness of the man to use all the powers at his command not merely to amuse, but to impart some good moral lesson and to excite the better qualities of human nature. To such an extent indeed does he sometimes carry this desire, that he hardly does justice to his own artistic skill, and in those instances he lacks that dramatic power he would otherwise possess. As evidence of this his present novel may be taken. The story is by no means an exciting one, there is very little plot and but slight development and analysis of character, yet there is a quiet beauty about it which attracts the reader's interest and maintains it to the close. The emotions of an imaginative and impressionable nature are depicted with much tenderness and power, and in the faithfulness of this description lies the interest which is felt for Arthur Bonnicastle. Many pictures of New England life are given which abound in sentiment, humor and pathos, and in several parts of the work the reader is fairly charmed with Dr. Holland's beautiful and happy descriptions of nature. Besides the intrinsic merit of the novel, there are twelve full page illustrations by Miss Mary A. Hallock, who though a young artist has in these pictures shown so much merit, zeal, grace and talent as to give brilliant promises for the future.

THE ATMOSPHERE. Translated from the French of CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Edited by JAMES GLAISHER, F. R. S. New York. *Harper & Bros.*

For some years past the French have been giving the world a number of masterly treatises on various scientific subjects which, while possessing all the exactness required by the scholar, are written in so popular and pleasant a style as to prove no less instructive and entertaining to the general reader. Many of these works have been successfully rendered into English and published on both sides of the Atlantic. Among them all, however, we know of none in which instruction and amusement are more happily combined than in the present volume by M. Flammarion. Simple and comprehensive in

style, remarkable for its absence of difficult technicalities, it absorbs the reader's interest and attention almost from its introductory page. And yet the subject matter is of a deeply scientific nature. The form, dimensions and movements of the earth, the influence exerted on meteorology by the physical conformation of our globe, the figure, height, color, weight and chemical components of the atmosphere, the meteorological phenomena induced by the action of light and the optical appearances which objects present as seen through different atmospheric strata, the phenomena connected with heat, wind, clouds, rain and electricity, the laws of climate and, in fine, all the subjects included under the general topic, are, in this work, most elaborately discussed. To select any particular chapter for special notice would be as unnecessary as undesirable, for inasmuch as each subject bears on the other, to arrive at a full and just appreciation of the work it should be followed with care to the end. The rich, intellectual feast which the reader will be sure to have, almost on every page, will more than recompense him for so doing. Apart from the beauty of the text, the book is profusely and handsomely illustrated. There are ten full-page chromo lithographs executed in the highest style of art, besides no less than eighty-six woodcuts. Judged as a whole, it is perhaps one of the most valuable of the many publications which have left the press of the Harpers.

FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON direct in 97 hours and 20 minutes; and a Trip Round It. By JULES VERNE, Translated from the French by LOUIS MERCIER and ELEANOR E. KING. New York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*

This is a very cleverly written book for it mixes up fiction and scientific truth in so humorous a manner, that the more we laugh over its follies the more we learn of just such matters appertaining to astronomy which every well-informed person should know. M. Jules Verne has won the distinction of being a second Munchausen. To our mind he is considerably better, for while in the one, there is only fun without profit, in the other there is sound instruction blended with an endless fund of amusement. Of course the reader must have sufficient intelligence to distinguish what is authentic from what is merely the author's humor. Under any circumstances however, if he will only permit himself to be shot to the moon with the heroes of the story, he will on his return to earth confess that he has had one of the pleasantest excursions in the realms of fancy.

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

No. 2.

THE GREAT JEWISH CHARITIES OF AMERICA.



THE MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL. LEXINGTON AVE. BETWEEN SIXTY-SIXTH AND SIXTY-SEVENTH STS.

II.

THE MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL.

THE Institution which now bears the name of "The Mount Sinai Hospital" was originally entitled "The Jews' Hospital in New York," and was founded on January 5th, 1852, by the following gentlemen whose names appear on the Act of Incorporation :

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by RAPHAEL D'C. LEWIN, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. IV.—5.

Sampson Simson, Samuel M. Isaacs, John I. Hart, Benjamin Nathan, John M. Davies, Henry Hendricks, Theodore I. Seixas, Isaac Phillips, and John D. Phillips.

The originator and promoter of the movement was Mr. Sampson Simson, a worthy and respected citizen of this State, who perceiving the void in the Jewish community occasioned by the want of a suitable hospital wherein members of that faith could receive proper medical treatment amid Jewish associations, determined to undertake the work of establishing a society for the formation and management of such a hospital, and, at the very outset, announced his intention of giving the land requisite for the erection of a suitable building. Calling to his assistance the gentlemen mentioned above, the society was organized, Mr. Simson chosen President, Mr. Hart, Vice-President, Mr. Hendricks, Treasurer, and Mr. Seixas, Secretary.

In the same month, a committee of young men determined to give a ball for their own amusement. One of their number had just returned from Europe where he had seen for the first time a Jewish hospital, which so much impressed him that he resolved to do all he could to establish a similar one in New York. When therefore the Ball Committee was in working order it was suggested by this gentleman that whatever surplus was realized should be appropriated as a nucleus for a fund to be raised for the erection of a Jews' Hospital. Subsequently it was ascertained that Mr. Simpson and others had already contemplated the formation of such an institute and had obtained a charter for that purpose. Accordingly when the ball took place on February 14th, 1852, the net proceeds of \$1,034 were paid to the treasurer with a request that the money be put to immediate use by hiring a house as a temporary hospital.

The Ball Committee consisted of Messrs. Adolphus S. Solomons, Barrow Benrimo, S. A. Lewis, Rowland Davis, Noah Content, George King, L. H. Simson, Max Bachman, L. Bierhoff, and Henry Honig, and the gentleman who was so conspicuous in the matter and did so much toward making the entertainment successful was Mr. Adolphus S. Solomons whose services, now as then, are always to be found in the cause of charity.

Shortly after this Mr. Simpson presented the lots of ground on 28th Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, and the Directors went to work in bringing the matter prominently before the public and enlisting their co-operation. A legacy of \$20,000 from Judah Touro of New Orleans was also received about this time and with this ad-

ditional impetus, the erection of a building was commenced forthwith. The corner-stone was laid on November 25th, 1853, and notwithstanding the severity of the weather, a large concourse of prominent citizens assembled to witness the ceremonies.

On the evening of January 26th, 1854, a grand banquet and ball in aid of the Hospital, were given at Niblo's under the auspices of the following committee: Messrs. Henry I. Hart, Emanuel Knight, E. B. Hart, S. A. Lewis, Morris Wilson, Jacob I. Moses, Adolphus S. Solomons, Asher Kursheedt, Isaac Levy, Isaac Moses, George S. Mawson, George Henriques and Lewis M. Morrison. "This," said the *Jewish Messenger*, "was the first affair of the kind ever held in New York. Society celebrations had, indeed, often taken the form of a banquet, but the pleasures of these occasions were reserved for the gentlemen alone. Very ungallantly the ladies had been excluded. The first Hospital banquet was a commendable exception, and the excellent example was happily followed in all the later celebrations in aid of the same object."

During the year 1854 the building slowly but steadily progressed, and in the early part of 1855 it was completed and dedicated to its noble purpose. The newspapers of the day described the structure as "calculated to accommodate one hundred and fifty persons, admirably arranged and well ventilated and costing about \$35,000." The dedicatory ceremonies took place in the large ward on the first floor, a temporary Ark and Reading Desk being fitted up. Many distinguished visitors from other cities and several Christians were present on the occasion. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Drs. Raphael, Merzbacher, Leeser, Lilienthal, Isaacs and Henry. In the evening a grand banquet was held at Niblo's, John I. Hart, Esq., who had succeeded Mr. Simson as President, presiding. Addresses were made by Hon. Henry J. Raymond, Hon. Simeon Draper, Mayor Wood, Rev. Drs. Raphael and Isaacs, and by Messrs. Albert Cardozo, P. J. Joachimsen and Henry Morrison. The donations received during the evening amounted to over \$7,000.

On the 8th of June, 1855, the Hospital was opened for the reception of patients. Drs. Mott, Markoe, Detmold, Gilman and others volunteered their services on the medical and surgical staff. Dr. Mark Blumenthal was chosen Resident Physician and Mr. J. Raymond elected as Superintendent. Soon the wards became occupied, no distinction being made on account of religious belief. Christians as well as Jews were admitted and during the first year of its practi-

cal existence, one hundred and thirteen patients were recipients of its bounty.

From the report of the Visiting Committee presented at the annual meeting in January, 1857, we learn that during the year commencing December 25th, 1855; and ending December 31st, 1856, two hundred and sixty-six applications for admission were made, of which 216 were admitted, the reasons for rejecting the others being from the fact that they were afflicted with malignant, contagious or incurable diseases. "Nevertheless," said the Report, "several, whose diseases were known to be incurable were admitted, because, in the opinion of the physicians and surgeons, they were susceptible of relief, and because, in the opinion of your Committee, consumptive patients should not be permitted to linger out a wretched existence in a strange asylum, whilst a Jews' Hospital is in being to afford hope to the dying pilgrim." The Report in another place thus alludes to the good work already done by the Institution: "The Jews' Hospital has been in practical operation for eighteen months, and for your Committee to describe all the good it has accomplished, the sad hearts it has gladdened, the diseases that have been cured within its walls, the maimed limbs that have been healed, and the comfort it has spread over the countenances of dying co-religionists, would be an onerous task."

In 1856 Mr. Theodore J. Seixas retired from the Secretaryship, and Mr. Samuel A. Lewis was chosen in his place. In January, 1857, the venerable founder and past President of the Society, Samson Simson, Esq., died at the age of 76 years. By his death the Hospital lost a faithful friend, and zealous advocate. In the same year Mr. John I. Hart retired from the Presidency and was succeeded by Mr. Benjamin Nathan.

In 1857 the Legislature enacted an amendment to the Constitution of the Hospital, increasing the number of Directors to twelve and providing otherwise for the good of the Society. A special election for the three additional Directors was held May 17th, and resulted in the choice of Messrs. Emanuel B. Hart, William Heller and Louis Hollander. During this year 220 patients were admitted; the receipts amounted to \$5,998.67; the disbursements to \$6,494.63; the number of members was 529; the permanent fund had increased to \$7,000, and the property of the Hospital included several burial plots in Salem Fields Cemetery, donated by Mr. Benjamin Nathan. No banquet was given in 1857, the Directors deeming it inexpedient in view of

the commercial crisis. In the following year, however, on the 28th of October, a banquet and ball took place at Niblo's. Mr. Benjamin Nathan presided, and addresses were made by Hon. Daniel F. Tieman, Mayor of the City, Rev. Drs. Adler, Isaacs and Fischel, and Messrs. Benjamin Nathan, Robert Bunce, Joseph Seligman, P. J. Joachimsen, R. J. De Cordova and others. At the ball Messrs. Lewis May, Lewis Marx, Alexander Moss, A. H. Cardozo and George Wedeles acted as Floor Committee, and Mr. Lewis M. Morrison presided over the Committee of Arrangements. The pecuniary result of the evening's entertainment was nearly \$10,000.

During the year 1858, two hundred and fifty patients were admitted, of which number 176 were cured, 37 improved, and 19 died. The cost of maintaining and supporting the in-door patients was \$5,538. A very large number of out-door patients received medical attendance and aid, and thus the charity of the Hospital became more extended. The membership of the Society had however decreased, and was below five hundred.

During the year 1859, a change was made in the organization of the medical staff, the office of Consulting Physicians being abolished. Dr. Blumenthal also retired from the position of Resident Physician. In this year 221 patients were admitted and the number of members had increased to 674. The receipts were \$5,583.75, the expenses \$6,186.47. The property of the Society was now estimated at \$50,000, including the cost of the building \$32,641.13.

On the 30th of October, 1860, another brilliant and successful banquet and ball took place realizing for the Hospital the sum of \$9,800. Among the speakers on the occasion were Messrs. B. Nathan, E. B. Hart, Jos. Seligman and R. J. DeCordova, Dr. McCreedy and Rev. Drs. Adler and Isaacs. The Committees consisted of the following: Refreshment,—Lewis M. Morrison, H. I. Hart, Mendez Nathan, S. A. Lewis and E. J. King; Floor,—Lewis May, R. W. Nathan, Seligman Adler, Philip Moise, L. J. Werner, and M. Nathan. This was the last entertainment of the kind given by the Institution, because it was soon afterward placed in a position which rendered it independent of these periodical appeals for aid.

During the year 1860, 209 patients were admitted, but the paying membership had decreased to 622. The receipts however were \$15,817.20 while the expenses were somewhat over \$7,000. The fund of the Society exclusive of the value of the building amounted to \$22,600. Besides the cases treated in the Hospital there were 90 outside cases.

The average number of patients under treatment at any one time was 31; the percentage of deaths continued lower than at any other Hospital in the city. Dr. Teller became Resident Physician and House Surgeon, and by invitation of the Directors several of the city Jewish Ministers commenced to pay periodical visits to the Hospital for the purpose of administering religious consolation to the sick. This system has been continued to the present time. The Medical and Surgical Staff was now organized with the following eminent physicians: Consulting Surgeons—Drs. Valentine Mott, Willard Parker, and Thomas M. Markoe; Attending Surgeons—Drs. A. B. Mott, Israel Moses and Ernst Krakowizer; Attending Physicians—Drs. B. W. McCreedy, E. Schilling, A. J. Henriques, and A. Jacobi; House Physician and Surgeon—Dr. S. Teller.

On the breaking out of the war in 1861, the Hospital was placed at the disposal of the United States Medical authorities, and soon several wards were filled by troops suffering from wounds or disease. These soldiers were made special objects of attention and consideration. Every Israelite under treatment at the local army hospitals was promptly transferred as soon as his religious profession was discovered.

On the 26th of August, 1861, the Society had the misfortune of losing one of its staunchest friends, by the death of Mr. Henry Hendricks, who from the date of its organization had held the office of Treasurer. In his place Mr. Joseph Fatman was elected.

In 1863 Messrs. Benjamin Nathan and Joseph Fatman, both officers of the Society munificently donated \$10,000 each to the funds, and this together with the successful efforts of the Directors to increase the capital to \$50,000 placed the Hospital above the necessity of further appeals to the public.

In 1864 out of 385 applications for admission 364 were admitted, of which number 53 were soldiers from the United States Army. There were also 310 cases treated outside of the Hospital. The average number of patients each day under treatment, during the year, was 41. "Many of those admitted to the Hospital," said the Report of the Executive Committee, "were not of our faith, no distinction ever being made as to either the nationality or religious belief of any sufferer." The total receipts from all sources, during the year, amounted to \$9,256.94 and the expenditures to \$11,106.62. The property of the Society, including the building, had now reached the handsome total of \$94,463.15. In this year also the formation of a library was commenced.

In 1865 the State first recognized the Institution as entitled to a share of its charity fund and the sum of \$2,364.07 was appropriated to its use. In making their claim on the State, however, the Directors had to encounter much opposition in consequence of the name of the Hospital, it being as alleged, "sectarian," and not for the benefit of all who may seek its protection and care, which was by no means the case, since religious profession was never made a necessary qualification for admission. To settle this point definitely and for all time, the Directors deemed it to the best interest of the Society to apply to the Legislature for a change of its name to the "Mount Sinai Hospital." The Act authorizing such change was passed April 17th, 1866, and from that date the Hospital has been known by its new name. The action of the Directors in applying to the Legislature for so important a change, without consulting the members, was much criticized and produced considerable dissatisfaction. Time has however healed those differences and has proved the expediency and wisdom of the step. As evidence of the great good achieved by the Hospital and of its perfect freedom from religious bias, we quote the following from the Report of the Executive Committee for 1865 :

"Your committee would also state that many patients were *brought to the Hospital* in a *dying* condition, having been neglected through poverty until the hand of science *could be of no avail*, whilst a considerable number were the victims of accidents and street-broils, brought in by the *police*, all of whom received prompt attention.

"It is a source of pride to the *Executive Committee* to be able here to advert to the *liberal principles* upon which the system of the Institution is founded, and when it is remembered that *no religious disqualification* is sanctioned, by which an applicant in distress may be refused admittance, our charity will at once be acknowledged as the truest and most holy, that makes us recognize in every man a brother entitled to our pity and care in time of need, *without distinction of faith*."

During the year 1865, there were 420 admissions and 437 out-door patients, the total receipts from all sources were \$16,487.55, the expenses, \$11,251.18, and the membership about 600. The Superintendent, Mr. Raymond, having resigned his office, Mr. Bergman was appointed to fill the vacancy, but after a few months this gentleman was succeeded by Mr. Gabriel Schwartzbaum.

In the following year, 1866, there were 536 admissions and 459 out-door patients. In 1867 there were 549 admissions, and a large

increase in the number of cases attended outside of the Hospital. It became evident therefore that the means at the command of the Institution were inadequate to meet its daily increasing requirements. The Executive Committee saw and realized this fact, and in their Report for 1867 called attention to the unpleasant location of the Hospital and strongly recommended a change of site. That the needs of the Institution were indeed pressing was evident to all, so much so, that on Sept. 29, 1867, the Hon. John T. Hoffman, then Mayor of the City, made the following entry in the Visitors' Book:

"I have this day visited the Mount Sinai Hospital, and have thoroughly inspected it. Its management and general character appear to be excellent. The fact that it is open to sufferers of all creeds, classes and nationalities, commends it to general favor and support. It should be encouraged and aided by liberal men, without distinction of creed, and has very strong claims on public charity. It should however be moved to a new and better location, where more room, increased accommodation, improved ventilation, etc., can be secured. To secure this change, the City should be authorized by the Legislature to make a liberal contribution."

The Directors now bent all their energies to obtain an available site for a new Hospital, and through the indefatigable exertions and great perseverance of the Hon. Emanuel B. Hart, who from his first connection with the Institution to the present hour, has been devoted in his zeal for its welfare, the Legislature in 1868 authorized the City to lease certain land on Lexington Ave. between 66th and 67th Sts. for the term of 99 years, at the nominal rent of \$1 per annum, for the erection thereon of a suitable building for the object and purposes of the Institution. Having secured the ground the next step was to raise the money necessary for the erection of the building. Subscription lists were opened, appeals made to the public, and before the end of 1869 nearly \$75,000 were donated.

In recognition of Mr. Hart's services in obtaining the land, the Directors at their own expense had erected in the hall of the Hospital an elegant marble tablet suitably inscribed, and at the same time another tablet commemorative of the liberal donations of Messrs. Nathan and Fatman. These tablets together with two others devoted respectively to Mr. Sampson Simson and Mr. Judah Touro were afterward removed to the new Hospital, where they now occupy prominent positions in the vestibule.

The death of Mr. Joseph Fatman on October 7th, 1869, deprived

the Society of an efficient Treasurer and faithful supporter. Mr Lewis May was chosen to succeed him.

During this year, there were 621 admissions and 906 out-door patients, the receipts amounted to \$17,158.72, the disbursements \$19,585.41, the number of contributing members had increased to 2,209 and the value of the property exclusive of the new grant of land and the donations received for the new building, had reached the handsome total of \$100,844.17.

On May 25, 1870, the corner-stone of the new building was laid amid great pomp and ceremony by the Hon. A. O. Hall, Mayor of the City. An immense concourse of spectators assembled to do honor to the occasion. Many prominent clergymen and citizens were present and quite a large number of ladies added the welcome charm of their presence. The proceedings were opened by an overture by Eben's band, which also performed between the various exercises. Rev. J. J. Lyons then delivered a fervent prayer in Hebrew, after which Messrs. Nathan and Hart deposited, in the box set into the stone, documents and reports relative to the Hospital, specimens of the coins and current money of the country, copies of the leading daily and Jewish papers and other matters of interest. The President, Mr. Benjamin Nathan, then handed Mayor Hall the silver trowel, and in a happy little speech requested him to lay the stone. Mayor Hall replied in a few well chosen remarks in the course of which he alluded to New York as the "great City of Charity." After the stone was duly lowered in its place, the Hon. Albert Cardozo, LL. D., Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, was introduced by the President, and delivered an eloquent and interesting address.

It may not be inappropriate for us to give the following description of the edifice as it appeared in the *N. Y. Times*, of May 15, 1870 :

"The new Hospital will comprise a central or administrative building on Lexington Avenue, with a frontage of 60 feet, and a depth of 52, from which there will be an extension in the rear 20 feet by 20. The wings or pavilions will have a frontage of 31 feet and a depth of 130 feet. They will be connected with the administrative building by corridors, 37 feet in length and 18 feet in width. Thus the entire establishment will have a frontage on the avenue of about 200 feet. The steam apparatus, gas-house, pumping-engines, &c., will be located in the rear. The style of architecture will be the Elizabethan, and the material chosen for the construction of the building Philadelphia brick and marble. The basement of the three fronts will be of heavy rusticated

marble ashlar, and thence to the roof all the fronts will be faced with the best Philadelphia brick. The jambs, pediments and lintels of the windows will be of marble, with marble sills and belt courses. A Mansard roof, with towers and a large central dome, will surmount the edifice. The crest ornaments, cornices and balustrades will be of iron-work. The grand entrance to the central building will be covered by a portico 15 feet in width, with columns, arches, cornices and balustrades complete. On the front of the central building, between the second and third stories, will be placed a large marble tablet bearing the name of the institution. The great feature of this building, which will certainly be one of the handsomest and most imposing in the city, is the distance—125 feet—between the pavilions. The greatest width yet given has not exceeded 110 feet. This is a most important point in establishments of this class, where light and ventilation are essential elements.

"The administrative building will have a cellar 60 feet by 52, and 8 feet in height, with a basement of nearly the same dimensions. The first story will contain four rooms, each 19 feet by 22, for the accommodation of the managers of the Institution, the apothecary and physician. One apartment will be used as a reception-room. The halls will be 10 feet wide, extending each way, and will be laid with marble tileing. The second story will contain nine private wards, with closets, bath-rooms, lavatories and nurses' rooms. The third story will contain four private wards, with bath-rooms, &c., as in the second story. Here, also, will be the Synagogue, 19 feet by 56. In the fourth story there will be a hall 25 feet by 50, and 25 feet in height, with an elegant domed ceiling. It will be lighted through the roof and by side windows. Here the clinical lectures will be delivered. In connection with this hall will be six small retiring rooms. In the extension will be the grand stair-case, the elevators and dumb-waiters. The corridors on each side of this building, leading to the pavilions, will contain a basement and first story. The basements will be used as store-rooms, and dining-rooms, and the first story will, of course, form the passage-ways. These will be 18 feet in width, with marble floors, and ornamented with columns, pilasters, pedestals and urns for containing flowers. The pavilions will contain basements 10 feet in height, a first and second stories, and open lofts 16 feet in height. The basements are intended to be used for store-rooms, laundries, drying, bedding and dissecting-rooms. Here, too, will be the servants' rooms and the dead house. On the second and third

floors will be the wards. Each ward will accommodate twenty patients, allowing 1,400 cubic feet of air to each. Nurses' rooms, private rooms, closets, lavatories, linen-rooms and bathing-rooms will also be provided on each floor. In all, about 200 patients will find accommodation in the establishment, which will be fitted up in the most complete manner with all the latest improvements, and with some which have never yet been introduced in a similar institution. There will be five large elevators and three dumb-waiters. The five flights of iron stairs will be inclosed in brick walls. Steam will be used for heating the building, and ventilation will be amply provided for. Indeed, if the architect's plans in this particular are fully carried out, the ventilation of the building will be superior to any in this country, and perhaps in the world.

"It is estimated that the cost of the building will be about \$300,000, and it is hoped that the work will be completed before the end of the next year. The architect is Mr. Griffith Thomas, of No. 470 Broadway. The mason-work will be done by John T. Conover, the marble work by Masterton & Hall, the iron work by J. B. & W. W. Cornell, and the carpenter-work by John Downey."

At the time of laying the corner-stone the following gentlemen composed the Board of Officers and Directors: President, Benjamin Nathan; Vice-President, Hon. E. B. Hart; Hon. Sec. Samuel A. Lewis; Treasurer, Lewis May; Directors, Henry Gitterman, John M. Lawrence, Solomon Sommerich, Max Stadler, Harris Aronson, Lewis Fatman, J. S. Abecasis, A. S. Rosenbaum; Secretary Executive Committee, Julius J. Lyons. Building Committee, Benjamin Nathan, Hon. E. B. Hart, Samuel A. Lewis and Lewis May.

Favorable as the year 1870 was to the interests of the Institution, there yet occurred an event which for a time cast a gloom over the Society and deprived it of one of its most active workers, who had been identified with it since its inception. Mr. Benjamin Nathan, the able and indefatigable President, was on July 29th, foully murdered in his own house. To his untimely end the Directors thus feelingly allude in their annual report for 1871:

"The loss to the Institution is irreparable. Charity was his distinguishing feature, and his solicitude for the care of suffering humanity knew no bounds. Always prompt and eager to discharge with scrupulous fidelity his duty in the protection of the interests of the Hospital, unsectional in his feelings, and wise in his counsel, time cannot efface from our memories his many distinguishing virtues."

On the death of Mr. Nathan, the Hon. Emanuel B. Hart was elected President, which office he still holds with honor to the Institute, and credit to himself. The many estimable qualities of this gentleman added to his talent and ability as an executive officer and the high position he occupies in society and the political world, justly entitle him to the compliment of an annual re-election to office. On the election of Mr. Hart to the Presidency, Mr. Samuel A. Lewis became Vice-President, Mr. John M. Lawrence, Hon. Secretary, and Mr. Isaac S. Solomon entered the vacant seat on the Board of Directors.

Toward the end of the year 1870 the great Hebrew Charity Fair was held in connection with the Orphan Asylum, and proved a success, exceeding by far the most sanguine expectations of its originators. The fair which was held at the Armory of the Twenty-second Regiment in Fourteenth street, opened on November 31st, lasted 20 days, and resulted in a net gain for the Hospital Fund of \$101,675.54. To accomplish this great undertaking the sympathies and co-operation of the entire community were enlisted. All the city congregations appointed special committees to assist the Executive Committee in the general management. So extensive and elaborate were the preparations that the work had to be commenced several months prior to the opening. The task was truly a herculean one, but right nobly was it performed. To the ladies especially, who day and night, with unflagging energy gave their personal attendance at the tables, the greatest praise is due. To mention the names of the several committees, both of ladies and gentlemen, would trespass too much on our space, and indeed to describe the Fair with all its grandeurs would require a separate and lengthy article. We must therefore content ourselves by saying that it was generally admitted to be the most brilliant and imposing spectacle of the kind ever witnessed in this country. The Executive Committee consisted of the following: Hon. E. B. Hart, Myer Stern, Hon. S. A. Lewis, Jesse Seligman, Louis May, L. J. Phillips, Henry Gitterman, S. Sommerich, Louis Fatman, Max Stadler, A. S. Rosenbaum, S. L. Cohen, Lazarus Rosenfeld, M. H. Moses, Constant Mayer, L. Goldenberg, A. R. B. Moses, John L. Lindheim, Simon Herman, Ignatz Stein, S. Sternberger, J. S. Solomon and Julius J. Lyons, Secretary. As was to have been expected, the office of Chairman of the Executive Committee was a very onerous one, requiring exceedingly good judgment and tact, besides involving on the incumbent a great deal of heavy labor

and a large sacrifice of time. Mr. Hart proved himself so fully equal to the task that, after the Fair, a handsome testimonial of silver was presented to him by his colleagues in token of their high appreciation of his services.

In 1871 the number of Directors was increased to sixteen exclusive of the President, Vice-President and Treasurer. Mr. John M. Lawrence, who had faithfully served the Hospital in the office of Secretary, tendered his resignation in consequence of absence from the city. An election for eight new directors, on account of these changes, was held and resulted in the selection of Messrs. Solomon L. Cohen, J. Reckendorfer, F. Kurzman, A. Hallgarten, Isaac Phillips, J. B. Guttenberg, H. V. Rothschild and Abm. Simm. Mr. A. S. Rosenbaum was chosen Secretary. In this year the Golden Book of Life, which at the time of the Fair was presented to the Institute by Lazarus Morgenthau, Esq., realized \$6,033.00, which large sum, in so short a period, was due mainly to the unremitting efforts of its generous originator.

On May 29th, 1872, the great event of the dedication took place. Over two thousand persons congregated to witness the imposing rites. The exercises were held in the open space in the rear of the building, a platform having been provided for the distinguished guests. The Hon. E. B. Hart was the efficient Chairman and, after an opening prayer by Rev. S. M. Isaacs, delivered an excellent address, in which he briefly sketched the history of the Hospital, eulogized those who had labored in its cause, paid a deserving tribute to the memories of Touro, Simson, Abrahams, Nathan and Fatman, who had been summoned to their heavenly rest, complimented and thanked the Ladies' Auxiliary Aid Society for their valuable assistance, and called upon the fair sex to join that band of sisters and "assist, by the work of their hands, if not their purses, this praiseworthy Charity." At the conclusion of Mr. Hart's speech, His Excellency John T. Hoffman, Governor of the State, was introduced and delivered an able address, which was often interrupted by loud bursts of applause. Rev. Dr. Adler then addressed the audience in German, after which Rev. Dr. Huebsch delivered the closing prayer. The audience then entered the Hospital, inspected its arrangements and partook of a repast which the Directors had generously provided at their own expense.

From the Report for 1872 we learn that during that year there were 615 admissions and 765 out-door patients. The New Hospital was practically occupied on the 20th of June. At the annual elec-

tion in January 1873, Mr. Adolph Hallgarten became Secretary, Mr. Julius J. Lyons, Assistant Secretary and Messrs. A. B. Ansbacher, M. S. Fechheimer, and David Salomon became Directors in place of Messrs. J. S. Abecasis, J. Reckendorfer, and J. B. Guttenberg, the retiring members.

During the year 1873, there were 795 admissions, 8 born in the Hospital, and 71 remaining 1st December 1872, making a total for the year of 874, which with 1,297 out-door patients amounted to 2,666 cases that received the bounty of the Institute. The receipts during the year from all sources amounted to \$41,349.96, the disbursements to \$40,702.55 and the value of the property to \$383,852.14. There yet remains to be paid however a debt on the building of \$34,382.00 and to this the Directors in their Annual Report for 1874 thus allude :

"The recent disturbed condition of the finances of the country have, unfortunately, paralyzed the efforts of the Committee of Gentlemen appointed to obtain donations toward the liquidation of the remaining debt, incurred in the construction of the Hospital. They had already procured subscriptions to the amount of \$31,000 when the panic supervened, and their efforts necessarily ceased. Such an event at this juncture is peculiarly unfortunate, as we had every reason to hope that before the annual meeting of the members a large proportion if not the whole debt would have been extinguished."

"We can now only await the return of more prosperous times, which we believe are not far distant, before again bringing our requirements before the community. Meanwhile we would urge upon each individual member the importance of aiding the Directors in extending the list of members and patrons of the Institution so as to make it self-supporting.

"We feel assured that every well wisher for the prosperity of our institution will contribute when called upon toward the laudable undertaking of extricating it from debt, and while we point with just pride and pleasure to a Hospital unsurpassed in its equipments and management, we desire earnestly to awaken our co-religionists to the necessity of assisting us to the extent of their ability, in preserving the usefulness of so noble and important an Institution."

In the same Report the valuable services of Mr. Samuel A. Lewis, who had been connected with the Institution since its organization, are highly eulogized and much regret is expressed at his resignation of the office of Vice-President.

From the Report of the Executive Committee we learn that the

Hospital Library now contains over 1,100 volumes, a catalogue of which has been compiled and printed, at the expense of Mr. Seligman Solomon. The services of the Ladies' Auxiliary Society are thus gratefully acknowledged in this Report:

"To those gentle-hearted daughters of Israel who form the Ladies' Auxiliary Society of the Mount Sinai Hospital, we are more than ever indebted; they have in addition to their usual duties collected various sums of money which they have appropriated with remarkable judgment to such ends as best insured the comforts of the patients and the welfare of our Hospital. May the Almighty long spare them and their worthy President, MRS. S. LAVANBERG, to the good work they are performing.

The Officers and Directors for the present year are: Hon. Emanuel B. Hart, President; Louis Fatman, Vice-President; Lewis May, Treasurer; Julius J. Lyons, Secretary; Joseph L. Scherer, Assistant Secretary; H. Aronson, Henry Gitterman, M. Stadler, L. Fatman, Solomon Sommerich, S. L. Cohen, A. S. Rosenbaum, Isaac S. Solomon, A. B. Ansbacher, F. Kurzman, V. H. Rothschild, N. S. Fecheimer, David Salomon and Samuel Zeimer, Directors; Dr. E. Treusch, Superintendent. The Medical and Surgical Staff is thus organized: Attending Physicians, Drs. Samuel R. Percy, Charles A. Budd and A. Jacobi; Attending Surgeons, Drs. Ernest Krakowizer, Ben. I. Raphael and Herman Guleke; Consulting Surgeons, Drs. Willard Parker and Thos. M. Markoe; House Physician and Surgeon, Dr. David Froehlich; Assistants, Drs. Ann A. Angel and J. P. Oberndorfer.

The history of the Mount Sinai Hospital which we have endeavored faithfully to sketch, speaks for itself and cannot fail to command for the Institution a more than ordinary notice. It is hardly necessary, therefore, for us to make any appeal to the public on its behalf since its own merits and the noble work it daily accomplishes in the cause of charity must be sufficient to insure for it a continuance of that hearty support and encouragement it has already received from the public. We could wish, however, to see a more general interest taken in another sense beside that of mere material aid. Personal inspection of the Hospital and its internal arrangements is the surest way of advancing its interests and increasing the sphere of its usefulness. True, sickness and suffering are not happy sights to witness, hence the want of that popularity for the Hospital which its sister institutions enjoy. But in the performance of good deeds we should

not merely study our own pleasure. Visiting the sick and comforting those in affliction are duties which humanity imposes upon us and which Judaism most emphatically teaches. The managers of the Hospital cordially invite public inspection; they would like those who contribute so generously to its support to see for themselves the system of its working and the relief which is there administered. Such visits can only be productive of good, for apart from the pleasure and happiness afforded its inmates, the impressions produced on the visitors cannot be otherwise than beneficial to themselves, and they will leave the building, if not wiser and better, at least with the consciousness of having done some good in the world by giving their aid, however feeble, in maintaining so worthy and excellent an Institution as the Mount Sinai Hospital.

DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY LARA.

(SIXTH ARTICLE CONTINUED.)

WHAT should we think of the man who, taking a single isolated case as a criterion, would speak of the female sex of any particular religious community different from his own, of the religion they profess, of the divinity they worship, of their places of worship, and of their ministers, in the following terms, copied *verbatim* from the *Freeman's Journal*?

"The God of Protestantism is one of the baser sort of devils—a dirty devil."

"Protestant ministers are falsifiers of the record of Christian civilization."

"Protestant teachers are pseudo ministers, false prophets they hold their office in order to be panderers to the lust of others men abounding in animal passions believing neither in God, the devil, nor their own souls."

"Their meeting houses are nothing but free-love establishments."

"Those silly ganders (Protestant husbands) permit the — and

the —,* and dozens of others like them to exercise a pernicious influence over the minds of their women."

"Protestant husbands living without God, or faith, or hope, are so silly as to think that some religion is good for women, and so they permit their women called 'wives' going to some meeting houses, and the women called 'wives' of such men go to the meeting houses of — and —, and dozens no better than these open advocates of unbridled lust."

"There is no safety for domestic fidelity outside of the Holy Roman Catholic Church."

"In the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church only is to be found the safeguard of the family . . . the only safeguard against vice and immorality."

What, I ask, should be thought of that man who makes such assertions in language not only like that shown above, but in terms the repetition of which common decency will not permit?

I leave to Protestant ministers the task to answer, if they think it worth their while, these charges; to Protestant husbands to vindicate their own honor and the honor of their wives. I also do not feel called upon to assume the championship of the Deity, whom the polished writer is pleased to declare "one of the baser devils, a dirty devil," for I believe that Protestants, Jews, Mahometans, Deists and Philosophers worship the same God of Truth. But there is one assertion to which I have a right to take exception in common with every non-Catholic husband and father; it is the following:

"There is no safety for domestic fidelity outside the Holy Roman Catholic Church . . . In the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church only is to be found the safeguard of the family . . . the only safeguard against vice and immorality."

This assertion and the preceding charges are made by a religious antagonist: but what if it can be shown that similar charges and worse are made against men, wives, husbands and ministers inside the "Holy Catholic Church," not by an antagonist, but by members of that church; by men born and bred in that church; ministers of the religion taught in that church; charges made reluctantly, in a word, *admissions* of the existence of vice and immorality, charges as serious as any that could be made by the greatest antagonist or enemy of that church?

*We have omitted the names of the worthy clergymen mentioned in the original article in the *Freeman's Journal*.

In view of the reflection cast by the *Freeman's Journal* upon the domestic relations among non-Catholic-educated communities, it may be well to inquire into such relations as they exist in exclusively Catholic-educated communities. But God forbid that I should tread in the path pursued by the writer of that article in stating that the facts about to be brought forward are universally applicable! God forbid that I should so insult the laws of God and man as to deny the title of wife to the woman who, whether according to the ecclesiastical or civil law, is joined in honorable wedlock to the father of her children! God forbid that I should, like that writer, charge the husband with the moral crime of hoodwinking at the adulterous practices of his wife! Far then, from wishing to commit the crying wrong, the gross injustice of condemning as vicious, immoral, faithless, honorless, the millions of women reared in a faith different from that which I profess, I wish it to be understood that the facts I am about to state, I consider to be rather of an exceptional nature, but I wish it to be also understood that I do not believe that certain women are *better* than others *because* they happen to be "married according to the Catholic rite," nor that it is fair to infer, that *all* Catholic-educated women are virtuous, unblemished, *all* wives faithful, *all* good *a fortiori* simply *because* they are Catholic-educated.

Are Catholic-educated women organized differently from all other women either physically or intellectually? Are they made of sterner stuff, less susceptible, more capable of resisting temptation? Does the difference subsisting between Catholicism and non-Catholicism exercise on the female mind an influence in favor of the former? Is it of a nature to insure to woman those qualifications which a man hopes to find, and has a right to expect in her that is to be or has become his wife?

The view I am about to present of the general moral and social condition of women in Catholic countries, is not only furnished by Catholic authorities, but the writers are, *one and all*, *Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics*, men who have lived and died such, and their statements I am compelled to give in their own words, though I am convinced they are as sweeping as those of the *Freeman's Journal* :

Hear what is said of the women of Italy. Let us take for instance, those of Naples—and no one will deny that these come fully within the category of the most Catholic-educated in Christendom.

"The women of this country may be said to exist for love alone, and they are well formed to inspire that passion. In love they make to

exist the only happiness of life. Love exercises over their minds a despotic sway. . . . And how could it be otherwise? The mildness of the climate, the constant serenity of the sky, the balmy odors inhaled constantly, an atmosphere impregnated with sulphurous and igneous particles constantly inhaled, irritating spices and the use of chocolate. . . . *To love a Neapolitan woman is—to be loved—*‘on n’a qu’ à vouloir pour reussir.’”

Here a minister is blamed, condemned, for uniting in matrimony a divorced woman to the man whom she had chosen for her second husband; but in Catholic Italy, every married woman had not long since her *cecisbeo* or *cavalliere servente*, a person whom a lady of the *demi-monde* here would call her “friend.” . . . These *cavallieri serventi*, or *cecisbei*, attend their lady “friends” constantly every where—at parties, at the theatre, the church, in the boudoir. The lady’s husband performs similar duties toward some other married lady “friend.” There are no divorces in Italy, hence this universally sanctioned practice of the women whom “their husbands, those silly ganders, call wives.” May not this system perhaps be leavened with a goodly portion of “Free Love?”

“In the progressive debauchery of morals women are progressing as fast as men”—so says the journalist. The Italians, alluding to a part of their country and of their fellow countrymen and country-women (Genoa, and the Genoese), have a proverb: “*Uomini senza fede, donne senza vergogna, mare senza pesca*”—Men without faith, women without shame, a sea without fish.

Of the women in Spain and Portugal the same writer remarks:

“Whilst the husband is constantly in search of amorous adventures, the love and fidelity of the wife gets discouraged. Despised or neglected by their husbands, married women seek for sympathy elsewhere. Timid at first, they weep. Ennui succeeds sorrow—example gains upon them—and at length they prefer the delirium of love, to that inconvenient morality which afflicts the mind, torments the heart, and tranquilizes—conscience it is true—but conscience only. They make a first choice—repent; make a second, repent again; and, at last, cease both choosing and repenting. Then there is no stratagem to which they have not recourse in order to deceive their husbands, and it is perfectly astonishing how women educated in convents and who up to the wedding-day have been kept almost constantly under lock and key, should become at once both so cunning and so bold, when they wish to carry on an intrigue.”

Of the women in Portugal he says :

"I must not omit to state what is customarily observed when a man intends taking a lawful wife. I say lawful because the majority live in a state of concubinage long before they bestow a thought on the sacrament of marriage. In consideration of," (it is not necessary to state the various apologetic considerations) "young men form liaisons, more or less durable and become fathers generally of numerous families before they take a wife. When that time arrives, the mother of his children enters a convent or makes a solemn vow to do so, after being furnished by his family with the dowry required to be made a 'spouse of Christ.' Her children are cared for by their father's family or by the government. Nor is any stain or disgrace attached to the birth of such persons, many of whom have been the ancestors of some of the most illustrious houses."

It must not be supposed, however, that such is the brilliant prospect awaiting the children of the lower orders. These are provided for in a different manner. They are sent—not to Heaven, for the probability is that they die unbaptized, and for all the unbaptized the Church has provided a warmer reception in another place.

Look at the contrast :

"Rarely," says a traveler in the East Indies, "are wives unfaithful. More rarely do they dispose of their hand, independent of paternal authority. They are not insensible to the allurements of love. Nevertheless adultery is of rare occurrence—less so because husbands have the right to sell their wives, if they can be proved to have been guilty, than because they are not corrupted by idleness, extravagance in dress, or the luxury of the table, nor by the baneful influence of demoralizing theatrical representations, nor the sweetly seasoned temptations of celibacy."

At Siam, for instance, so strong is the conjugal fidelity in women outside the church, that when a city has been taken by storm, wives have been known to demand death at the hands of their husbands, rather than fall into the power of the victors who might insult them. I shall have to allude elsewhere to the practice of husband-killing in France,* for which purpose wives were supplied with poisons by Madame de Brinvilliers. Italy was not behind France. There, too, a woman (within the church) not only carried on the trade but was the inventress of the famous *Aqua Tofana*, of which I shall have

* Quite recently three women, neighbors, in the south of France were convicted of killing their husbands by poison.

something to say. It is however necessary to premise that after the sixth century, when the healing art was practised only as a work of charity and compassion by the monks, every trace of scientific procedure seems to have vanished, and all cures were looked upon as miracles which were wrought at the graves of saints through the medium of holy relics or images, and this belief obtains to the present day in all Catholic countries, where may be seen offerings of little silver arms, legs, ears, noses, heads, even of all the hair of the head of females, and crutches used by the lame—suspended before certain images, as thank-offerings performed by that particular image.* Even some of the fathers of the church declared the confidence shown by the sick in roots and herbs to be nothing less than an inspiration of Satan himself in order to give influence and consideration to the heathen doctors who prescribed such medicaments. The few men who, like Peter of Albano, tried to discover the origin of disease in physical causes and to treat it accordingly, were denounced by the clergy as well as by the rabble of laymen as wizards and necromancers.†

Many persons have heard something about the *Aqua Tofana*, that subtle poison by the use of which the poisoner can with certainty fix the day and hour of the death of his victim—a poison that might operate within an hour or not till after the expiration of two years—a poison which defied all the effort of chemical science to detect in the body after death. Few persons are however acquainted with the particulars by which its history is so mysteriously surrounded. The *Aqua Tofana* was also known as the *Acquetta di Napoli, di Peruggia, or della Toffa*. It first attracted attention at Naples, toward the end of the 17th century. Its inventress was a woman named Tofana, a native of Palermo in Sicily; but who having incurred the suspicion of the authorities fled to Naples. She sold her poison to youthful wives, who desired to rid themselves of old, rich or inquisitive husbands, under the name of “Manna of St. Nicholas di Bari,” from whose grave the popular belief allowed an oil to flow which was a sovereign remedy in all diseases. After having caused the death of hundreds of persons, she was arrested even in the convent where she had sought what had at all times been an asylum to criminals; but even this could not save her; she was secretly strangled within its very walls, and, in this instance, the sacrilege taken no notice of.

* Similar miraculous cures are said to be performed at present daily in the south of France. For the sake of suffering humanity it is to be hoped the reports are true.

† Prof. E. P. Evans in the *Herald of Health*.

The poison was a transparent colorless fluid, without either taste or smell. Five or six drops were sufficient to put an end to life without pain or any inconvenience beyond a gradually increasing lassitude or apathy. According to Garelli, physician to the emperor Charles VI, the poison consisted of aqueous solutions of chrystalized arsenic and *Herba Cymbalaria*. Ozanone, however thought it to consist of a solution of lead and a fluid distilled from *Cantharides*.

I remember that about half a century since an attempt was made to revive the *Aqua Tofana*, in the following humane (!) process. Arsenic was given to a pig, which was then suspended by the hind legs. Amidst the dying struggles and agonies of the poor animal, the froth gathered round its mouth was collected and kept in a bottle for use.* The chymical scientist (a peasant woman) was punished with perpetual incarceration.

So numerous were the assassinations of husbands by their wives in every part of Italy, that in Corsica it was scarcely thought worth the while to notice them. When a noble lady was charged with the crime, she paid a sum of money to the government, made some donation to the church, did some penance, and there the matter ended. A case so daring occurred however some years since that the authorities for very shame were obliged to punish the culprit.

The third husband of a lady of very high rank, the niece of a Cardinal of noble birth, and wife of a Marquis in high favor at Court, after having as usual partaken of the evening meal with his wife retired to rest in perfect health, but was found dead in his bed on the following morning. An autopsy by the surgeons failed to discover the cause of death, till accidentally a very slight spot about the region of the heart furnished a clue, and led to the discovery that a pin had been introduced into that organ whilst he was asleep. The lady was known to be very intimate with a young officer who at the time was, fortunately, absent on duty with his regiment at a considerable distance. This circumstance and a long gold hair pin having been found in her possession she was suspected. She was arrested, but confessed the crime without hesitation, inquiring at the same time as to the amount she would be expected to pay. The Viceroy ordered her to be hanged within twelve hours; notwithstanding the remonstrance of the ladies of the city in a body, who boldly cried shame upon the action of the Viceroy, who, they said, could not but be aware, that "the lady had

* Quite recently this process was renewed in France.

not been more guilty than many others that had preceded her, *and many more that would probably follow her example.*"

Yet we are seriously told that "outside the Holy Roman Catholic Church there is no safeguard for the peace of families."

Inside the Church we have had a Catherine de Medicis, of France, a Christina and an Isabella of Spain, both "Most Catholic Majesties;" a Lucrezia Borgia, a Brinvilliers, a Tofana, "and dozens of others like them." Inside the Church we have a royal Johanna of Naples, murdering a first, second, and third husband to make room for a fourth. Outside the Church a Lucrezia preferring death to dishonor, an Arria encouraging by her own example her husband Petus to die. Outside the Church a Virginius killing his young daughter with his own hand that she may not become a victim to the licentiousness of an unprincipled tyrant. Inside the Church, here, in this very city, are parents who send out their very young daughters, mere children to—supply their parents with the means of indulging in idleness and intoxication. Inside the Church, *here*, within a few minutes' distance from the office of the *Freeman's Journal*, across the river; we have a young woman, the married mother of young children, strangling her friend and former schoolmate, who had come to pay her a friendly visit. Both of these females were inside the church; and, moreover, both had received their religious, moral and intellectual training in a convent—the one a murderess, her victim a devotee to drink.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Objects close to the eye shut out much larger objects on the horizon; and splendors born only of the earth eclipse the stars. So a man sometimes covers up the entire disc of eternity with a dollar, and quenches transcendent glories with a little shining dust.—*Chapin.*

Cheerfulness is the best promoter of health. Repinings and murmurings of the heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine. Cheerfulness is as friendly to the mind as to the body.—*Addison.*

Praise no man too liberally before his face, nor censure him too lavishly behind his back: the one savors of flattery; the other of malice; and both are reprehensible: the true way to advance another's virtue is to follow it; and the best means to cry down another's vice is to decline it.—*Quarles.*

SKETCHES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. ZUNZ, BY REV. B. H. ASCHER.

(*Concluded from page 34.*)

IN the kingdom of Poland, where the Jews inhabit whole towns and villages, and where they form the intermediate link between the nobility and peasantry they have always been protected by government, though, now and then, they have had to submit to harsh enactments, through the oppression of the nobility, by the prejudice of an uncultivated populace, and by some occasional tumults, as that of 1649, in the Ukraine, and anno 1645 in Lithuania. Excluded as the Jews of Poland were, by their own jurisdiction, from all political life, and as they always remained in a state of poverty in their occupations, as traders, publicans, innkeepers, farmers, and mechanics; and as they were surrounded by a populace half barbarous and half slaves, it was very natural that their manner of life and knowledge of the world should assume a most singular and peculiar aspect, so that they remained far behind their Spanish brethren, and, in some degree, even behind those of Germany. But they made rapid and astonishing progress in their education in the last decennium of the past century. The Jews distinguished themselves as gallant warriors in the last revolution of their native kingdom. Perhaps political considerations only induced the Russian government (anno 1848) to adopt severer measures against the Jews of Poland; especially against those of the western boundaries. More secure, however, is the position of the Jews of the Prussian province of Posen, and of Austrian Galicia. The Jews of Hungary who assisted most bravely and gallantly (anno 1685) to defend the city of *Ofen* (Buda), enjoyed considerable privileges, and also the protection of the Magnates. There are also Jews in Transylvania. In Switzerland the Jews were hitherto only tolerated in Endingen and Langenau. They were, however (after having been re-admitted 1543 into all the provinces), again expelled 1616 from Basle; 1622, from Appenzell; 1634, from Zurich; 1655, from Schaffhausen; and only a short time ago a few cantons adopted some liberal steps for increased toleration. In Spain, where the Jews are only tolerated since 1837, their number is exceedingly small. The Jews of Portugal enjoy no privileges of civic rights; and their present communities consist almost wholly of German Jews. The emigration of the Jews to America was primarily caused by the English and

Dutch from 1625 to 54; to Brazil and Cayenne, from 1639 to 64. The Jews live as free citizens in Surinam, whither they immigrated 1664, and in Jamaica, where they settled in 1650, and where they were emancipated 1831; and which noble example was soon followed by Canada in the year 1832; and in the United States of North America, where the Jews were already, as early as 1773, placed almost in every province on an equality with all other creeds. There is at present a large Hebrew congregation in Sydney.

The position of the Jews in Germany since the sixteenth century presents to the reader a most peculiar, and, at the same time, a most deplorable feature. Excluded from every honor, dignity, and denizenship, from the privileges of possessing landed property, and even from certain branches of business and trade, compelled to maintain their wretched existence by usury and hawking, and restrained by severe laws, the Jews of Germany were obliged to buy their existence with humiliation, by paying taxes of more than sixty denominations, which were unjustly imposed upon them. In many places they were not tolerated; from others they were utterly banished and readmitted. In many places only a limited number were permitted to reside, and they were divided by the law into numerous classes. For instance they went by the appellation of "privileged Jews," "tolerated Jews," "Court and protected Jews" (Stamm), "original" (Grenzjuden), "boundary Jews" (Schacherjuden), "hawking Jews," &c., and though imperial protection was granted to them (anno 1530—41) by Charles V., they were, nevertheless, proscribed from several states, especially, 1551 from Bavaria, 1555 from the Palatinate, 1573 from Marc-Brandenburg, and anno 1670 from the Austrian crown-land. There were also many premeditated tumults excited against the inoffensive Jews, as, for instance, that of 1574 in Moravia, 1614 and 1665 in Frankfort-on-Maine and Worms, 1730 in Hamburg and 1779 in Alsace; only here and there they secured some concessions and privileges. Anno 1528 they were permitted to reside in Furth, 1604 in Hamburg and Altona (the former has granted equal rights to the Portuguese Jews), and since 1670 in the province of Brandenburg. There were already in that period knighted Jews*

* According to the biography of Israel König Edler von Königsberg, by Leopold Kompert, it appears that von Königsberg was the first Jew to whom the patent of nobility was granted, by the humane Emperor Joseph II., on the 2d of September, 1789. The Biographer thinks it proper to lay before the reader a full copy of the patent, as a token of dignity for the whole family, whose progenitor was the first Jew whom the

in Austria. The Jews of Prague received in 1649 some privileges on account of their brave and gallant demeanor in defending the city against the enemy. The Hebrew congregation of Vienna was re-established anno 1607, and the body-toll was abolished at Ansbach 1737. But generally these harsh, intolerant, grievous, and painfully protecting privileges—as they were termed—and enactments for the Jews were of a most painful and humiliating nature, and unfortunately of a very long duration; as, for example, that in Leipsic since 1682, in Prussia since 1730 and 1750, in Bavaria 1732, in Glogau 1743, in Dresden from 1746 and 1772, in Lorraine since 1753, in Austria since 1775, and in Schwarzburg since 1756; till philosophy succeeded to found new civilization and to declare civil and religious liberty, to be the commonwealth of all nations and of all men, without distinction of creed. Most ardently and energetically has the just cause of Jewish emancipation been espoused by Lessing, Mendelssohn, and Dohm since 1778; the Austrian toleration edict in 1782 produced in several German provinces a most salutary and beneficial influence, relative to the relief of the Jews. Permission was granted to them at Munich 1787 to solemnize the feast of tabernacles; and since that period the above-mentioned city allowed the Jewish women to be delivered of their children within its walls, and to remain there during their confinement. The body-toll was also at that happy epoch abolished in Prussia; and five years afterward a royal decree did away with the Rabbinical autonomy, and the solidarity (*solidarität*).* The position of the Jews in Bohemia was (anno 1797) also materially improved; and since 1803 has the degrading impost of the body-toll been abolished throughout Germany, with the exception of Aeldenburg and Meiningen. A better and a more propitious future was opened to the Jews, caused by the dissolution of the Roman empire.

After Westphalia had conferred on the Jews civic rights, and granted to them communal laws and institutions, the beneficial example was soon followed, anno 1808 by Hesse, 1808 and 1811 by Baden, 1809 by Anhalt-Dessau and Waldeck, 1810—1811 by Wurtemberg, Saxony-Weimar, Saxony, Meiningen, and Frankfort, and 1813 by Macklenburg and Bavaria. The Prussian edict of the 13th

house of Austria elevated to the honor of nobility. "Als den ERSTEN Adelsbrief, welcher einem Juden in Oesterreich verliehen worden." (*Vide* Bush's Jewish Almanac for the year 1848.)—TRANSLATOR.

* The phrase is rather ambiguous; I, however, conceive it to mean the liability of any member of a Hebrew community to be responsible for the whole congregation.—TRANSLATOR.

of March, 1812, placed them almost on an equality with every other Prussian subject, whilst in Saxony nothing has been done for their amelioration.

But alas! since 1814 there soon followed in several German provinces many retrogressions and reactions, regarding the regulations and laws for the Jews, though the act of the German confederacy, concluded at Vienna, declared most solemnly to maintain and uphold their secured privileges. The Jews were soon restricted as to their rights in Weimar and Mecklenburg; in Hanover, Hamburg, and Frankfort, they were deprived of their civic privileges; the city of Lubeck removed them from the dignity of professorships, from municipal corporations and offices, and from advancement in military honors; the Rhenish provinces secluded them from the office of jurors, anno 1824 they were interdicted to undertake any reform and improvement in their Divine worship; in Berlin it was even ordered that sermons should be preached in the various churches to effect their conversion to Christianity. But, spite of these reactions, the spirit of time and the march of intellect have made gigantic steps and rapid advancement in the cause of humanity, and civil and religious liberty, which spirit was fully manifested by the different dietic proceedings in Baden and Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Hesse, Brunswick, Hanover, and Saxony, and also by the various propositions and petitions of many provincial diets in the kingdom of Prussia, in favor of the emancipation of the Jews, during 1843—1845. Almost full emancipation (with a few exceptions) was granted to the Jews of Wurtemberg, by virtue of the edict of the 25th of April, 1828, and they were likewise emancipated 1833 in Cour-Hesse. Also Brunswick, Hanover, and Saxony took some steps for the amelioration of their Jewish subjects, but unfortunately matters were only done by halves, and in a very lukewarm manner; no energetic means were adopted calculated to effect a thorough remedy. Most gross reactions in the cause of Jewish emancipation again occurred in Bavaria. The Russian project of establishing (1817) a Jewish-Christian colony, proved equally futile, as did the proclamation from New York (1825) to found a Jewish state. Neither restrictions nor institutions for conversion to Christianity, which have lately been introduced by Prussia, but full emancipation and development of the mental faculties are the most efficacious means to regulate with universal success the Jewish nation in the organism of Christian states.

THE WEST LONDON REFORM CONGREGATION OF BRITISH JEWS.

BY A. WELLINGTON HART.

THE Board of Deputies in the City of London have at last admitted the West London Synagogue of British Jews to representation at that board; the measure to that effect having been carried, after a bitter struggle, by a majority of three.

When we look back over a period of some thirty-three years and find that a congregation of Israelites, composing the flower of the Hebrew faith in London, and at first numbering not more than about twenty families, have been quietly prosecuting the even tenor of their way during this length of time, we are led to inquire why are steps now taken toward a *rapprochement* between the so-called united synagogues under ecclesiastical authority, and the once excommunicated congregation of Berkeley street, which recognizes no such domination, and we are forced to infer that Reform is compelling those in power to view matters "as they are and not as they were," and to recognize the usefulness of that community which has now grown to become one of the most influential congregations in Great Britain. Somewhere about the year 1837, Mr. D. W. Marks, the present minister of the Berkeley-street synagogue, was the humble secretary of the Liverpool Seel-street congregation. During his residence in Liverpool he made some two or three influential friends, who, recognizing his latent talent, which only required fostering care to prove him worthy of so responsible charge as that of a congregation, induced him to try his fortune in London, where great dissatisfaction then prevailed in the leading congregations of Israelites in reference to "honors" conferred during service, the repetition of prayer, the lack of religious instruction, and withal the total want of solemnity and decorum on the part of those who attended the services. Mr. Marks was kindly received, his views were fully considered and the influential men, some twenty and not exceeding thirty persons, came to the conclusion that the time had arrived for steps being promptly taken to inaugurate a "new departure," which should not infringe on the principles of Judaism "by word tenet, or creed," but be a reform in worship. Mr. Marks, and a committee of gentlemen appointed by the founders, set to work to amend the Daily Prayer Book and the

Festival and Fast-day services. They ended their labors by introducing a revised form of worship being the simple form of prayer adopted by Israelites generally, the repetition of certain prayers only being excised, and in order to impress the devotional feeling of the communicants they substituted the delivery of the ten commandments, the very essence of our holy faith, on the Sabbath day, and introduced a Sabbath sermon on the truths of Holy Writ. This was "the head and front of their offending."

The congregation fitted up a neat synagogue in Burton Crescent, where they worshiped for some years, but time makes its mark, the devotional service attracted attention, and the number increased to such an extent that more room being required, a larger synagogue was inaugurated on Margaret street, Cavandish Square. In 1874 the snow-ball had increased to the avalanche, comparatively speaking, and the Berkeley-street synagogue now claims the paternity of a Reform synagogue established in Manchester, and from accounts recently received, other congregations of Reform worshipers are springing up on the Surrey side of London. Well may we bid prosperity and God speed to the first Reform congregation of London and her distinguished lecturer Professor Marks, who has so successfully guided her by his talents to her present position.

Having given a slight historic sketch of this highly respectable and influential congregation, let us ask why does Orthodoxy in the nineteenth century seek to check the onward march of Reform and selfishly refuse to recognize those whose belief is their belief, whose God is their God, and whose love of pure religion founded on the Mosaic dispensation has never been questioned? Prayer is for all classes of men, and men are all creatures of prayer; even those who are lax and may not personally attend synagogue must some time or other feel the efficacy of prayer, and utter the very language as members of the Orthodox community, and yet the latter oppose strenuously any attempt at affiliation. This might have been well at the time that Dr. Solomon Hirschell was the Chief Rabbi, a period when his authority was governed by a body called the "Beth din," men of no standing and no influence, but who were credited as a learned body who defined laws and enacted their observance; but now times and circumstances have changed, the Israelites of the present day have advanced in civilization and enjoy a higher civil religious status than their ancestors enjoyed one hundred years ago. However, innovations have even been made by Orthodoxy, sermons are now preached

on Sabbath where fifty years ago they were ignored, free schools flourish now where fifty years back the Hebrew tutor was specially employed to impart a knowledge of that tongue to Jewish youth. Desecrations still exist on the Sabbath day, however, when the man possessing a full purse is called to hear "the portion" read and then interrupts the solemnity of the service by making half a dozen offerings in gold to honor his friends at the sacrifice of that decorum which should reign in the synagogue during divine worship. A reform of this abuse is more worthy of attention on the part of those in authority, than anything else, for no congregation will ever flourish whose members desecrate the Sabbath by these money offerings, and permit a regular account to be faithfully kept by a paid employee in the synagogue during service. The Burton-street congregation discarded such offerings at the outset and established order and decorum, thereby securing an enthusiastic and devotional body. Their teachings were traced from the Bible and those teachings have led under divine Providence to the success and prosperity of a body of Jews who can point with pride to their consistency which from the beginning proved the solid foundation of Reform and created marked sympathy and support from many who were at first skeptical as to results, but afterward joined them and harmoniously worked for its success.

If the Board of British Deputies would but refer to the condition of Judaism throughout the continent of Europe and here in America they would not fail to notice that the revolution going on is traced solely to blind Orthodoxy. It is a film which covers their eyes but must drop before the onward march of Reform. Unfortunately the source of Reform can be traced to the despotic exactions of Orthodoxy. The deaf ear was always turned to those whose complaints and protests were tendered in the cause of religion and excommunication was the result from ecclesiastical authority toward those who fought for "God and their right" and for the purity and holiness of our religion. Orthodoxy has been forced to concede to popular demands however. The introduction of choirs in England can be dated to recent years and subsequently to the death of the present Chief Rabbi's predecessor. The Rev. Dr. Adler cannot denounce Reform; it is an attained fact, and the rapid strides it has made in America, Germany and elsewhere on the continent warns him that if he maintains the same antagonism toward Reform in England that Dr. Hirschell to the hour of his death upheld, the revolution of Europe and America may overwhelm him and his ecclesiastical authority for all time.

Ecclesiastical law can be summed up as the "*Summum jus, summa injuria*." Its oppression, and persecution of those who attempted to resist its sinister influences, have forced the Jews to take as stand, and the onward march of Reform is now crushing down all those barriers which hemmed in the chosen people of God, which forced them to perpetuate forms and ceremonials repulsive to the enlightenment of the present age. Their resistance has brought its fruits. The Choir, Sermon and Decalogue on each Sabbath, foster a deep religious sentiment to which the Hebrew was a stranger in days gone by, and now worship in a Reform Synagogue is sanctified by that devotional feeling which leads to meditation and a love for our holy religion.

The Berkeley-street Congregation it is to be hoped will make no concession to the Ecclesiastical Authorities, for if such is made, it will be considered that they were wrong in the first instance in setting themselves against the constituted authorities, and that time has proved that they acted in error. To those whose sympathy and support were extended to the young fledgeling thirty-three years ago, who have watched with the deepest interest her growing strength as the Exemplar and the first Reform Congregation in Great Britain, it would appear a very stultification of the efforts of the founders to submit at this late period—when Orthodoxy is daily becoming weaker and weaker on the continents of Europe and America—to a constituted authority they have been for years thoroughly ignored, which authority we are sure must be extinguished in a short time and congregations will be self-governed as they now are in the United States. If Universalists fall out, they secede and establish a Unitarian church. Here in America the Protestant Episcopalians have fallen out and two Bishops are already installed in the Reform interest, yet ostracism has not taken place. Why? Because the church members finding that ceremonials assimilated to the Roman Catholic form of worship were forced upon them, determined to resist further encroachment and peaceably separated and commenced their "new departure." This split between Episcopalians is the exact counterpart of the Orthodox Authorities' position toward the West London Reform Congregation with the omission of the persecution of the latter body.

We trust sincerely that our Berkely-street friends will continue to maintain their own principles, as zealously now as before their admission to the Board of Deputies and in this respect we cannot do better in conclusion, than urge upon them the following beautiful lessons inculcated by their worthy pastor, Prof. Marks.

"Be zealous for your faith; Israelites, but have care that your zeal is based on the principles of the Pentateuch, the standard of charity, gentleness and moderation. With false zeal are found vanity, rashness and often passions that are engendered by ignorance, but true zeal is accompanied by moderation, forbearance and sensibility. False zeal aims at that which is utterly impossible to be realized—uniformity of creed and uniformity of ritual; but true zeal strives for what is really possible and practicable—universal affection or the cementing principle of mutual love. Before we can be zealous in the service of God we must know so much of ourselves as to be sensible of our own weaknesses, and we must know so much of what we owe to our fellow men as to show sympathy for their infirmities and charity for their opinions which differ from ours. Modesty is inseparable from true zeal. We must disclaim all pretensions to infallibility, we must acknowledge that our powers are limited, that our views are liable to error and that the conclusions at which we arrive may be unsound. And if we be fully persuaded of these imperfections which attach to ourselves we shall not be betrayed into the sin of saying to our brother man, 'I am more righteous than you,' or 'My perceptions of God and of the outward means by which I should demonstrate my worship to Him are clearer and purer than yours.' Having a due regard to the variety of opinions that sway the human mind, we shall not apply terms of theological enmity or scorn to those with whose sentiments we cannot agree, but we shall rather be disposed to pray in the true Jewish spirit, 'Send me, O Lord, thy light and thy truth that they may influence me, and that they may conduct me to the mountain of thy holiness and to thy tabernacle.'"

RABBINICAL APHORISMS.

PATIENCE will result in independence, though momentary loss may attend it.

To solicit from him who procrastinates, and ultimately disappoints, is like seeking favors from a lifeless image.

THE guest of the miser needs not fear nausea, nor will he require medicine.

HE who plumes himself on that which he possesses not imagines himself to have vanquished nature, whilst nature in fact has vanquished him; like him who colors his grey hair, but which the least growth will soon expose.

THE VALE OF CEDARS; OR, THE MARTYR.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

CHAPTER IV.

*"In war did never lion rage more fierce—
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman."*

SHAKESPEARE.

THE wars ravaging Spain had nursed many a gallant warrior, and given ample opportunities for the possession and display of those chivalric qualities without which, in that age, no manly character was considered perfect. The armies of Ferdinand and Isabella counted some of the noblest names and most valiant knights of Christendom. The Spanish chivalry had always been famous, and when once organized under a leader of such capacity and firmness as Ferdinand; when the notice and regard of the Queen they idolized could only be obtained by manly virtue as well as the warrior's ardor, a new spirit seemed to wake within them; petty rivalships and jealousies were laid aside, all they sought was to become distinguished; and never had chivalry shone with so pure and glorious a lustre in the court of Spain as then, when, invisibly and unconsciously, it verged on its decline.

It was amongst all this blaze of chivalry that Arthur Stanley had had ample opportunity to raise, in his own person, the martial glory of his own still much loved and deeply regretted land. Ferdinand had honored him with so large a portion of his coveted regard, that no petty feelings on the part of the Spaniards, because he was a stranger, could interfere with his advancement; his friends, however, were mostly among the Arragonese; to Isabella, and the Castilians, he was only known as a valiant young warrior, and a marked favorite of the king. There was one person, however, whom the civil contentions of Spain had so brought forward, that his name was never spoken, either in council, court, or camp, palace or hut—by monarch or captive, soldier or citizen—without a burst of such warm and passionate attachment that it was almost strange how any single individual, and comparatively speaking, in a private station, could so have won the hearts of thousands. Yet it had been gradually that this pre-eminence had been attained—gradually, and entirely by the

worth of its object. At the early age of sixteen, and as page to Gonzalos de Lara, Ferdinand Morales had witnessed with all the enthusiasm of a peculiarly ardent, though outwardly quiet nature, the exciting proceedings at Avila. His youth, his dignified mien, his earnestness, perhaps even his striking beauty, attracted the immediate attention of the young Alfonso, and a bond of union and reciprocal affection from that hour linked the youths together. It is useless arguing on the folly and frivolity of such rapid attachments; there are those with whom one day will be sufficient, not only to awaken, but to rivet, those mysterious sympathies which are the undying links of friendship; and others again, with whom we may associate intimately for months—nay, years—and yet feel we have not one thought in common, nor formed one link to sever which is pain.

During Alfonso's brief career, Ferdinand Morales displayed personal qualities, and a wisdom and faithfulness in his cause, well deserving not only the prince's love, but the confidence of all those who were really Alfonso's friends. His deep grief and ill-concealed indignation at the prince's mysteriously sudden death might, for the time, have obtained him enemies, and endangered his own life; but the favor of Isabella, whom it was then the policy of the confederates to conciliate in all things possible, protected and advanced him. The love borne by the Infanta for her young brother surpassed even the tenderest affection of such relatives; all who had loved and served him were dear to her; and at a time when so much of treachery and insidious policy lurked around her, even in the garb of seeming devotion to her cause, the unwavering fidelity and straightforward conduct of Morales, combined as it was with his deep affection for Alfonso, permitted her whole mind to rest on him, secure not only of his faithfulness, but of vigilance which would discover and counteract every evil scheming of seeming friends. Her constantly chosen messenger to Ferdinand, he became known and trusted by both that prince and his native subjects. His wealth, which seemed exhaustless, independent of his preferments, was ever at the service of either Isabella or her betrothed; he it was from whom the necessary means for her private nuptials were borrowed. At that scene he was, of course, present, and, at his own desire, escorted Ferdinand back to his own domains—an honorable but most dangerous office, performed with his usual unwavering fidelity and skill. That one so faithful in adversity should advance from post to post as soon as dawning prosperity permitted Isabella and Ferdinand to reward merit as well

as to evince gratitude, was not surprising; but no royal favor, no coveted honors, no extended power, could alter one tittle of his single-hearted truth—his unrestrained intercourse with and interest in his equals, were they of the church, court, or camp—his gentle and unassuming manner to his inferiors. It was these things that made him so universally beloved. The coldest natures, if thrown in contact with him, unconsciously to themselves kindled into warmth; vice itself could not meet the glance of that piercing eye without shrinking, for the moment, in loathing from itself.

Until Isabella and Ferdinand were firmly established on the throne, and Arragon and Castile united, there had been little leisure amongst their warriors to think of domestic ties, otherwise it might perhaps have been noticed as somewhat remarkable that Ferdinand Morales appeared to stand alone; kindred, indeed, he claimed with four or five of the noblest amongst the Castilians, but he seemed to have no near relative; and though he mingled courteously, and to some young hearts far too pleasingly, amongst Isabella's court, it seemed as if he would never stoop to love. The Queen often jested him on his apparent insensibility, and entreated him to wed. At first he had smiled away such words; but two or three months after the commencement of our tale, he acknowledged that his affections had been for some years engaged to one living so completely in retirement as to be unknown to all; he had but waited till peace had dawned for Spain, and he might offer her not only his love, but a secure and quiet home. He spoke in confidence, and Isabella, woman-like, had listened with no little interest, giving her royal approval of his choice, without knowing more than his own words revealed; but feeling convinced, she said, that Ferdinand Morales would never wed one whose birth or lineage would tarnish his pure Castilian blood, or endanger the holy faith of which he was so true a member. A red flush might have stained the cheek of the warrior at these words, but the deep obeisance with which he had departed from the royal presence concealed the unwonted emotion. Ere a year from that time elapsed, not only the ancient city of Segovia, where his large estates lay, but all Castile was thrown into the most unusual state of excitement by the marriage of the popular idol, Don Ferdinand Morales, with a young and marvellously lovely girl, whom few, if any, had ever seen before, and whose very name, Donna Marie Henriques, though acknowledged as essentially Castilian, was yet unfamiliar. The mystery, however, as to who she was, and where he could have

found her, was speedily lost in the universal admiration of her exceeding and remarkable loveliness, and of the new yet equally attractive character which, as a devoted husband, Morales thenceforward displayed. Many had imagined that he was too grave, too wrapt in his many engrossing duties, alike as statesman and general, ever to play the lover; and he had seemed resolved that this impression should remain, and shrunk from the exposure of such sacred feelings; for none, save Isabella, knew he loved until they saw his bride.

CHAPTER V.

"And we have won a bower of refuge now
In this fresh waste."

MRS. HEMANS.

THE Vale of Cedars, as described in our first chapter, had been originally the work of a single individual, who had found there a refuge and concealment from the secret power of the Inquisition, from whose walls he had almost miraculously escaped: this individual was Julien Henriquez, the grandfather of Marie. For five years he remained concealed, working unaided, but successfully, in forming a comfortable home and concealed retreat, not only for himself but for his family. Nature herself appeared to have marked the spot as an impenetrable retreat, and Julien's skill and energy increased and strengthened the natural barriers. During those five years the secret search for his person, at first carried on so vigilantly that his enemies supposed nothing but death could have concealed him, gradually relaxed, and then subsided altogether. Foes and friends alike believed him dead, and when he did reappear in the coarse robe, shrouding cowl, and hempen belt, of a wandering friar, he traversed the most populous towns in safety, unrecognized and unsuspected. It was with some difficulty he found his family, and a matter of no little skill to convey them, without exciting suspicion by their disappearance, to his retreat; but all was accomplished at length, and years of domestic felicity crowned every former effort, and inspired and encouraged more.

Besides his own immediate family, consisting of his wife, a son, and daughter, Henriquez had the charge of two nephews and a niece, children of his sister, whose husband had perished by the arm of the

same secret power from which Henriquez had escaped; their mother had died of a broken heart, from the fearful mystery of her husband's fate, and the orphans were to Julien as his own.

As years passed, the Vale of Cedars became not only a safe, but a luxurious home. Every visit to the world Julien turned to profit, by the purchase first of necessities, then of luxuries. The little temple was erected by the active aid of the young men, and the solemn rites of their peculiar faith adhered to in security. Small as the family was, deaths, marriages, and births took place, and feelings and sympathies were excited, and struggles secretly endured, making that small spot of earth in very truth a world. The cousins intermarried. Ferdinand and Josephine left the vale for a more stirring life; Manuel, Henriquez's own son, and Miriam, his niece, preferred the quiet of the vale. Julien, his nephew, too, had loved; but his cousin's love was given to his brother, and he departed, unmurmuringly indeed, but he dared not yet trust himself to associate calmly with the object of his love: he had ever been a peculiarly sad and silent boy; the fate of his father never for an instant seemed to leave his mind, and he had secretly vowed to avenge him. Love, for a while, had banished these thoughts; but when that returned in all the misery of isolation to his own breast, former thoughts regained dominion, and he tried to conquer the one feeling by the encouragement of the other. His brother and his wife constantly visited the vale; if at no other time, always at those solemn festivals which generally fell about the period of the Catholic Easter and Michaelmas; often accompanied by faithful friends, holding the same mysterious bond of brotherhood, and to whom the secret of that vale was as precious and secure as to its natural inmates. Its aged founder had frequently the happiness of gathering around him from twenty to thirty of his secret race, and of feeling that his work would benefit friends as well as offspring. Julien alone never returned to the vale, and his family at length mourned him as one amongst the dead.

The career of his brother was glorious but brief; he fell fighting for his country, and his widow and young son returned to the parental retreat. Though the cousins had married the same day, the son of Ferdinand was ten years older than his cousin Marie; Manuel and Miriam having lived twelve years together ere the longed-for treasure was bestowed. At first, therefore, she had been to the youthful Ferdinand but as a plaything, to pet and laugh with: he left the vale as page to his father's companion in arms, Gonzalos de Lara, when

Marie was little more than five years old : but still his love for her and his home was such that whenever it was possible, he would snatch if it were but half a day to visit them. Gradually, and to him it seemed almost strangely, the plaything child changed into the graceful girl, and then again into the lovely woman ; and dearer than ever became his boyhood's home, though years had snatched away so many of its beloved inmates, that, at the period of our story, its sole occupants were Marie and her father.

Had her mother lived, perchance Marie had never been exposed to the dangers of an introduction to the world. Betrothed, in the secret hearts of not only her own parents, but of Ferdinand's mother, to her cousin, if she lived to attain sufficient age, Miriam would not have thought it so impossible as Manuel did, that the affections of his child might be sought for by, and given to another, if she mingled with the world ; she would at least have waited till she was Ferdinand's wedded wife, and then sent her forth secure. But such subtle fears and feelings are peculiarly *woman's* ; not the tenderest, most devoted father, could of himself have either thought of, or understood them. He might perhaps have owned their justice had they been presented to him by the affectionate warnings of an almost idolized wife ; but that voice was hushed, her sweet counsels buried in the grave ; and the fond, proud father, only thought of his child's brilliant beauty, and how she would be admired and beloved, could she be but generally known. And so, for her sake, he actually did violence to his own love for the quiet retirement of the vale, and bore her to the care of Donna Emilie de Castro ; seeing nothing, feeling nothing, but the admiration she excited, and that she was indeed the loveliest there. One wish he had, and that was, that his nephew could have been there likewise ; but being engaged at that time on some important private business for the Queen, Ferdinand did not even know that his cousin had ever left the vale.

That his child's affections could be excited toward any but those of her own race was a circumstance so impossible, and moreover a sin so fearful, that it never entered Manuel's mind : he knew not woman's nature, dreamed not of its quick impulses, its passionate yearnings, its susceptibility toward all gentle emotions, or he could not have so trustingly believed in the power of her peculiar faith and creed to guard her from the danger. Even his dearest desire that she should become the wife of her cousin she knew not ; for the father shrunk from revealing it to either his child or nephew, unless

Ferdinand loved and sought her himself. What therefore had she to warn her from the precipice on which she stood, when new, strange, yet most exquisitely sweet emotions gradually obtained possession of her heart in her daily intercourse with Arthur Stanley? What they were indeed she knew not; the word love was never uttered by either; she only knew that his presence, his voice, the pressure of his hand, brought with it a thrilling sensation of intense happiness, such as she had never known, never imagined before. It was indeed but a brief dream, for when he spoke, when he besought her to be his, then indeed she woke to consciousness, not only that she loved, but of the dark and fatal barrier between them, which no human effort could o'erleap. The sacrifice of race, of faith, of family, indeed might be made; but to do this never entered the mind and heart of Marie, so utterly was it impossible. To her peculiar feelings it was sin enough thus to have loved.

Manuel Henriquez bore his child back to the vale, little dreaming of the anguish to which his unguarded love had exposed her. She had ever been rather a pensive and gentle girl, and therefore that she should be still serious was no matter of surprise. For fifteen months she had sought to banish every dream of Arthur, every thought but that in loving him she had sinned against her God. Time and prayer had in some measure softened the first acute agony of her feelings; she thought she was conquering them altogether, when his unexpected appearance excited every feeling anew. Yet in that harrowing interview still she had been firm. She had even told him a secret, which it was almost death to reveal, that he might forget her; for how could he wed with her? And yet even that barrier he would have passed, and his generous, his determined love, would linger on her memory spite of every effort to think of him no more.

It was a fearful struggle, and often and often she yearned to confess all to her father, whom she loved with no common love; but she knew too well, not only the grief such tidings would be to him, but what his judgment must be, and she shrunk in agony from the condemnation of her feelings by another, constantly as she was condemning them herself.

Henriquez had been absent from the vale during Stanley's unexpected visit, and he tarried long enough to excite the alarm, not only of his child but of their domestics; nor was its cause when explained likely to ease Marie's anxiety. He had been attacked on the day of his intended return by a strange sensation of giddiness, followed

by insensibility, which appeared to have weakened him more than he had thought compatible with so brief an illness. He made light of it, but still he was uneasy, not that he feared death himself, but that it might take him from his Marie ere his wishes were accomplished, and her earthly happiness, as he thought, secured. The first attack was but the forerunner of others, sometimes very slight and brief, at others longer and more alarming, rendering Marie more and more determined to keep her fatal secret from him; for it appeared to her that any stronger emotion than customary would be followed by those attacks; and as her love for him seemed to increase in intensity with the anxiety his precarious health occasioned, so did her dread of occasioning him aught of grief. But how fruitless are our best and wisest resolutions! One little hour, and every thought was changed.

CHAPTER VI.

“Oh! praise me not—
Look gently on me, or I sink to earth,
Not thus.”

DE CHATILLON.

It was the custom of the inmates of the Vale of Cedars, once in every year, and generally about the season of Michaelmas, to celebrate a festival, which ordained the erection of a booth or tent of “branches of thick trees,” in which for seven days every meal was taken, and a greater part of the day (except the time past in the little Temple) was spent. Large branches of the palm and cedar, the willow, acacia, and the oak, cut so as to prevent their withering for the seven days, formed the walls of the tent; their leaves intermingling over head, so as to form a shelter, and yet permit the beautiful blue of the heavens to peep within. Flowers of every shade and scent formed a bordering within; and bouquets, richly and tastefully arranged, placed in vases filled with scented earth, hung from the branches forming the roof. Fruit, too was there—the purple grape, the ripe red orange, the paler lemon, the lime, the pomegranate, the citron, all of which the vale afforded, adorned the board (which for those seven days was always spread within the tent), intermingled with cakes made by Marie.

This was one of the festivals for which many of the secret race would visit the vale; but it so happened that, this year, Manuel, his child, and their retainers, kept it alone—a source of disappointment

and anxiety to the former, whose health was rapidly (but still to his child almost invisibly) failing. At the close of the solemn fast which always preceded by five days this festival of rejoicing, he had had a recurrence of his deathlike fits of insensibility, longer and more alarming than usual; but he had rallied, and attributed it so naturally to his long fast, that alarm once more gave place to hope in the heart of his daughter. Not thus, however, felt her father—convinced that death could not be long delayed, he but waited for his nephew's appearance and acknowledged love for his cousin, at once to give her to him, and prepare her for the worst. Parental anxiety naturally increased with every hour that passed, and Ferdinand appeared not.

It was the eve of the Sabbath; one from which in general all earthly cares and thoughts were banished, giving place to tranquil and spiritual joy. The father and daughter were alone within their lovely tent, but both so wrapt in evidently painful thoughts, that a strange silence usurped the usual cheerful converse. So unwonted was the anxious gloom on Manuel's brow, that his child could bear it no longer, and flinging her arms around his neck, she besought him in the tenderest accents to confide in her, as he had ever done, since her mother's death, to tell her what so pained him—might she not remove it? Henriquez could not resist that fond yet mournful pleading. He told her, that he felt health was departing, that death seemed ever hovering near, but that its pain, its care, would all depart, could he behold his long-cherished wish fulfilled, and his Marie the wife of Ferdinand, whose every look and tone during his last visit had betrayed his devoted love.

Marie heard; and her cheeks and lips blanched to such ashy whiteness, that her father in alarm folded her to his breast; and sought to soothe a grief, which he believed was occasioned merely by the sudden and fearful thought of his approaching death; and sought to soothe, by a reference to the endearing love, the cherished tenderness which would still be hers; how Ferdinand would be to her all, aye more than all that he had been, and how, with love like his, she would be happier than she had been yet. Much he said, and he might have said still more, for it was long ere the startled girl could interrupt him. But when he conjured her to speak to him, not to look upon his death so fearfully, the beautiful truth of her nature rose up against the involuntary deceit. It was not his death which thus appalled her; alas—alas!—and she hated herself for the fearful thought—she had almost lost sight of that, in the words which followed. Breaking

from his embrace, she sunk down on her knees before him, and burying her face upon his hand, in broken accents and with choking sobs, revealed the whole. How could she do her noble kinsman such fearful wrong as to wed him, when her whole heart, thoughts, nay, life itself, seemed wrapt in the memory of another? And that other! Oh! who, what was he? Once she looked up in her father's face, but so fearful were the emotions written there—wrath struggling with love, grief, pity, almost terror—that hastily she withdrew her glance, and remained kneeling, bent even to the dust, long after the confession had been poured forth, waiting in fear and anguish for his words.

“Marie, Marie! is it my Marie, my sainted Miriam's child, who thus speaks? who hath thus sinned sole representative of a race of ages, in whose pure thoughts such fearful sin hath never mingled. My child so to love the stranger as to reject, to scorn her own! Oh! God, my God, why hast thou so forsaken me? Would I had died before!” And the heavy groan which followed, confirmed the anguish breathed in those broken words.

“Father!” implored the unhappy girl, clasping his knees in an agony of supplication, though she raised not her head—“Oh my father! in mercy do not speak thus! Words of wrath, of reproach, fearful as they are from thee, yet I can bear them, but not such woe! Oh, think what I have borne, what I must still bear. If I have sinned, my sin will bring, nay, it has already brought its own chastisement. Speak to me! but one word of love—or, if it must be, wrath—but not, not such accents of despair!”

Her father struggled to reply; but the conflux of strong emotion was too powerful, and Marie sprung up to support him as he fell. She had often seen him insensible before, when there appeared no cause for such attacks; but was it strange that at such a moment she should feel that *she* had caused it?—that her sin perchance had killed her father; he might never wake more to say he forgave, he blessed her,—or that in those agonized moments of suspense she vowed, if he might but speak again, that his will should be hers, even did it demand the annihilation of every former treasured thought! And the vow seemed heard. Gradually and, it appeared, painfully life returned. His first action was to clasp her convulsively to his heart; his next, to put her gently yet firmly from him, and bury his face in his hands, and weep.

No sight is more terrible, even to an indifferent spectator, than to

behold tears wrung from the eyes of man—and to his child it was indeed torture. But she controlled the choking anguish—calmly and firmly she spoke, and gradually the paroxysm subsided.

“That I have sinned in loving a stranger thus, I have long felt,” she said; “and had I been aware of the nature of these feelings, they should never have gained ascendancy. But I awoke too late—my very being was enchained. Still I may break from these engrossing thoughts—I would do so—pain shall be welcome, if it may in time atone for the involuntary sin of loving the stranger, and the yet more terrible one of grieving thee. Oh, my father, do what thou wilt, command me as thou wilt—I am henceforth wholly thine.”

“And thou wilt wed Ferdinand, my child?”

“Would he still wish it, father, if he knew the whole? And is it right, is it just, to wed him, and the truth still unrevealed? Oh, if he do love me, as you say, how can I requite him by deceit?”

“Tell him not, tell him not,” replied Henriquez, again fearfully agitated; “let none other know what has been. What can it do, save to grieve him beyond thy power to repair? No, no. Once his, and all these fearful thoughts will pass away, and their sin be blotted out, in thy true faithfulness to one who loves thee. His wife, and I know that thou wilt love him, and be true, as if thou hadst never loved another—”

“Ay, could I not be true, I would not wed,” murmured Marie, more to herself than to her father; “and if suffering indeed atone for sin, terribly will it be redeemed. But oh, my father, tell me—I have sworn to be guided by thee, and in all things I will be—tell me in wedding him whom thou hast chosen, do I not still do foul wrong, if not to him (her voice faltered), unto another, whose love is mine as well?”

“Better for him, as for thee, to wed another, Marie! Would’st thou wed the stranger, wert thou free?”

She buried her face in his bosom, and murmured, “Never!”

“Then in what can this passion end, but in misery for both? In constant temptation to perjure thy soul, in forsaking all for him. And if thou didst, would it bring happiness? My child, thou art absolved, even had aught of promise passed between you. Knowest thou not that a maiden of herself hath no power to vow? Her father’s will alone absolves it or confirms. Thou doest him no wrong. Be Ferdinand’s bride, and all shall be forgiven, all forgotten—thou art my child, my Miriam’s child once more!”

He pressed her again fondly to him; but though she made no reply, his arguments could not convince her. She had indeed told Arthur that she never could be his, but yet avowed that she loved him; and if he did meet her as the wife of another, what must he believe her? And Ferdinand, if he did so love her, that preoccupied heart was indeed a sad requital. She had, however, that evening but little time to think, for ere either spoke again, the branches at the entrance of the tent were hastily pushed aside, and a tall manly form stood upon the threshold. Marie sprang to her feet with a faint cry—could it be that the vow of an hour was already called upon to be fulfilled?—but the intruder attributed her alarm to a different cause, and hastily flinging off his wrapping mantle and deep plumed morion, he exclaimed, “What! alarmed by me, my gentle cousin? dearest Marie! am I forgotten?” And Henriquez forgetting all of bodily exhaustion, all of mental suffering, in the deep joy his sudden appearance caused, could only fold the warrior in his feeble arms, and drooping his head on his shoulder, sob forth expressively, “My son! my son!”

CHAPTER VII.

“And thus how oft do life and death
Twine hand in hand together;
And the funeral shroud, and bridal wreath,
How small a space may sever!”

MS.

ONE little week did Ferdinand spend within the home of his boyhood; and in that brief interval the earthly fate of Marie Henriquez was decided. He had deferred his visit till such peace and prosperity had dawned for Spain, that he could offer his bride not only a home suited to his rank, but the comfort of his presence and protection for an indeterminate time. He had come there purposely to reveal his long-cherished love; to conjure Marie to bless him with the promise of her hand; and, if successful, to return in two short months, for the celebration of their marriage, according to their own secret rites, ere the ceremony was performed in the sight of the whole Catholic world. The intermarriages of first cousins had been so common an occurrence in his family, that Ferdinand, in spite of some tremblings as a lover, had regarded his final union with Marie with almost as much certainty, and as a thing of course, as his uncle himself.

The effects of that agitating interview between father and daughter had been visible to Ferdinand; but he attributed it, very naturally, to the cause privately assigned for it by his kinsman—Marie's first conviction that her father's days were numbered. He had been greatly shocked at the change in Henriquez's appearance, and deeply affected at the solemn and startling earnestness with which he consigned his child to his care, beseeching him, under all circumstances to love and cherish her. His nephew could scarcely understand, then, such earnest pleadings. Alas! ere his life closed, their cause was clear enough.

Unconscious that her father and cousin were together, or of the nature of their conversation, Marie had joined them, unexpectedly, ere the interview was over. From her father's lips, and in a tone of trembling agitation, she heard that his long-cherished prayer was granted, and that she was his nephew's plighted bride. He joined their hands, blessed them, and left them alone together, ere she had had power to utter a single word; and when voice was recalled by the tender, earnest accents of her cousin, beseeching her to ratify her father's consent—to say she would learn to love him, if she did not then; that she would not refuse the devotedness he proffered—what could she answer? She had so long loved him, venerated him, gloried in his achievements, his honors, as of an elder and much-loved brother, that, had she followed the impulse of her nature, she would have thrown herself as a sister on his neck, and poured forth her tale of sorrow. But she had sworn to be guided by her father, and he had besought her to reveal nothing; and therefore she promised to be his, even while with tears she declared herself unworthy. But such words were of little meaning to her enraptured lover save to bid him passionately deny them, and excite his ardent affection more than ever—satisfied that she could be not indifferent, listening as she did, with such flushed cheek and glistening eye, to the theme of his life since they had parted—the favor of the sovereigns, and the station he had won.

During the two months which intervened between Don Ferdinand's departure and promised return, Marie strained every nerve to face her destiny, and so meet it with calmness. Had she not loved, it would have been impossible to feel herself the cherished object of her cousin's love without returning it, possessing, as he did, alike inward and outward attraction to win regard. She studiously and earnestly banished every thought of Arthur as it rose; she prayed only for

strength to be faithful, not only in outward seeming but inward thought; that Stanley might never cross her path again, or if he did, that his very affections might be estranged from her; that the secret she had revealed might alone be thought upon, till all of love had gone. The torture of such prayer, let those who love decide; but it was the thought of his woe, did he ever know she was another's bride, that haunted her. Her own suffering it was comparatively easy to bear, believing as she did, that they were called for by her involuntary sin: but his—so successfully had she conquered herself, that it was only when his countenance of reproach would flit before her, that the groan burst from her heart, and she felt bowed unto the earth.

Infirmity itself seemed conquered in the rejoicing thankfulness with which Henriquez regarded this fulfillment of his wishes. He appeared actually to regain strength and energy; his alarming fainting fits had not recurred since his nephew's visit, and Marie hoped he would be spared her longer than he believed. He never recurred to her confession, but lavished on her, if possible, yet more endearing love, and constantly alluded to the intense happiness which her consent to be her cousin's bride had given him. Once he, left the vale, despite his precarious health, taking with him his old retainer, Reuben, and returned, laden with the richest gems and costliest silks, to adorn his child, on her bridal day, as befitted the bride of Ferdinand.

Time passed: the day specified by Ferdinand rapidly approached. He was there to meet it—and not alone. Thoughtful of his Marie's feeling, he had resolved that she should not stand beside the altar without one female friend, and he brought one, the sight of whom awakened associations with such overpowering strength, that Marie could only throw herself upon her bosom, almost convulsed with tears. It was Donna Emelie de Castro, at whose house she had joined the world; but her emotion, supposed natural to the agitating ceremony impending, and her father's precarious health, happily for her, passed without further notice than sympathy and love.

Henriquez, for once, was indifferent alike to the agitation of Marie, or the presence of Ferdinand. His glance was fixed on one of a little group, all of whom, with the exception of this individual, were familiar to his home and heart. He was clothed as a monk; but his cowl was thrown back, and his gaze so fixed on Marie that she blushed beneath it, and turned away.

"Do not turn away from me, my child," he said; and Henriquez started at the voice, it was so fraught with memories of the departed.

"Stranger as I must be, save in name, to thee—thou art none such to me. I seem to feel thy mother once again before me—and never was sister more beloved!—Manuel, hast thou, indeed, forgotten Julien?"

Almost ere he ceased to speak, the long-separated relatives were clasped in each other's arms. The five-and-twenty years which had changed the prime of manhood into advancing age, and blanched the hair of each, had had no power to decrease the strong ties of kindred, so powerful in their secret race. The agitation and excitement of Henriquez was so excessive, not only then, but during the few days intervening before the celebration of the bridal, that Marie, in spite of the near approach of the dreaded day, could only think of him.

Ferdinand was no exacting lover: his affection for her was so intense, so true; his confidence in her truth so perfect, that though he might at times have fancied that she loved not then with fervor equal to his own, he was contented to believe that his devotion would in time create in her as powerful a feeling. He had so watched, so tended her from infancy: she had so clung to and revered him, so opened her young heart, without one reservation, to his view—so treated him as her most cherished, most loved friend, that how could he dream she had aught to conceal, or believe that, did she know there was, she could have hesitated, one moment, to refuse his hand, preferring even the misery of so grieving him, to the continued agony of deceit? It was this perfect confidence, this almost childish trust, so beautiful in one tried, as he had been, in the ordeal of the world, that wrung Marie's heart with deepest torture. He believed her other than she was;—but it was too late—she dared not deceive him.

The nuptial morning dawned. The party, not more than twelve or fourteen in all, assembled within the little edifice, whose nature had so puzzled Arthur. Its interior was as peculiar as its outward appearance: its walls, of polished cedar were unadorned with either carving, pictures, or imagery. In the centre, facing the east, was a sort of raised table or desk, surrounded by a railing, and covered with a cloth of the richest and most elaborately worked brocade. Exactly opposite, and occupying the centre of the eastern wall, was a sort of lofty chest, or ark; the upper part of which, arched, and richly painted, with a blue ground, bore in two columns, strange hieroglyphics in gold, beneath this were portals of polished cedar,

panelled and marked out with gold, but bearing no device: their hinges set in gilded pillars, which supported the arch above. Before these portals were generally drawn curtains, of material rich and glittering as that upon the reading-desk. But this day not only were the curtains drawn aside, but the portals themselves flung open, as the bridal party neared the steps which led to it, and disclosed six or seven rolls of parchment, folded on silver pins, and filled with the same strange letters, each clothed in drapery of variously colored brocade, or velvet, and surmounted by two sets of silver ornaments, in which the bell and pomegranate were, though small, distinctly discernible. A superb lamp, of solid silver, was suspended from the roof; and one of smaller dimensions, but of equally valuable material, and always kept lighted, hung just before the ark.

Julien Morales, at his own particular request, was to read the ceremony; and three hours after noon he stood within the portals, on the highest step; a slab of white marble divided him from the bride and bridegroom, over whom a canopy was raised, supported by four silver poles. The luxuriant hair of the bride had been gathered up, and, save two massive braids, shading her brow and cheek, was concealed under a head-dress, somewhat resembling an eastern turban, but well suited to her countenance. Her dress, of the fashion before described, was all of white—the jacket or bodice richly woven with gold threads; but so thick a veil enveloped face and form, that her sweet face was concealed, until, at one particular part of the mysterious rite (for such, to the Spaniards, this ceremony must have been), the veil was uplifted for her to taste the sacred wine, and not allowed to fall again. Neither the bridegroom (agitated himself, for his was not a nature to think lightly of the nuptial rite), nor Henriquez (whose excitement was extreme) was conscious of the looks of alarm, blended with admiration, which the raising of the veil attracted toward Marie. Lovely she was; but it was the loveliness of a marble statue, not of life—her very lips were blanched, and every feature still, indeed; but a stillness of so peculiar an expression, so inexpressibly, so thrillingly sad, that admiration appeared indefinitely and strangely transformed to pain. The wedding ring was placed upon her hand—a thin crystal goblet broken by Ferdinand, on the marble at his feet—and the rites were concluded. An almost convulsive embrace from her father—the unusual wildness of his voice and manner, as he blessed, and called her his own precious child, who this day had placed the seal upon his happiness, and confirmed twenty years of filial devotedness and

love—awoke her from that stagnating trance. She folded her arms around his neck, and burst into passionate tears; and there were none, not even Ferdinand, to chide or doubt that emotion—it was but natural to her character, and the solemn service of the day.

Gay and joyous was the meal which followed the bridal. No aperturances of modern pomp and luxury, indeed, decorated the board: its only ornaments were the loveliest flowers, arranged in alabaster cases, and silver baskets filled with blushing fruits. The food was simple, and the wines not choice; but the guests thought not of mere sensual enjoyment. In these secret meetings, each felt there was something holy; richer homes, more gorgeous feasts, were theirs in the world, whenever they so willed; but such intercourse of brotherhood seldom occurred, and when it came, was consequently hallowed.

Some time they sat around the board; and so unrestrained, so full of varied interest was their eager converse, that sunset came unheeded; and the silver lamps, fed with sweet incense, were placed upon the table. Julien then arose, and solemnly pronounced the usual blessing or rather thanksgiving, after the bridal feast. Marie did not look up during its continuance; but as it concluded, she arose, and was about to retire with Donna Emilie, when her eye caught her father, and a cry of alarm broke from her. The burning flush had given place to a livid paleness—the glittering of the eye to a fixed and glassy gaze. The frame was, for a moment, rigid as stone, then fearfully convulsed; and Reuben, starting forward, caught his master as he fell. There was something so startling and unusual in the seizure, that even those accustomed to his periods of insensibility were alarmed; and vain was every effort of Ferdinand to awaken hope and comfort in the seemingly frozen spirit of his bride.

Henriquez was conveyed to his room, and every restorative applied; but even the skill of Julien, well versed as he was in the healing art, was without effect. More than an hour passed and still he lay like death; and no sound, no sob, broke from the torn heart of his hapless child, who knelt beside his couch; her large dark eyes, distended to even more than their usual size, fixed upon his face: her hands clasped round one of his; but, had she sought thus to give warmth she would have failed, for the hand of the living was cold and damp as that of the seeming dead. A slight, almost imperceptible flush floated over that livid cheek—the eyes unclosed, but so quickly closed again that it was more like the convulsive quivering of the muscle than the effort of the will; and Marie alone had marked the change.

"Father!" she almost shrieked in agony, "in mercy speak to me again—say but you forgive—bless——"

"Forgive," feebly repeated the dying man; and the strong feeling of the father, for a brief interval, conquered even death—"Forgive?—my beautiful—my own!—the word is meaningless, applied to thee. Art thou not my Ferdinand's bride, and hast thou not so taken the sting, the trial even from this dread moment? My precious one!—would I could see that face once more—but it is dark—all dark—kiss me, my child!"

She threw herself upon his bosom, and covered his cheek with kisses. He passed his hand feebly over her face, as if the touch could once more bring her features to his sight; and then extending his left hand, feebly called—"Ferdinand!"

His nephew caught the withered hand, and kneeling down pressed it reverentially and fondly to his lips.

Henriquez's lips moved, but there came no word.

"Doubt me not, my more than father! From boyhood to youth, from youth to manhood, I have doted on thy child. Shall I love and cherish her less now, that she has only me? Oh, trust me!—if devotion can give joy, she will know no grief, that man can avert, again!"

A strange but a beautiful light for a single minute dispersed the fearful shadow creeping over Henriquez's features.

"My son! my son!—I bless thee—and thou, too, my drooping flower. Julien! my brother—lay me beside my Miriam. Thou didst not come for this—but it is well. My children—my friends—send up the hymn of praise—the avowal of our faith; once more awake the voice of our fathers!"

He was obeyed; a psalm arose, solemn and sweet, in accents familiar as their mother tongue, to those who chanted; but had any other been near, not a syllable would have been intelligible. But the voice which in general led in such solemn service—so thrilling in its sweetness, that the most-indifferent could not listen to it unmoved—now lay hushed and mute, powerless even to breathe the sobs that crushed her heart. And when the psalm ceased, and the prayer for the dying followed, with one mighty effort Henriquez raised himself, and clasping his hands, uttered distinctly the last solemn words ever spoken by his race, and then sunk back—and there was silence. Minutes, many minutes, rolled by—but Marie moved not. Gently, and tenderly, Don Ferdinand succeeded in disengaging the convulsive

hold with which she still clasped her parent, and sought to bear her from that sad and solemn room. Wildly she looked up in his face, and then on those beloved features, already fixed and gray in death;—with frantic strength she pushed aside her husband, and sunk down by her father's side.

THE NEW "BETH-EL" CONGREGATION.

WE have hitherto refrained from making any comment on the proposed union of the congregations *Anshi Chesed* and *Adath Jeshurun*, or even from announcing the fact, not because we were indifferent to the importance of the proposal, or skeptical as to the good which would inure to Judaism in general and the Reform cause in particular by such a union, but because we thought it best to await the consummation of the project, when all doubt as to the probability of its accomplishment would be finally set at rest. Now, however, that the details have been so definitely arranged as to render it a matter of certainty that the respective bodies will, in general meeting, cordially indorse the action of their Committees, we hesitate no longer in offering our warmest and sincere congratulations to both congregations. That the *Anshi Chesed* congregation—one of the oldest in New York and until recently upholding orthodox principles—should have consented to amalgamation with one of the leading reform congregations in America, speaks highly not only for the intelligence and zeal of its members, but also for the truth of that noble cause which has again made so great a victory. Nor does this union reflect less highly on the Temple *Adath Jeshurun*, which though recognized as one of the exemplars and foremost workers in the Reform school has yet consented to dissolve its own independent existence and, by amalgamation with another element, assume a new name and a new organization.

There are many reasons why this union should be hailed with much satisfaction by the entire Jewish community of this city. "In union there is strength," is an old proverb that can have no stronger exemplification than in the case of our Jewish associations. With the majority of our congregations, as with our societies, the element which is mostly wanting is strength, and this want is occasioned principally by the mistaken idea of maintainig a so-called independence at all sacrifices. The dissemination of Judaism depends not so much on

the number of congregations as on the material of which they are composed, and it cannot be denied that many of our congregations, especially in small cities where three or more exist, are utterly powerless to cultivate all those institutions so essential in this age to the proper development of Judaism.

In the present instance the new congregation, henceforth to be known by the name of *Beth-El*, or "House of God," will be inaugurated under a most happy combination of fortunate circumstances. In possession already of a magnificent temple, erected on one of the fashionable avenues of the city, at an expense of over a quarter of a million of dollars, and of a large membership among which may be reckoned many men of recognized ability, wealth and social position; it also has the inestimable advantage of being under the leadership of one who, for eloquence and erudition, breadth of sentiment and true religious fervor, has not his superior if indeed his equal in America. The name of the Rev. Dr. Einhorn has for years been familiar to the Jewish public, not merely on account of his great learning and his indefatigable exertions in Israel's fold, but because of those sterling qualities which must continue as heretofore to endear him to his flock. Knowledge and eloquence are very necessary qualifications for a Jewish minister, but there is something which, to our mind, is far superior even to these, and that something is honesty of purpose, integrity of principle, and firmness of character to maintain an idea when convinced of its truth under all circumstances and at any personal sacrifice. Without this, the ministrations of any man, how learned soever he may be, cannot accomplish good and cannot prove of any permanent value to those to whom he ministers. Unfortunately there are in the ministry of all denominations, ours not excepted, men who, though thoroughly educated and fit in other respects, are so unprincipled as often to think more of their own personal interests and aggrandizement than of their allegiance to that cause to which they profess to be devoted. We have indeed our share of unprincipled men in the ministry, who care little for the advancement of their congregations, so long as they are well paid and grow fat on the ignorance of their flocks—men indeed who are willing to preach any set of doctrines or uphold any set of principles provided they can do so with profit to themselves. Dr. Einhorn is not one of these. Years of patient toil, of unswerving fidelity, of the most uncompromising integrity, have won for him the respect and admiration even of those who may differ from his views. In penning these

words we desire to pay no compliment to Dr. Einhorn. His merit and worth are too well recognized to need comment at this late day, and even if they were not so, we would be the last one to eulogize another merely for the purpose of idle adulation. Truth is however not flattery; hence we have no hesitation as a public journalist in expressing our belief that the Rabbi of the *Beth-El* Temple, though advanced in years (and men do like their ease in their old age) is yet as incapable to-day of sacrificing an iota of his principles as he was when he possessed all the vigor, fire and enthusiasm of youth. It is such men as these we need in Israel's ministry, such men that it is the duty of congregations to seek and acquire.

We doubt not that the new congregation will soon assume a high rank among the great congregations of the country and that its example will in process of time be productive of the happiest results. There is a noble future before it. Though much has been done in the Jewish fold, there is yet much to be done. There are still errors to eradicate, false theories to uproot and abuses to be corrected. To it therefore the eyes of the Jewish community of this country will be turned, and its movements will be closely watched with no little solicitude by all earnest members of our faith. A *Beth-El* should always be the place whence will emanate knowledge and light, correct principles, true religious fervor, and that practical example of righteousness and piety without which all theoretical lessons must lose their wholesome effect. Believing that in this respect, as in every other, the congregation will be worthy of its name, we cordially bid it "God speed" on its holy mission.

THE WORTHIEST OF TREES.

A WEARY traveler had been journeying all day across an arid plain under a scorching sun, and was almost overcome with fatigue, when at length his path led him into a thick forest where the spreading boughs of many a stately tree cast a cool shade over the ground. Winding amid the trees was a gently-flowing rivulet and on its brink grew crowds of bulrushes with bending stems, and heads humbly stooping to the stream beneath. Here the traveler rested, and as he lay on the ground, began to admire the beautiful trees by which he was surrounded, and to wonder which was the most valuable of all.

Thus thinking, he fell asleep, and dreamt. Behold in his dream, he saw the trees of the forest pleading before him, each claiming to be considered the worthiest.

First spoke the cedar, and said, "What tree can be compared to me? On the lofty heights of Lebanon is my abode, and my top touches the sky. Under my fair spreading boughs all the beasts of the field find shelter. Of me kings build their palaces, princes their mansions. All men admire me; all poets have sung my praise. Surely I am the king of the trees."

"No," said the palm; "with all thy vain boast, O cedar, thou art barren, thou yieldest not sweet fruits, which satisfy the hungry, and refresh the weary. And does not my tall trunk excite the admiration of men? Useful and beautiful, I claim to be king of the trees."

Then spake the myrtle. "Ye, tall trees, lack my fragrant odor. Ye gratify only man's bodily wants; but my sweet scent delights his soul. When hungry, he, like the brute, eagerly eats of thy fruit, O palm! when weary, he, like the beasts of the field, lies down under thy shade, O cedar. But when his soul is calm and serene, when contemplating the glories of his Maker, then he holds in his hand a sprig of my boughs, and its grateful fragrance raises his lofty thoughts still higher. And so I claim the royal crown of trees."

Then a multitude of other plants took up the strain; some boasting of their delicious fruits, some of the beauties or fragrance of their flowers. Each, on account of some quality of its own, claimed the pre-eminence.

But the poor bulrushes, that grew on the bank of the rivulet, were silent. They knew that they had nothing to boast of, and they humbly held their peace.

The wayfarer in his dream felt puzzled, not knowing to which of the haughty candidates to allow the superiority; when lo! he heard a voice from heaven, proclaiming—"Be abashed, ye proud trees, ye that vaunt of the gifts that I have deemed fit to bestow upon you. Ye are all alike deficient of the virtue of humility. To the humble bulrush shall be assigned the superiority. Its meek silence is in my ears more eloquent than your pompous boasts. Moses, the meekest of men, has been chosen by me, as the messenger through whom my Law shall be given to the world; and the meekest of men shall choose the meekest of trees, as the instrument with which to write that Law."

And so Moses wrote the Law with a reed of the lowly bulrush.

THE STAGE.

THE Academy of Music seems destined this winter to be a scene of operatic entertainments excelling in brilliancy and superiority all previous representations held within its walls. The entrancing delights of Italian opera as rendered by those great artists of the Strakosch company were still fresh in the minds of an admiring auditory when the announcement was made that English opera, with our own favorite prima-donna, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, as the principal attraction, would reign at the Academy for a brief period.

Judging from the large gatherings which assembled at every performance, Messrs. Hess and Grau, the Managers, have every reason to congratulate themselves on the generous support and encouragement given to them by the New York public. Not indeed but that they merited such support, for though their company could not properly or truthfully be termed great, they yet possessed sufficient merit and attractiveness to render whatever was attempted by them in a manner generally acceptable.

It would be more than unfair to draw any comparison between the Italian and English companies, since English opera is in no part of the world conducted on the same scale of magnificence as Italian opera, and because also a company such as is at present under the management of Mr. Strakosch, is not often seen on this western hemisphere. Without entering therefore upon the ungracious task of comparing the merits of the respective artists, or even without criticising the several performances, which our limited space will not permit, it will be sufficient to state that English opera has been seldom produced in better style or with more agreeable results. Every member seemed thoroughly imbued with the desire to please, and this painstaking spirit was fully appreciated by the large and fashionable audiences which assembled at every representation. Indeed the general feeling was to judge of the performances in their entirety and to pass over individual faults. The orchestra and chorus were both of unusual strength for English opera and were in excellent training.

The leading artists were Miss Kellogg, Mme. Van Zandt, Mrs. Zelda Seguin and Messrs. Habelmann, Joseph Maas, Wilford Morgan, Wm. Carlton, Henry Peakes, Edward Seguin and Gustavus Hall. The *repertoire* consisted of "Lucia," "Martha," "Maritana," "The Bohemian Girl," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Faust" and "Rigoleto." The season embraced seven evening and two matinee

performances, one of the evenings being set aside for the benefit of the French Benevolent Society.

The final season of Italian opera this year will be entered upon on Friday, February 20th, and will extend over a period of six weeks. Prominent in the list of operas to be represented is Wagner's "*Lohengrin*," which hitherto has never been performed on the Italian stage of the United States. Mme. Nilsson is to personate *Elsa*, Sig. Campanini, *Lohengrin*, and Miss Cary, *Ortrud*. The scenery and dresses will be entirely new, and purchased expressly for the production of the opera in this country. The *repertoire* will include "*Aida*," with all its gorgeous scenery, and the well-known operas in which Mme. Nilsson has justly earned her great reputation. The friends of music will thus have another opportunity of hearing Italian opera exquisitely rendered by one of the best and most competent companies at present organized. The sale of boxes and seats for the eighteen nights and six matinees will be commenced on Thursday, February 12th, and the performance on the opening night will be "*Lucia*," in which Mme. Nilsson, M. Capoul and M. Maurel will appear. No time should be lost in securing seats, as we doubt not that the Academy will again be the scene of immense gatherings.

At the several theatres the changes during the past month have not been sufficiently important to call for any extended notice. The Union Square continues to run "*Led Astray*," which seems likely to hold its place on the boards for some weeks to come. Notwithstanding the attacks of the *Herald* and those so-called critics who are inimical to Mr. Boucicault, the public seem not to tire of witnessing this really excellent play. So great is the rush nightly that seats can be engaged a month in advance. For our part we adhere to the opinion originally formed as to the merits of the piece, and maintain that a more moral and unexceptional play has not been written for many years, and if we add to this fact the able manner in which it is produced, and the excitement it has created, chiefly on account of the warfare which has been waged against it, the reason is obvious why the public demand is still so great for it.

Mr. LESTER WALLACK is now appearing at his own house in "*Money*," and is making a reality of his performance by drawing good paying houses. At Booth's, "*Elene*" still keeps its place, while the same can be said of "*Follie*" at the Fifth Avenue. The Volkes are the attraction at Niblo's, and "*A Round of Pleasure*" is now nightly held at the Grand Opera House.

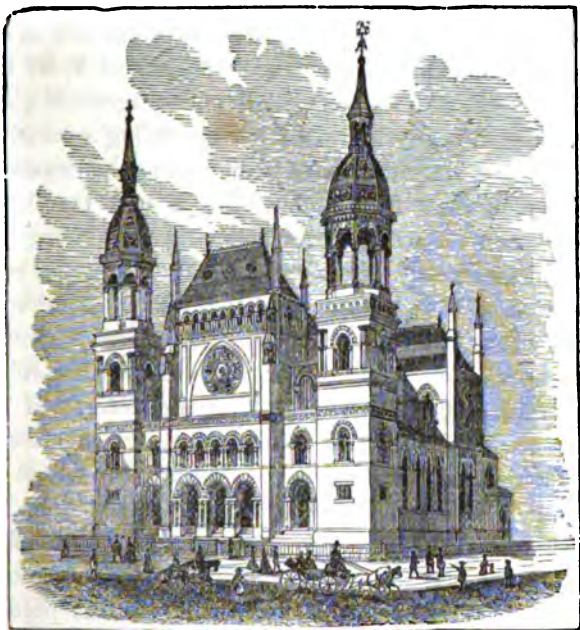
THE NEW ERA.

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1874.

No. 3.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE JEWISH CONGREGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.



TEMPLE EMANU-EL, COR. 5TH AVE. AND 43D STREET.

SOME years ago the editor of this magazine issued a prospectus announcing his intention of publishing a work on the histories of the Jewish congregations of this country. Without entering here upon the arguments advanced at that time in support of the project, it will be sufficient to state that his leading idea and hope was by means of the data thus obtained and furnished, not only to place before the

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by RAPHAEL D'O. LEWIN, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. IV.—9.

public a standard book of reference and authority, but to prepare the material from which a subsequent history of the Jews of America might be compiled either by himself or by others. For nearly three centuries have the Jewish people been dwelling in this land of civil and religious liberty, and perhaps in no other country in the world have they lived happier or accomplished more. Yet has the attempt never been made to write either a complete history of the people themselves, or, what is still more important, a truthful record of the development of Judaism throughout this great republic. The immense difficulties in the way of obtaining correct information, the time that would have to be consumed in traveling and in correspondence, the enormous expense necessarily attendant upon the production of such a work, and the very slight encouragement given to those who have engaged in any literary labor appealing exclusively to the Jewish community, have doubtless been among the causes which have hitherto deterred many from undertaking a task the importance of which cannot be over-estimated. Believing that energy and perseverance would eventually surmount all difficulties, and relying upon the co-operation of the executives of the various congregations and societies, the editor entered hopefully and cheerfully upon the work, and for a time made considerable progress in his researches. Other and graver duties, both public and private, interfered however to prevent the successful execution of his plan, and so after months of heavy labor and considerable monetary outlay, the whole project had so be suspended. Although five years have passed since then, it does not seem that any one else has made the slightest effort in the same direction. In resuming the subject, therefore, the editor trusts that with the additional facilities afforded him in his present connection with this magazine, he will be enabled to carry on the work without further interruption. The original idea has been somewhat modified, and instead of publishing the various histories in one volume, they will appear from time to time in the pages of the *NEW ERA*. Their publication in separate book form will be a matter for future consideration. No regular order of precedence will for the present be observed; the histories of those congregations which are easiest obtained being first published.

I.

THE TEMPLE EMANU-EL.

THE EMANU-EL congregation, whose history extends over a period of thirty years, claims the honor of being the first reform congregation in America. Organized especially for the purpose of proclaiming the dominion of reason over faith it has, by its untiring efforts and perseverance, given the impetus to that great movement which now numbers under its banners nearly all the leading congregations in this country. During the first quarter of the present century many Jews emigrated from Germany and settling in New York soon established themselves both commercially and socially, and became identified with the land of their adoption. Some of these enjoyed a certain amount of education, were very liberal in their views and sentiments, and possessed a clear perception of religious matters and the requirements of the age. But these being small in number and with limited means at their command were unable to form an independent association. They therefore affiliated with the German congregations then in existence, of which there were three, the *Anshi Chesed*, *Shaar Hashamayim*, and *Rodef Shalom*. In the year 1843, however, Dr. Ludwig Merzbacher, of Furth, arrived in New York and preached occasionally to those three congregations. But when it was proposed to engage him conjointly as their spiritual leader, decided objections were raised because his sermons had a strong tendency to reform. This gave the incentive to those anxious for progress, and it was then determined to endeavor at all hazards to establish a new congregation with Dr. Merzbacher as rabbi. Accordingly on November 19, 1843, Messrs. W. Renau, H. Felsenheld, P. Bruckman, T. Muhlhauser, S. Kling, S. Rosenbourgh, M. Reutlinger, Levy Philip, Wolf Felsenheld, Marx Neuburg, Emanuel Stoffman, B. Rothschild, Jacob Blumenthal, Julius Meyer and Kalman Jacobs founded a society for divine worship and framed statutes for the government of the same, in the preface of which the following resolution was expressed, which clearly sets forth the great object those gentlemen had in view:

"That we can undertake no work more acceptable in the eyes of God, and more advantageous for the spiritual welfare of our co-religionists, of our children and of our children's children, in this world and the next, than by striving to introduce an improved form

of divine service, and thus to influence the religious and moral cultivation of the members of the Hebrew persuasion."

Notwithstanding the immense difficulties, which these fifteen gentlemen had to encounter, they zealously continued their exertions for a year and a half, until on April 6, 1845, their number having been increased to 33, a general meeting was held, at which the Emanu-El congregation was regularly organized under that name. Dr. Merzbacher was then engaged as the Rabbi and Lecturer, and Rev. G. M. Cohn as Reader, each with a salary of \$200 per annum, and Wm. W. Renau was engaged as Sexton and Secretary with an annual salary of \$150, while a room in a private dwelling house at the corner of Grand and Clinton streets was hired and fitted up for a Synagogue, the front seats being set apart for the men, and the back seats for the women. Such was the commencement of a congregation which now numbers 433 members, possesses a most gorgeous temple, erected at an expense of nearly three-quarters of a million of dollars, and said to be the grandest ecclesiastical building in America, maintains two Preachers at the annual salary of six thousand dollars each, besides supporting liberally the Reader, Organist, Choir, Sexton and the other officials, and incurs an expenditure for congregational and charitable purposes to the amount of \$50,000 per annum.

As soon as the congregation was organized, a committee was appointed to consult with the Rabbi upon the reforms necessary to be introduced in the public services. A gratuitous choir was also formed, and proper arrangements made for the keeping of a regular register of Marriages and Deaths. An elementary school was opened in the room used for divine service, but owing to the unsuitableness of the location, it did not succeed. During the following two years the congregation had to struggle against many hardships, and to encounter the jealousy and coolness with which the members of the older congregations regarded its development. Its perseverance was however rewarded. On October 19, 1847, under the administration of Mr. Dittenhoeffer as President, it was enabled to purchase a church in Christie street, between Walker and Hester streets, for the sum of \$12,000, and this having been altered so as to form a temple, was in April 1848, on the Sabbath before Passover, solemnly dedicated. The second period in the history of the congregation then commenced.

With the possession of the new place of worship, the desire for improvements manifested itself. An organ was bought to accompan

the choir, the triennial cycle of the reading of the Law, memorial service of departed souls on the Day of Atonement, and the annual confirmation of boys and girls, were gradually introduced, and old-fashioned, useless ceremonies, such as reading a portion of the law by a so-called "*Bar Mitzva*" boy, making a "*Misheberach*" by the person called up to the law, and eventually the "Calling up to the Law" itself, were abolished. On October 18, 1848, the Elementary School was again organized and by dint of great energy was maintained until 1854, when for many reasons the undertaking was abandoned; but in its place a Religious School was instituted, which is still in existence, and which is now in a very flourishing condition, numbering about 400 pupils. This Religious School has served as a model for many other congregations.

In January, 1851, Mr. Edward A. Weber was elected to the position of Organist, and from that time to the present has served the congregation with much fidelity and zeal. Mr. Weber is acknowledged to be one of the best organists in America, beside being a thorough musician. Many of his compositions are sung in the temple, and are always remarkable for the devotional feeling they inspire no less than for their intrinsic beauty.

Among the most important incidents in this, the second period of the congregation's history, was the purchase of a large piece of land of about 21 acres in the neighborhood of East New York, and its consecration as a burial ground on April 6th, 1851. As was never before the case with Jewish cemeteries, this was designed and laid out systematically with fine roads, well-ordered pathways, and beautiful alleys, and was stocked with plants and flowers, so as to make the place look as beautiful as possible. Since then twenty more acres have been added, and "Salem Fields Cemetery" is to-day, with the exception of "Greenwood," the handsomest cemetery in the country.

In the following year the Rev. A. Rubin, who had recently arrived from Hechingen, was elected Reader in place of Mr. Cohn. In securing the services of this gentleman the congregation really made a happy acquisition. His beautiful baritone voice, rich in pathos, and the solemn and devout manner in which he intones the service, have done much toward enlarging the congregation and establishing its celebrity. Mr. Rubin was installed into office in August 1852; and to the present day continues to discharge his duties to the satisfaction and admiration of all.

The number of members after Mr. Rubin's election becoming con-

siderably augmented, it was deemed necessary to procure a larger building. The Temple in Chrystie street was therefore sold to the Beth Israel congregation, which had been established in 1846, for \$17,000, and a large, roomy church on East Twelfth street, between Third and Fourth Avenues, was bought for \$30,000, converted into a Temple, and dedicated on the Feast of Passover, March 31st, 1854. This was the commencement of the third era of the congregation.

In August, 1854, the present Secretary, Mr. Theodore Stern, was elected to office. For twenty years he has discharged his duties with marked efficiency. His knowledge of the history of the congregation has proved of much use to us in our researches and his assistance in this respect is thankfully acknowledged.

With the opening of the new Temple, the Ladies' Gallery was abolished and family pews introduced—an arrangement which has since been imitated by many congregations. Soon after this, the attention of the members became directed to the form of prayer. For a long while they had been aware that many portions of the old ritual did not convey the idea of prayer at all, but in reality served only to create disturbance and to weary the mind, thus lessening the devotional feeling; that there were also many portions, expressing thoughts, desires and wishes which contradicted the dictates of reason and intelligence, and which necessarily rendered the recital of them an act of hypocrisy. To remedy this, it had been the custom to omit the reading of these portions during divine service, but as this was found to be very inconvenient, a committee was appointed on the 1st of January, 1854, to consider upon the revision of the prayer book, in conjunction with Dr. Merzbacher, who was empowered to make the necessary alterations, according to the decision of the committee.

This was successfully accomplished through the exertions of Dr. Merzbacher, who spared no trouble in the preparation of the work, and Divine service according to the new form was at length performed, for the first time, on Passover March 6th, 1855. In June of the same year the use of the Taleth was abolished, and in September the observance of the second days of the Festivals shared the same fate.

Thus the congregation continued to progress and prosper until the 21st of October, 1856—the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles—when a sad catastrophe occurred. The Rev. Dr. Merzbacher, the beloved Pastor, on his return home from the Temple, having preached as usual, was suddenly seized with an attack of congestion of the lungs, and before he had power to reach his home, fell, never to speak again.

This loss plunged the congregation into the deepest sorrow, and, for a time, it seemed as though a heavy calamity had befallen the sacred edifice. To this day the memory of the Rabbi who had done so much for his people and for the holy work of reform, is revered and cherished by the congregation, and an elegant and costly monument now stands over his grave, as a small token of the respect and love entertained for him by those who formed his flock during his life time.

As soon as a proper time of mourning had been observed, the election of another spiritual leader was held. The choice fell upon Rev. Dr. Samuel Adler, of Worms, circuit Rabbi of Alzei, whose reputation as a theologian and scholar was already well established. The doctor accepting the invitation, arrived in this city, and preached his installation sermon on the Sabbath before Passover 1857. The work of progress was then continued. Religious works were compiled and published for the use of the Religious School, which continued to increase in usefulness as well as in the number of pupils.

In February 1858, the earnest desire for English lectures, which had for some time been manifested, assumed an active form. The great scarcity of competent English preachers, however, proved an obstacle in the way of obtaining a regular minister. So an invitation was tendered to the popular and talented English lecturer, Raphael J. De Cordova, to accept the position of lay-lecturer. Mr. De Cordova, responded to the call of the congregation, and delivered lectures upon moral and sacred subjects, on alternate Sabbaths, from February 1858 until May 1864. Instructive and interesting as his lectures were, however, and much as he was liked, it evidently was the desire of the members to secure the services of a regular clergyman.

In the meanwhile improvements in the form of worship were by no means at an end. Many unsuitable matters which had found place in the new prayer book from considerations which were weighty at the time of its compilation, but which had now ceased to be so, rendered a fresh revision necessary, so it was decided once more to undertake it, and while strictly adhering to the type laid down by its compiler, Dr. Merzbacher, to model it in thorough accordance with the principles of reform. This work was completed by Dr. Adler to the perfect satisfaction of the congregation. In May, 1864, a law was passed abolishing the wearing of the hat during service. Thus by degrees all the antiquated and useless ceremonies which for so long a period tended to hide the beauties of true Judaism, were abolished and a proper form of worship was instituted.

But now the great point to which the minds of the members were directed was the acquisition of a new Temple in a locality better adapted to their wants. Besides, in consequence of the great growth of the congregation, the Temple on 12th street had become too small, and so steps were at length taken toward obtaining the desired end. After much labor on the part of the Trustees, Building Committee and Officials a fine lot was procured on Fifth Avenue, at the corner of 43d street, the designs approved of and the erection of the building commenced. The corner stone was laid on Tuesday, October 30th, 1866, the Revs. Dr. Adler, and James K. Gutheim of New Orleans delivering the orations.

The necessity for an English preacher was now so evident that active measures were taken to procure one. There were many difficulties however in the way, foremost among them being the scarcity of English preachers. Thus matters went on until the general meeting of members in May 1868, when the Rev. James K. Gutheim was elected. This gentleman however did not enter upon the discharge of his duties until December of the same year. In the meanwhile the building was completed and solemnly dedicated on Friday, September 11, 1868, the Rev. Drs. S. Adler and Isaac M. Wise of Cincinnati being the orators. On the following day Rev. Dr. Einhorn preached the first Sabbath sermon in the new Temple.

The following gentlemen constituted the Board of Officers and Building Committee at the time of the dedication: Louis May, President, Lazarus Rosenfeld, Vice-President, William Sulzbacher, Treasurer, A. Limburger, Hon. Secretary, J. Stettheimer, James Seligman, Jacob Goldsmith, Meyer Stern and Seligman Adler, Trustees; Martin Dittman, Moses Schloss, Isaac Bernheimer and Samuel Schiffer, Building Committee, A. L. Sanger, Secretary.

In this place we reproduce the description of the building, as it appeared in the *New York Herald* of October 2d, 1869.

"This extraordinary creation of art, standing on Fifth Avenue, corner of Forty-third street, combining with a rare, and it might be said, an unconscious harmony six different orders of architecture—Saracenic, Byzantine, Moresque, Arabesque, Gothic and Norman—has at length reached, after great expenditure of money, taste and skill, its culminating effect in the dazzling splendor of its interior decoration. The gorgeous frescoes in mosaic are finished, the ark of the Covenant stands perfect in a blaze of golden glory above it, the tablet of the law lies open, and on its azure field the precepts

thundering from the Mount are all inscribed in bold and glittering characters. The interior of the temple is rich beyond comparison. No Christian church among us can equal its affluent extravagance of decoration. All the primary and secondary shades of color have been blended throughout its ample area of frescoed walls with unrivaled skill and beauty. . . .

"Of the many imposing edifices dedicated to sacred worship that line the sides of Fifth Avenue and lift their delicate spires to the fleecy clouds, none is so unique, so attractive and so captivating to the eye as this strangely-constructed temple of Emanu-El. From the Norman base to the Moorish minarets, with their fairy-like tracing, all is novelty and beauty alike. . . . The building is 164 feet in length, 96 in height, and 90 in width. The front on Fifth Avenue has a rich effect in pillars, arched openings and cornices, all elaborately carved in Dorchester and Ohio stone. . . . The blending of style is copied in the blending of color, while violence of contrast is everywhere avoided. The two open belfries or elongated cupolas which rise upon either corner, surmounted by spires pointed with a star, signifying the shield of David, are exquisitely light and graceful. But perhaps one of the most charming of the architectural devices is an open gallery which springs across the roof from either belfry. The gaze of the many thousands, who, day by day, ride along Fifth Avenue to the Park and back again will never tire of these beautiful Moorish minarets. Poised at a giddy altitude on slender pillars, through which come glimpses of the blue sky beyond, they seem as if ever ready to be lifted up and wafted away by the first breath of a heaven-bound breeze.

"The interior of the Synagogue is divided into a nave, two aisles and a transept. The large columns which support the gallery and roof are of Dorchester stone, of a delicate neutral, but the four small columns are of polished Peterhead granite. Above the side aisles and under the roof there is an open gallery, a peculiarity often seen in the cathedrals of the Old World, but never adopted here before. In this gallery an extraordinary effect has been introduced, of a character quite as original as it is artistic. From end to end of either gallery a row of gas jets extends, partially inclosed on the outer side by curved tinwork, painted of a bright azuline color. When lighted up the reflection thrown into the deep aisle below exactly resembles moonlight bursting in all its silvery splendor through the windows at the sides. The choir gallery at the front end of the building is

lavishly decorated. Looking up from the ground floor of the temple every pillar of the balustrades and every pipe of the organ seems to be enameled in gold, amethyst and emerald. The whole presents a picture of exceeding brilliancy, in keeping with the rest of the interior. The organ is said to be the largest in the country, except that in the Music Hall of Boston. Its great size cannot be fully appreciated until one ascends to the choir gallery and looks up the line of these enormous pipes that breathe the deep diapason notes against the roof itself. But the music of that organ is something to hear, as its tones vibrate in huge waves of sound from end to end of the temple and melt away like billows breaking into softly dying murmurs on the beach The woodwork of both pews and gallery is of solid unvarnished oak, carved in arabesque designs and inlaid with colors in the vicinity of the ark. The windows are of stained glass, the pews are all carpeted and must be very luxurious resting places during a prolonged service. The aisle is lighted by a series of clustered jets, each cluster resembling a burning bush, and throwing, by their combined effulgence, a flood of mellow light into the remotest corners of the temple, bringing out the colors in the mosaic frescoes with an additional distinct yet softened brightness. In the day-time when the sunlight streams through the beautiful rose window, the effect is very fine. The grand arrangement of light and shade strikes even the unartistic observer as a triumph in itself. The space admits of nearly all that art can accomplish in this particular without detriment to the general arrangement of colors. The echo gallery corresponds to the whispering gallery in St. Paul's. Within its precincts a foot-fall sounds like the reverberations of a drum. . . .

"In the basement of the temple is a lecture room capable of seating a large share of the congregation, and apart from this, nearer to the front, are nine small school rooms, where the youthful mind is indoctrinated in religious precepts and principles. The vestibule of the temple is handsome and spacious, and its decoration gives just a faint foretaste of the greater grandeur that presides within. A tablet at either side of the main entrance records the names of the trustees and the members of the building committee to whose energy the temple owes its existence. At either side of the inner entrance is a donation box for the charity hospital and one for the Orphan Asylum. . . . The roof of the temple is flat and cut into squares by the transverse arches. A good deal of elaborate polychrome painting fills in the spaces. . . .

"Altogether the temple Emanu-El is a feature in itself and has no parallel. Its exterior is an experiment in architecture, oftentimes before attempted, but only in this instance realized as a success. Its interior decoration, without being quite so great a novelty, has so many points of originality that it fairly divides the palm of interest with the architectural design."

On the first Sunday after the dedication (September 13, 1868) the public sale of pews was held and realized \$100,000 over and above the cost of the building and lots. The highest price paid for a pew was \$9,300, Mr. Joseph Reckendorfer being the purchaser.

In December of the same year occurred the death of Mr. Martin Dittman, the efficient chairman of the building committee. His indefatigable exertions on behalf of the Temple and his estimable qualities had endeared him to the members and his loss was keenly felt by all.

In the following year, the celebrated artist, M. Constant Meyer, was ordered to paint the portraits of Messrs. Lewis May, Lazarus Rosenfeld and the late Martin Dittman, so that the same may always adorn the Trustees' Room and endure as mementos of the esteem in which they were held. This was accordingly executed in the highest style of art, as was to have been expected from so great a master as M. Meyer.

Although in the acquisition of so grand an edifice the congregation may be said to have attained the zenith of their fame, they did not permit the internal work of progress to stand still. Many changes in the Ritual were made and several passages thereof read in English. On May 8th, 1871, the ceremony of "*Bar Mitzva*" was abolished, as also the custom of publicly blessing a mother on her first appearance in synagogue after giving birth to a child. In this year a valuable collection of rare Hebrew and classical works, consisting of 3800 volumes—the property of a Mr. Miller of Amsterdam—was bought for \$5,000 and a suitable room in the building assigned for the purposes of a library, which is now open to the public twice in every week. The purchase of these works was strongly recommended by Revs. Dr. Adler and Gutheim.

At the annual meeting in May 1872, Rev. Mr. Gutheim, who had served the congregation as English minister with much zeal and ability, tendered his resignation, to take effect in December of the same year, when he voluntarily severed his connection with the Temple and returned to New Orleans, having accepted a call from

the new Temple *Sinai* in that city. Mr. Gutheim was succeeded in office by Rev. Dr. Gustav Gottheil, a gentleman who had for several years occupied the position of Rabbi of the Reform Synagogue in Manchester, England. Dr. Gottheil was elected in May, 1873, and was installed in September, on the Sabbath before *Rosh Hashana*. Since then other improvements have been introduced. The ministers no longer wear robes, the time for Friday night services has been changed from sunset to eight o'clock all the year round, and English and German lectures are alternately delivered at these services as well as at the services on Sabbath mornings.

We have thus brought down the history of the Emanu-El Temple almost to the present day. Comparing its present position of grandeur with its humble origin, and reflecting on the wonderful progress it has made during the past twenty-five years of its existence, it is safe to say that it will continue to rank among the greatest Jewish congregations of the world, and will in the future tend still further to the development of reform principles and to the elevation of Judaism.

THE POSITION OF THE JEWS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY A. WELLINGTON HART.

ONE of the most remarkable illustrations of that Divine protection vouchsafed by Almighty God to his chosen people is to be found in the advanced position of the Israelites in England within the past sixty years. No history of any nation abounds with more instances of unfeeling persecution and brutal treatment of the Jew than the History of England—an empire which has since acknowledged the value of the Jew as a citizen and appreciated the high moral worth which he possesses, by according to him the rights of citizenship and the enjoyment of every privilege granted to those of the Christian faith. By an act of Parliament in 1290 the Jews were banished from the British kingdom, and that act remained unrepealed for the period of 360 years. Fancy such an act passed by Christians, who preached “Peace on earth, Good will to all mankind,” and “Love thy neighbor as thyself!” Families driven from their homes, robbed and plundered and forbid even a temporary abode within the realm! This occurred when Christianity, through its preachers, preferred the flaming sword to the olive branch. Church and State controlled the

masses of the people and the pulpit was the place from which the violent anathemas were fulminated against the unhappy Israelites.

To Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, were they indebted for the permission to reside in England, yet his anxiety to better the condition of these wretched aliens was thwarted by the committee to whom he referred his measure of relief, it being composed of divines and lawyers who on religious grounds offered their most strenuous opposition. The handful of Jews in England who desired the comforts of home and to pursue their avocations unmolested never thought of, or desired to become members of Parliament, but religious prejudices animated the Christian mind and led to those brutal measures which, for all time, will be a stain on the escutcheon of that enlightened country, inasmuch as religious jealousy and religious prejudice *alone* caused their ostracism. The translators of "King James'" edition of the Bible prefaced "the authorised version" with this axiom: "It is confessed that things are to take their denomination of the greater part," or, in other words, that when a greater and less are brought into combination, the less must submit to the greater denomination, which, being, in this instance Christian, ignores the rights of the lesser, the Israelites. Thus the Jews, professing a religion considered by fanatics as in opposition to the Christian faith, were disfranchised and persecuted in every way.

Education has paved the way, however, to another elucidation of what the Jewish religion consists. The purity of that faith, the simple worship of one true and living God—the desire of the race to extend peace and good will to all mankind, and to love their neighbor as themselves, is now fully acknowledged. The barriers are thrown down, and in England among her legislators are to be found men eminent in their professions, who are an honor to their race. Among many well-known names are those of Serjeant Simon, recently re-elected for Dewsbury, Sir Francis Goldsmid, and his brother Julian, with Mr. Saul Samuel, who have also been elected to the new Parliament. When we remember the virulent opposition of such men as Sir Robert H. Inglis and Mr. Newdegate to the admission of Jews to Parliament, when we remember their prophecies in which they warned the Parliament of England that the admission of Jews to seats in the National Legislature "would unchristianize the nation," we may congratulate ourselves that such fossils have sunk into oblivion.

Referring to the histories of Spain and Portugal, where our unfortu-

nate co-religionists were the victims of the direst persecution we find that heresy to the Roman Catholic religion was punished by the rack and the stake, the measure of wrath for the spiritual offender. Now there is nothing in the Jewish ecclesiastical polity which could by any pretext whatever endanger the religious freedom of any nation. This religion has for centuries been unaltered in tenet or creed, and our Christian brethren do not consider their Sabbath service complete without repeating the ten commandments given by God to Moses for the government of the Jews. We cannot but infer at this period, when contemplating the hostility to the Jew, that the representatives in Parliament were afraid that the Jews possessed more brain power, more caution and prudence, and enjoyed a higher moral standard than their Christian brethren, and thus if admitted to citizenship or to Parliament would outweigh and neutralize that Christian hatred extant at the time.

During the discussions which took place in the British Parliament on the bill for removing the disabilities of the Jews, a member who was recognized as a scholar advanced the argument that the admission of a Jew into a Christian family as one of its members would have the effect of unchristianizing the professed religious character of that household, and consequently if Jews were admitted into a Christian Parliament it would have a similar effect on the British Nation. This intolerant expression fell from the lips of the member for Oxford University, a seat of learning that would ostracize the Jew because he would not subscribe to the thirty-nine articles! Thank God amidst this dark cloud of persecution the bright star of *Toleration* beams forth and the Jew stands to-day the peer of his Christian brother and he reiterates the happy sentiment, "Do unto thy neighbor as thou would'st be done by." Some half a dozen Israelites have been honored by the people of England with seats in Parliament, and the results of their probation in the past twenty years prove one fact: they are patriotic and intelligent. They have commanded the respect of the government, secured popularity from the people, and thought worthy of re-election. For the first time in the History of England the Judicial ermine has been conferred on a gentleman who was spoken of by Mr. Gladstone in the late canvass as "a high Judicial authority." Sir George Jessel as Master of the Rolls has to-day in his charge and custody millions of pounds belonging to religious denominations *other* than Jews, and the progress of enlightenment caused this distinguished Israelite to be selected to fill this high

and responsible office. What a revolution in religious sentiment, what a contrast to years gone by! God's providence is manifest in all this. The Jew has never abandoned his faith nor those obligations which bind him to his holy religion. Literature, Journalism, popular meetings, the tone and manners of society, all indicate an increasing homage to Jewish worth, and as time progresses every Christian nation will appreciate the merits of the Jews and consequently their elevation to offices of high dignity and responsibility will follow.

Here in America, "the land of civil and religious liberty," the Jew has to stand on his own merits. Congress is open to him, the Bench and Bar have their votaries, and the medical profession ranks among its members distinguished gentlemen who are Israelites. But the government has ignored the Jew! We cite the Consulate to Roumania filled by a Jew, *who is supported by a religious society*, the State Department under Mr. Fish's control declining to place Mr. B. J. Peixotto's name among the paid consulates! and although the attention of the President has been called to his neglect of the Israelites, who now number 400,000 in America, he has made no sign. The elective franchise is the only safeguard, and to it alone can the Jew look for advancement. In former years a distinguished senator who was a Jew represented Louisiana—Judah P. Benjamin. The recent Rebellion warped his better judgment, and he stood with his State against the Union. In the Confederate Cabinet he filled the important office of Secretary of State, and on peace being declared he took up his residence in London, where his eminent talents were displayed, attracting the attention of the Lord Chancellor, who recently appointed him *Queen's Counsel*. In the House of Representatives Hon. Henry M. Phillips and Emanuel B. Hart have been members in years past, but whether from apathy or a morbid desire to make money, no Israelite in the past fifteen years has had the honor to become a member of the House of Representatives. A descendant of an Israelite is the Premier of England, and in the person of Benjamin D'Israeli the Jews have a firm and uncompromising friend. The outlook for our race is bright and clear throughout the world, and to our Redeemer and Deliverer must we ascribe all honor and praise for the merciful guardianship and protection vouchsafed to us as a race, ever faithful to those laws and ordinances which have kept us as a firm and united family wherever the Jew is to be found.

GOD OUR LIGHT.

BY ROSA.

WITH Thee, oh God ! to give me light,
No darkness will appear,
And that which in my mental sight
Is dim, Thou wilt make clear.

Thou dost encircle with thy beams
The earth Thou didst create ;
Nor is there any sphere but teems
With light commensurate.

Oh ! never on the stormy sea
Of life let me be driven,
Without thy guiding light to see,
And lead me on to heaven.

How could I wander forth alone,
In darkness and in fear,
Unless thy heavenly light so shone
That I might *feel* Thee near.

Oh ! wilt Thou deign to shed a ray
Of pure unclouded light
Across my path, if I would stray
One moment from thy sight ?

When Thee I seek, and sin I shun,
When virtue I pursue,
May every effort be begun
With God, my light, in view !

Oh ! let thy countenance divine
So beam upon my soul,
That whether grief or bliss be mine
Thy name I may extol.

Then let no darkness make us fear,
If God our light will be ;
And think, if light's a blessing here,
How blest eternity !

LIFE OF MAIMONIDES.

BY JAMES TOWNLEY, D. D.

RABBI MOSES BEN MAIMON or MAIMONIDES, called also RAMBAM from the initials of his name, and MOSES *the Egyptian* from his long residence in Egypt, was born at Cordova in Spain, in the year 1131, or according to some 1133, of the Christian era. His father, who was descended from an illustrious line of ancestors, sustained the office of judge among his own nation; and by his knowledge of jurisprudence, and the ability and integrity with which he executed the difficult and important duties of the magistracy, secured the respect of Christians as well as Jews.

The education of young Maimonides appears to have been conducted, at first, under the immediate superintendence of his father; but a series of domestic quarrels having subsequently obliged him to quit the paternal roof, he placed himself under the care of the most learned Jewish teachers, and studied, with sedulous attention, the Mosaic Law, and its various Talmudical and Rabbinical commentaries. After devoting some years to the pursuit of Hebrew learning, he attached himself to the great Arabian Philosopher and Physician Averroes, as one of his pupils and disciples. With these advantages, and possessing a mind vigorous, penetrating, and acute, he not only made uncommon progress in Rabbinical literature, but excelled also in the mathematical, metaphysical, and medical sciences; and added to a knowledge of the Hebrew and Arabic languages, an acquaintance with the Chaldee, Turkish, and Greek, beside the other more modern dialects of the countries in which he resided. As his knowledge was profound, so his reading was extensive and various, having read not only the works of the most celebrated Rabbins of his own nation, but also the writings of Plato, Aristotle, Themistius, Galen, and of the Philosophers in general.

The astonishing talents and learning of Averroes produced in Maimonides, an esteem and attachment, disinterested and unconquerable; so that when a violent persecution had been raised against Averroes, and he had been removed from the Chief Magistracy of Cordova by the influence of the Mussulman doctors, who suspected him of defection from the Mohammedan faith, Maimonides continued the offices of friendship, and, sooner than discover his place of concealment, submitted to a voluntary exile from his native country and early associates,

and withdrew into Egypt where he principally resided during the rest of his life. To this steady devotion to the interests of his teacher and friend, we ought, probably, to attribute the calumny raised against Maimonides by the zealots of his nation, that he had apostatized from the religion of his fathers and embraced the peculiarities of Islamism; —a calumny industriously propagated by his enemies, so that one of them, a Spaniard, named Abu-Arab, a man of eminent talents, coming to reside in Egypt, embittered his latter days, by renewing the charge of apostacy, with such determined enmity, that at length the Sultan summoned Abu-Arab into his presence and silenced him, by defending Maimonides, and deciding, that even if he had professed himself a disciple of Mohammed, during a time of violent persecution, he ought not to be regarded as an apostate, for that “whatsoever is done involuntarily and by violence, in matters of religion, ought to be considered as nothing.” It must, however, be acknowledged that this principle, though one which had been maintained by our author himself, in an Epistle addressed to his persecuted countrymen, is founded too much on *expediency*, and too much fraught with the most dangerous consequences, to have been a sufficient apology for a false profession of Islamism, if so foul a prevarication had been proved against him.

On removing to Egypt, Maimonides settled at Cairo, where, for want of other employment, he was at first reduced to the necessity of trading as a jeweler. But neither penury nor persecution could repress his ardor for study; for in the midst of complicated troubles, he continued and completed his *Commentary on the Mishnah* or ORAL Law, which he had begun in Spain, at the age of twenty-three; and prior to which he had composed a *Commentary* on certain portions of the GEMARA, that has been unfortunately lost, probably at the period of his removal from Spain.

After some time, his great merit introduced him to the notice and esteem of the Sultan Alphadel, who appointed him his physician, and allowed him a pension. In an epistle to his friend, R. Samuel Aben Tybbon, he thus describes the daily occupations of his elevated station: “I generally visit the Sultan every morning; and when either he, or his children, or his wives are attacked with any disorder, I am detained in attendance the whole of the day; or, when any of the nobility are sick, I am ordered to visit them. But, if nothing prevent, I repair to my own habitation at noon, where I no sooner arrive, exhausted, and faint with hunger, than I find myself surrounded with a crowd of Jews and Gentiles, nobles and peasants, judges and tax-

gatherers, friends and enemies, eagerly expecting the time of my return. Alighting from my horse, I wash my hands, according to custom, and then courteously and respectfully saluting my guests, entreat them to wait with patience whilst I take some refreshment. Dinner concluded, I hasten to inquire into their various complaints, and to prescribe for them the necessary medicines. Such is the business of every day. Frequently, indeed, it happens, that some are obliged to wait till evening, and I continue for many hours, and even to a late hour of the night, incessantly engaged in listening, talking, ordering, and prescribing, till I am so overworked with fatigue and sleep that I can scarcely utter a word."

At the command of the Sultan, he translated the works of the celebrated Arabian physician, AVICENNA or IBN SINA; a copy of which is said to be preserved at Bologna, with the following titular inscription: "ABENSARA: translated by our master, Moses the son of Maimon, whose memory be blessed!"

His residence at the court of the Egyptian Prince, enabled him not only to protect the Jews, by his influence with the Sultan, but also to found an academy for his nation at Alexandria, which he appears to have countenanced and promoted by his personal superintendence and instructions. The celebrity of the institution drew students from various parts of Egypt, Judea, and Syria, who, attracted by the fame of Maimonides, rejoiced in the opportunity afforded them of becoming his scholars. This desire of benefiting by the advantages of the Alexandrian academy continued, with increasing ardor, till persecutions, being raised by the Mohammedans against the Jews, rendered it unsafe for strangers to visit Egypt, and even induced some to assume the character of Mohammedans who secretly retained their preference for Judaism.

The multifarious engagements of our learned physician, numerous and toilsome as they were, could not divert him from his favorite studies of Hebrew jurisprudence and literature; we therefore find him laboring with indefatigable diligence and patience on a digest of the Jewish laws, collected from the immense and confused compilations of the *Talmud*. This great work he entitled *Yad Hachazakah*, "The strong hand," or *Mishneh Torah*, "The Mishnical Law." It has been several times printed; and is held in high estimation as an excellent compendium of the laws and decisions of the *Talmud*.

Another work of still greater interest and value, was his *MORE NEVOCHIM*, or "Instructor of the Perplexed," which he completed in

his fiftieth year, and to which he appears to have brought the most profound learning under the direction of the soundest judgment. It is a critical, philosophical, and theological work, in which he endeavors to explain the difficult passages, phrases, parables, allegories, and ceremonies of the Old Testament; and is rendered particularly important, by "an excellent Exposition of the grounds and reasons of the Mosaic Laws," to which many of our most eminent Biblical critics and commentators have been deeply indebted. It was written originally in *Arabic*, by Maimonides, and afterward translated into *Hebrew*, with his approbation, by his friend and disciple, R. Samuel Aben Tybbon, author of a Hebrew translation of *Euclid*, and other learned works. A Prospectus of an edition of the *Arabic*, to be accompanied with a Latin version and notes, was circulated by the eminent Orientalist Dr. Thomas Hyde; but not meeting with sufficient encouragement, he abandoned the design. The Prospectus has been since reprinted in the *Syntagma* of Dr. Hyde, by Dr. Gregory Sharpe. In 1520, Justinian, Bishop of Nebio, published a Latin translation of this work, in folio, beautifully printed with a Gothic type, by Badius Ascensius, at Paris. The younger Buxtorf undertook a new version of the Hebrew into Latin, which was printed at Basil, by J. J. Genath, 1629, 4to. with a Preface including a biographical account of the author. The Hebrew, accompanied with Rabbinical commentaries, was printed at Venice, in 1553, and at Jaznitz, in 1742: other editions also have been printed at different times, which it is unnecessary to particularize.

On the first appearance of the *More Nevochim*, and especially after its translation into Hebrew, by R. Samuel Aben Tybbon, it met with the most violent opposition from many of the more bigoted and pharisaical Rabbins, owing to its author having preferred Scripture and Reason, to the dogmas and decisions of the Talmudical and Rabbinical doctors, in the explanation of Scripture phraseology and precepts. Rabbi SOLOMON, who presided over the synagogue, and the other Rabbins of Montpelier, in France, were among the most violent opponents of the writings of Maimonides. Professing themselves defenders of the Talmud, they omitted nothing that could discredit our author, or render him suspected of maintaining erroneous and dangerous doctrines. They even burnt his books, and excommunicated those who read them, or applied themselves to the study of foreign languages and science. This violent procedure was determinately resisted by the Rabbins of Narbonne, who anathema-

tized R. Solomon, and two of his disciples who had been the most active in seconding the views of their teacher. Exasperated by this act, R. Solomon and his adherents appealed to the other synagogues of France; and, having engaged them in their interest, induced them to return the anathema, by publicly excommunicating the Rabbins of the synagogues of Languedoc. The Rabbins of Narbonne, resolute in their defence of Maimonides and his *More Nevochim*, immediately delegated the celebrated Rabbi David Kimchi to visit the synagogues of Catalonia and Arragon, and endeavor to prevail upon them to vindicate their illustrious countryman against the machinations of his furious enemies. Rabbi Kimchi undertook the mission, after having fruitlessly endeavored to effect a reconciliation between the contending parties. Before he had proceeded far on his journey, he was seized with an illness, which prevented him from visiting the synagogues in person: but by his letters and influence he so far accomplished his object, that although some individuals of eminence and learning warmly espoused the cause of R. Solomon and his associates, all the principal synagogues of Spain united in the anathema, denounced against the Rabbins of France, who had combined their efforts to suppress and discredit the writings of Maimonides. R. Solomon, in the mean time, irritated by the vigorous opposition to his designs, ventured on the desperate measure of applying to the Christians to aid his determination of destroying or preventing the reading of any of the works he had condemned. For this purpose he appealed first to the common people, and then to the ecclesiastical dignitaries, assuring them that certain heretics had sprung up among the Jews, who entertained dangerous opinions, and expressing an earnest wish that they might be treated as the Christians treated such characters among themselves, by burning both them and their works. For sometime the Jews were brought into great contempt and danger; but the decisive and united censure of the Spanish synagogues produced a revolution in the public mind in favor of Maimonides and his writings; for the Rabbins of France, astonished and alarmed by the proceedings of the Rabbins of Spain, withdrew their censure, revoked the decrees which had been passed at Montpellier, and consented to cancel the Epitaph on the tomb of Maimonides, who had been some time deceased, because it was there declared that he was *excommunicated*. The contest, however, did not entirely cease for several years, but was continued with more or less virulence till the year 1232, when it finally terminated.

The *More Nevochim* was the last great literary work in which our author engaged, unless, indeed, we except an accurate transcription of the PENTATEUCH made with his own hand, and designed to serve as an exemplar for the scribes of the Law. Of this transcription, Maimonides himself has stated, if the account given in an ancient manuscript be correct, that having frequently remarked, with pain, the very inaccurate and faulty manner in which the manuscripts of the Law, in use in Egypt, had been copied, he transcribed the *Books of Moses* with his own hand, from a most valuable and accurate copy, written before the destruction of Jerusalem, that other copies might be made by his disciples, and dispersed among the Jews who were settled in Egypt, that they might by this means be furnished with true copies of the Divine Laws. After completing his transcription, he visited Chalons, in Burgundy, and there obtained sight of a transcript of the Law, written by the hand of EZRA, *the priest and scribe*. With this venerated copy of the Pentateuch, he collated that which he himself had written, and found it to agree with it in every particular; and so great was his joy on the occasion, that he vowed to celebrate the event by an annual feast.

Some doubts, indeed, have been raised against the truth of this relation, from the fact not being stated in certain of his writings, in which it is supposed such an occurrence would have been noticed, if it had taken place; but if the transcripts were made, as is not improbable, toward the close of his life, it could not be noticed in works composed prior to the event.

Our great author died in Egypt, at the age of seventy, and was buried in the *Land of Israel*. For three days successively there was a general mourning among the Egyptians as well as the Jews; and the year in which he died, was called *Lamentum Lamentabile*. "From MOSES to MOSES," say the Rabbins proverbially, "there never arose one like unto MOSES."—"The memory of MAIMONIDES," says Dr. Clavering, Bishop of Peterborough, "has hitherto flourished, and will continue to flourish for ever."

THE VALE OF CEDARS ; OR, THE MARTYR.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Slight are the outward signs of evil thought :
Within, within—'twas there the spirit wrought.
Love shows all changes : hate, ambition, guile,
Betray no further than the bitter smile."

BYRON.

Our readers must imagine that nearly a year and a half has elapsed since the conclusion of our last chapter. During that interval the outward life of Marie had passed in a calm, even stream ; which, could she have succeeded in entirely banishing thoughts of the past, would have been unalloyed enjoyment. Her marriage, as we hinted in our fourth chapter, had been solemnized in public, with all the form and ceremony of the Catholic Church, and with a splendor incumbent on the high rank and immense wealth of the bridegroom. In compliance with Marie's wishes, however, she had not yet been presented to the Queen ; delicate health (which was the fact, for a terrible fever had succeeded the varied emotions of her wedding day) and her late bereavement, was her husband's excuse to Isabella for her non-appearance—an excuse graciously accepted ; the rather that the Queen of Castile was then much engrossed with political changes and national reforms, than from any failing of interest in Don Ferdinand's bride.

Changed as was her estate, from her lovely home in the Vale of Cedars, where she had dwelt as the sole companion of an ailing parent, to the mistress of a large establishment in one of the most populous cities of Castile ; the idolized wife of the Governor of the town—and, as such, the object of popular love and veneration, and called upon, frequently, to exert influence and authority—still Marie did not fail performing every new duty with a grace and sweetness binding her more and more closely to the doting heart of her husband. For her inward self, Marie was calm—nay, at intervals, almost happy. She had neither prayed nor struggled in vain, and she felt as if her very prayer was answered in the fact that Arthur Stanley had been appointed to some high and honorable post in Sicily, and they were not therefore likely yet to meet again. The wife of such a character as Morales could not have continued wretched unless perversely re-

solved so to be. But his very virtues, while they inspired the deepest reverence toward him, engendered some degree of fear. Could she really have loved him—as he believed she did—this feeling would not have had existence; but its foundation was the constant thought that she was deceiving him—the remorse, that his fond confidence was so utterly misplaced—the consciousness, that there was still something to conceal, which, if discovered, must blight his happiness for ever, and estrange him from her, were it only for the past deceit. Had his character been less lofty—his confidence in her less perfect—his very love less fond and trusting—she could have borne her trial better; but to one true, ingenuous, open as herself, what could be more terrible than the unceasing thought that she was acting a part—and to her husband? Often and often she longed, with an almost irresistible impulse, to fling herself at his feet, and beseech him not to pierce her heart with such fond trust; but the impulse was forcibly controlled. What would such confession avail her now?—or him, save to wound?

Among the many Spaniards of noble birth who visited Don Ferdinand's was one Don Luis Garcia, whose actual rank and office no one seemed to know; and yet, in affairs of church or state, camp or council, he was always so associated, that it was impossible to discover to which of these he was allied; in fact, there was a mystery around him, which no one could solve. Notwithstanding his easy—nay, it was by some thought fascinating manners, his presence generally created a restraint, felt intuitively by all, yet comprehended by none. That there is such an emotion as antipathy mercifully placed within us, often as a warning, we do most strenuously believe; but we seldom trace and recognize it as such, till circumstances reveal its truth.

The real character of Don Luis, and the office he held, our future pages will disclose; suffice it here to state, that there was no lack of personal attractions or mental graces, to account for the universal, yet unspoken and unacknowledged dislike which he inspired. Apparently in the prime of life, he yet seemed to have relinquished all the pleasures and even the passions of life. Austere, even rigid, in those acts of piety and personal mortifications enjoined by his religion—voluntary fasts, privations, nights supposed to be passed in vigil and in penance; occasional rich gifts to patron saints, and their human followers; an absence of all worldly feeling, even ambition; some extraordinary deeds of benevolence—all rendered him an object of actual veneration to the priests and monks with which the goodly city

of Segovia abounded; and even the populace declared him faultless, as a catholic and a man, even while their inward shuddering belied the words.

Don Ferdinand Morales alone was untroubled with these contradictory emotions. Incapable of hypocrisy himself, he could not imagine it in others: his nature seemed actually too frank and true for the admission even of a prejudice. Little did he dream that his name, his wealth, his very favor with the Queen, his influence with her subjects, had already stamped him, in the breast of the man to whom his house and heart alike were open, as an object of suspicion and espial: and that ere a year had passed over his wedded life, these feelings were ripened, cherished—changed from the mere thought of persecution, to palpable resolve, by personal and ungovernable hate.

Don Luis had never known love; not even the fleeting fancy, much less the actual passion, of the sensualist, or the spiritual aspirings of true affection. Of the last, in fact, he was utterly incapable. No feeling, with him, was of an evanescent nature: under the cold austerity of the ordinary man, lay coals of living fire. It mattered not under what guise excited—hate, revenge, ambition, he was capable of all. At love, alone, he had ever laughed—exulting in his own security.

The internal condition of Spain, as we have before said, had been, until the accession of Isabella and Ferdinand, one of the grossest license and most fearful immorality. Encouraged in the indulgence of every passion, by the example of the Court, no dictates of either religion or morality ever interfered to protect the sanctity of home; unbridled desires were often the sole cause of murderous assaults; and these fearful crimes continually passing unpunished, encouraged the supposition that men's passions were given to be their sole guide, before which, honor, innocence, and virtue fell powerless.

The vigorous proceedings of Ferdinand and Isabella had already remedied these terrible abuses. Over the public safety and reform they had some power; but over the hearts of individuals they had none; and there were still some with whom past license was far more influencing than present restraint and legal severity; still some who paused at no crime so that the gratification of their passions was insured; and foremost among these, though by his secret office pledged to the annihilation of all domestic and social ties, as regarded his own person, was Don Luis Garcia.

For rather more than a year, Don Ferdinand Morales had enjoyed

the society of his young wife uninterruptedly, save by occasional visits, of brief duration, to Valladolid and Leon, where Isabella alternately held her court. He was now, however, summoned to attend the sovereigns, on a visit to Ferdinand's paternal dominions, an office which would cause his absence for a much longer interval. He obeyed with extreme reluctance—nor did Marie feel the separation less. There was, in some measure, a feeling of security in his presence, which, whenever he was absent, gave place to fearful tremblings as to what might transpire to shake her faith in him ere he returned.

Resolved that not the very faintest breath of scandal should touch *his* wife, Marie, during the absence of Morales, always kept herself secluded. This time her retirement was stricter than ever; and great, then, was her indignation and astonishment, when about a fortnight before her husband's expected return, and in direct contradiction to her commands, Don Luis Garcia was admitted to her presence; and nothing but actual flight, for which she was far too proud and self-possessed, could have averted the private interview which followed. The actual words which passed we know not; but, after a very brief interval of careless converse on the part of Garcia—something he said earnestly, and in the tones of pitying sympathy, caused the cheek and lips of Marie to blanch to marble, and her whole frame to shiver, and then grow rigid, as if turned to stone. Could it be that the fatal secret, which she believed was known only to herself and Arthur, that she had loved another ere she wedded Ferdinand, had been penetrated by the man toward whom she had ever felt the most intense abhorrence? and that he dared refer to it as a source of sympathy—as a proof that he could feel for her more than her unsuspecting husband? Why was speech so frozen up within her, that she could not, for the moment, answer, and give him back the lie? But that silence of deadly terror lasted not long: he had continued to speak; at first she was unconscious of his change of tone, words, and even action; but when his actual meaning flashed upon her, voice, strength, energy returned in such a burst of womanly indignation, womanly majesty, that Garcia himself, skilled in every art of evil as he was, quailed beneath it, and felt that he was powerless, save by violence and revenge.

While the terrible interview lasted, the wife of Morales had not failed; but when once more alone, the most deadly terror took possession of her. She had, indeed, so triumphed as to banish Garcia, defeated, from her presence; but fearful threats of vengeance were in that interview divulged—allusions to some secret power, over which

he was the head, armed with authority even greater than that of the sovereign's—mysteriously spoken, but still almost strangely intelligible that in her betrayal or her silence lay the safety or the danger of her husband—all compelled the conviction that her terror and her indignation at the daring insult must be buried deep in her own breast; even while the supposition that Don Luis knew all the past (though how, her wildest imagination could not discover), and that therefore she was in his power, urged her yet more to a full confession to her husband. Better if his heart must be wrung by her, than by a foe; and yet she shrunk in anguish from the task.

She was, however, deceived as to the amount of Garcia's knowledge of her past life. Accustomed to read human nature under all its varied phases—employing an unusually acute penetration so to know his fellows as to enable him, when needed, to create the greatest amount of misery—he had simply perceived that Marie's love for her husband was of a different nature to his for her, and that she had some secret to conceal. On this he had based his words: his suspicions were, unhappily, confirmed by the still, yet expressive agony they had occasioned. Baffled, as in some measure he had been, his internal rage that he should have so quailed before a woman, naturally increased the whirlwind of contending passions: but schooled by his impenetrable system of hypocrisy to outward quietness and control, he waited, certain that circumstances would either of themselves occur, or be so guided by him as to give him ample means of triumph and revenge.

CHAPTER IX.

"You would have thought the very windows spake;
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes."

SHAKESPEARE.

IN an apartment, whose pale, green hangings, embroidered with richly colored flowers, and whose furniture and ornaments, all of delicate material and refined taste, marked it as a meet boudoir for gentle blood, sat Marie and her husband. She occupied her favorite seat—a cushion at his feet, and was listening with interest to his animated history of the Sovereign's welcome to Saragossa, the popular ferment at their appearance, the good they had accomplished, and would still accomplish, as their judicious plans matured. It was clear, he said,

that they had resolved the sovereign power should not be merely nominal, as it had been. By making himself proclaimed and received as grand master of the three great orders of knighthood—Saint Iago, Compostella, and Alcantara—the immense influence of those associations must succumb to, and be guided by, Ferdinand alone; the power of the nobles would thus be insensibly diminished, and the mass of the kingdom—the PEOPLE—as a natural consequence, become of more importance, their position more open to the eyes of the sovereigns, and their condition, physically and morally, ameliorated and improved.

“I feel and acknowledge this, dearest; though one of the class whose power must be diminished to accomplish it;” he continued, “I am too anxious for the internal prosperity of my country to quarrel with any measures which minds so enlightened as its present sovereigns may deem requisite. But this is but a grave theme for thee, love. Knowest thou that her Grace reproached me with not bringing thee to join the Arragonese festivities. When Donna Emilie spoke of thee, and thy gentle worth and feminine loveliness, as being such as indeed her Grace would love, my Sovereign banished me her presence as a disloyal cavalier for so deserting thee; and when I mark how pale and thin thou art, I feel that she was right; I should have borne thee with me.

“Or not have left me. Oh, my husband, leave me not again!” she replied, with sudden and involuntary emotion which caused him to throw his arm round her, and fondly kiss her brow.

“Not for the court, dearest; but that gentle heart must not forget thou art a warrior’s wife, and as such, for his honor’s sake, must sometimes bear the pang of parting. Nay, thou tremblest, and art still paler! Ere such summons come, thou wilt have learned to know and love thy Queen, and in her protecting favor find some solace, should I be called to war.”

“War! talk they of war again? I thought all was now at peace?”

“Yes, love, in our sovereign’s hereditary dominions; but there can be no lasting peace while some of the fairest territory of Spain still dims the supremacy of Castile, and bows down to Moorish masters. It is toward Grenada King Ferdinand looks, yearning for the day when, all internal commotions healed, he can head a gallant army to compel subjection; and sad as it will be to leave thee, sweet, thou wilt forgive thy soldier if he say, would that the day were come!”

“And will not their present extent of kingdom suffice the sovereigns?”

When they recall their former petty domains, and compare them with the present, is it not enough?"

Morales smiled. "Thou speakest as a very woman, gentle one, to whom the actual word 'ambition' is unknown. Why, the very cause thou namest urges our sovereigns to the conquest of these Moors. They are the blot upon a kingdom otherwise as fair and great as any other European land. They thirst to raise it in the scale of kingdoms—to send down their names to posterity, as the founders of the Spanish monarchy—the builders and supporters of a united throne, and so leave their children an undivided land. Surely this is a glorious project, one which every Spanish warrior must rejoice to aid. But fear not a speedy summons, love; much must be accomplished first. Isabella will visit this ancient city ere then, and thou wilt learn to love and reverence her as I do."

"In truth, my husband, thou hast made me loyal as thyself; but say they not she is severe, determined, stern?"

"To the guilty, yes; even the weak crafty will not stand before her repelling glance: but what hast thou to fear, my love? Penetrative as she is, seeming to read the heart through the countenance, she can read nought in thee save qualities to love. I remember well the eagle glance she fixed on King Ferdinand's young English favorite, Senor Stanley, the first time he was presented to her. But she was satisfied, for he ranks as deservedly high in her favor as in her husband's. Thou hast heard me speak of this young Englishman, my Marie?"

Her face was at that moment turned from him, or he might have started at its sudden flush; but she assented by a sign.

"He was so full of joyousness and mirth, that to us of graver nature it seemed almost below his dignity as man; and now they tell me he is changed so mournfully; grave, sad, silent, maturity seems to have descended upon him ere he has quite passed boyhood; or he has some secret sorrow, too sacred to be revealed. There is some talk of his recall from Sicily, he having besought the king for a post of active and more dangerous service. Ferdinand loves such daring spirits, and therefore no doubt will grant his boon. Ha! Alberic, what is it?" he continued, eagerly, as a page entered, and delivered a packet secured with floss silk, and sealed with the royal signet, adding that it had been brought by an officer of the royal guard, attended by some men at arms. "Give him welcome suited to his rank, boy: I will but peruse these, and attend him instantly."

The page withdrew, and Don Ferdinand, hastily cutting the silk,

was speedily so engrossed in his dispatches, as to forget for the time even the presence of his wife; and well it was so; for it enabled her with a strong effort to conquer the deadly sickness Morales' careless words had caused—the pang of dread accompanying every thought of Arthur's return to Spain—to still the throbbing pulse and quivering lip, and, outwardly unmoved, meet his joyous glance once more.

“’Tis as I thought and hoped,” he said, with animation: “the sovereigns hold their court for some months in this city; coeval, in antiquity, associations, and loyalty, with Valladolid and Leon, Isabella, with her characteristic thought for all her subjects, has decided on making it occasionally the seat of empire alternately with them, and commissions me, under her royal seal, to see the castle fittingly prepared. Listen, love, what her Grace writes further—‘Take heed, my good lord, and hide not in a casket the brightest gem which we have heard adorns thy home. We would ourselves judge the value of thy well-hoarded jewel—not that we doubt its worth; for it would be strange, indeed, if he who hath ever borne off the laurel wreath from the competitors for glory, should not in like manner seek and win the prize of beauty. In simple language, let Donna Marie be in attendance.’ And so thou shalt, love; and by thy gentle virtues and modest loveliness, add increase of honor to thy husband. Ha! what says Gonzalo de Lara?” he added, as his eye glanced over another paper—“‘Tumults in Sicily—active measures—Senor Stanley—enough on which to expend his chivalric ardor, and evince his devotedness to Ferdinand; but Sicily quieted—supposed the king will still grant his request—assign him some post about his person, be at hand for military service against the Moors.’ Good! then the war is resolved on. We must bestir ourselves, dearest, to prepare fit reception for our royal guests; there is but brief time.”

He embraced and left her as he spoke; and for several minutes Marie remained without the power even to rise from her seat: one pang conquered, another came. Arthur's recall appeared determined; would it be so soon that he would join the sovereigns before they reached Segovia? She dared not think, save to pray, with wild and desperate fervor, that such might not be.

Magnificent, indeed, were Don Ferdinand's preparations for the banquet with which he intended to welcome his sovereigns to Segovia. The castle was to be the seat of their residence, and the actual *locale* of their court; but it was at his own private dwelling he resolved, by a sumptuous entertainment, to evince how deeply and reverentially he

felt the favor with which he was regarded by both monarchs, more especially by Isabella his native sovereign.

In the many struggles which were constantly occurring between the Spaniards and Moors, the former had become acquainted with the light yet beautiful architecture and varied skill in all the arts peculiar to the latter, and displayed their improved taste in both public and private buildings. Morales, in addition to natural taste, possessed great affluence, which enabled him to evince yet greater splendor in his establishment than was usual to his countrymen.

There was one octangular room, the large panels forming the walls of which were painted, each forming a striking picture of the principal events in the history of Spain, from the descent of Don Palayo, and the mountaineers of Asturias, who struck the first blow for Spanish freedom, to the accession of Ferdinand and Isabella. The paintings were not detached pictures, but drawn and colored on the wall itself, which had been previously prepared for the reception of the colors by a curious process, still in use among the Orientals.* The colors, when dry, were rubbed, till the utmost brilliancy was attained, and this, combined as it was with a freedom and correctness of drawing, produced an effect as striking then as it would be novel to modern eyes. One side, divided into three compartments, contained in one a touching likeness of the young Alfonso. His figure, rather larger than life, was clothed in armor, which shone as inlaid with gold. His head was bare, and his bright locks flowed over his shoulders as he wore them in life. His brilliant eye, his lofty brow, and peculiarly sweet expression of mouth, had been caught by the limner, and transferred to his painting in all their original beauty. Round him were grouped some of the celebrated cavaliers of his party; and the back-ground, occupied by troops not in regular battalions, but as impelled by some whelming feeling of national excitement, impossible to be restrained. Answering to this was a full length of the infanta Isabella I, in the act of refusing the crown offered by the confederates. The centre compartment represented the union of Castile and Aragon by the nuptials of their respective sovereigns in the cathedral church of Valladolid. Over these pictures were suspended golden lamps, inlaid with gems; so that, day or night, the effect should remain the same. Opposite the dais, huge folding-doors opened on an extensive hall, where the banquets were generally held, and down which Don Ferdinand intended to range the tables for his guests of

* See Art Union Journal, August, 1845.

lesser rank, leaving the octangular apartment for the royal tables, and those of the most distinguished nobles; the one, however, so communicating with the other, as to appear one lengthened chamber. On the right hand of the dais, another large door opened on a withdrawing-room, the floor of which was of marble, curiously tinted; and the walls hung with Genoa velvet, ruby-colored, and bordered by a wide fringe of gold. Superb vases of alternate crystal and frosted silver, on pedestals of alabaster and of aqua-marine, were ranged along the walls, the delicate beauty of their material and workmanship coming out well against the rich coloring of the hangings behind. The roof, a lofty dome, displayed the light Arabesque workmanship, peculiar to Moorish architecture, as did the form and ornaments of the windows. This apartment opened into another, much smaller, each side of which, apparently formed of silver plate, reflected as mirrors every object; and the pillars supporting the peculiarly light roof of the same glittering material. Some parts of the extensive gardens Morales intended to illuminate; and others, for the effect of contrast, to be left in deepest shadow.

Nothing was omitted which could do honor to the royal guests, or cast a reproach upon the magnificent hospitality of their hosts. The preparations were but just completed, when an advance guard arrived at Segovia with the tidings of the rapid approach of the sovereigns; and Morales with a gallant troop of his own retainers, and a procession of the civil and military officers of Segovia, hastened to meet and escort them to the town.

With an uncontrollable impulse, Marie had followed the example of almost every female in Segovia, and, wrapt in her shrouding veil, had stationed herself with some attendants at a casement overlooking the long line of march. The city itself presented one scene of glad-some bustle and excitement: flags were suspended from every "turret, dome, and tower," rich tapestries hung over balconies, which were filled with females of every rank and grade, vying in the richness and elegance of their apparel, and their coquettish use of the veil and fan, so as to half-hide and half-display their features, more or less beautiful—for beautiful as a nation, the Spanish women undoubtedly are. Bells were ringing from every church; ever and anon came a burst of warlike music, as detached troops galloped in the town, welcomed with shouts as the officer at their head was recognized. Even the priests themselves, with their sober dresses and solemn countenances, seemed touched with the universal excitement, relaxing into smiles

and hearty greeting with the laymen they encountered. As the hours waned, popular excitement increased. It was the first visit of Isabella to the city; and already had her character been displayed in such actions as to kindle the warmest love toward the woman, in addition to the enthusiastic loyalty toward the Queen.

At length the rumor rose that the main body was approaching—in little more than an hour the sovereigns would pass the gates, and excitement waxed wilder and wilder, and impatience was only restrained by the interest excited toward the gallant bodies of cavalry, which now in slow and measured march approached, forming the commencement of a line, which for three hours continued to pour within the city in one unbroken strain.

Even Marie herself, pre-occupied as she was in the dread search for one object, could not glance down on the moving multitude beneath her without in some degree sharing the enthusiasm of her countrymen. There were gallant warriors of every age, from the old man to the beardless youth; chargers, superb in form and rich in decoration; a field of spears glittering in the broad sunshine, some bearing the light gay pennoncelle, others absolutely bending beneath the heavy folds of banners, which the light breeze at times extended so as to display their curious heraldic bearings, and then sunk heavily around their staffs. Esquires bearing their masters' shields, whose spotless fields flung back a hundred-fold the noonday sun—plumes so long and drooping, as to fall from the gilded crest till they rested on the shoulder—armor so bright as to dazzle the eyes of the beholders, save when partly concealed under the magnificent surcoats and mantles, among which the richest velvets, slashed with gold or silver, distinguished the highest nobles. Pageantry like this mingled with such stirring sounds as the tramp of the noble horse, curveting, prancing, rearing, as if disdaining the slow order of march—the thrilling blast of many trumpets, the long roll, or short, sharp call of the drum; and the mingled notes of martial instruments, blending together in wild yet stirring harmony, would be sufficient even in this prosaic age to bid the heart throb and the cheek burn, recognizing it, as perhaps we should, merely as the *symbol*, not the *thing*. What, then, must it have been, when men felt such glittering pageant and chivalric seeming, the *realities* of life?

At length came the principal group; the pressure of the crowd increased, and human hearts so throbbed, that it seemed as if they could not breathe, save in the stunning shouts, bidding the very welkin ring.

Surrounded by a guard of honor, composed indiscriminately of Castilians and Arragonese, mounted on a jet black steed, which pawed the ground, and shook his graceful head, as if conscious of his princely burden, magnificently attired, but in the robes of peace, with a circlet of gold and gems enwreathing his black velvet cap, his countenance breathing this day but the kindly emotions of his more youthful nature, unshadowed by the wile and intrigue of after-years, King Ferdinand looked the mighty monarch, whose talents raised his country from obscurity, and bade her stand forth among the first of European nations. But tumultuary as were the shouts with which he was recognized, they were faint in comparison to those which burst forth at sight of the Princess at his side. Isabella had quitted her litter on re-entering her own dominions, and now rode a cream-colored charger, which she managed with the grace and dignity of one well accustomed to the exercise, alike in processions of peace and scenes of war.

The difference of age between the sovereigns was not perceivable,* for the grave and thoughtful character of Ferdinand gave him rather the appearance of seniority; while the unusual fairness of Isabella's complexion, her slight and somewhat small stature, produced on her the contrary effect. The dark gray eye, the rich brown hair and delicate skin of the Queen of Castile deprived her, somewhat remarkably, of all the characteristics of a Spaniard, but, from their novelty attracted the admiration of her subjects. Beautiful she was not; but her charm lay in the variable expression of her features. Peculiarly and sweetly feminine, infused, as Washington Irving observes, with "a soft, tender melancholy," as was their general expression, they could yet so kindle into indignant majesty, so flash with reproach or scorn, that the very color of the eye became indistinguishable, and the boldest and the strongest quailed beneath the mighty and the holy spirit, which they could not but feel, that frail woman form enshrined.

Round the sovereigns were grouped, in no regular order of march, but forming a brilliant *cortège*, many of the celebrated characters of their reign—men, not only of war, but of literature and wisdom, whom both monarchs gloried in distinguishing above their fellows, seeking to exalt the honor of their country, not only in extent of dominion, but by the shining qualities of her sons. It was to this

* Isabella was eight or ten years Ferdinand's senior.

group the strained gaze of Marie turned, and became riveted on the Queen, feeling strangely and indefinitely a degree of comfort as she gazed; to explain wherefore, even to herself, was impossible; but she felt as if she no longer stood alone in the wide world, whose gaze she dreaded; a new impulse rose within her, urging her, instead of remaining indifferent, as she thought she should, to seek and win Isabella's regard. She gazed and gazed, till she could have fancied her very destiny was in some way connected with the Queen's visit to Segovia—that some mysterious influences were connecting her, insignificant as she was, with Isabella's will. She strove with the baseless vision; but it would gain ground, folding up her whole mind in its formless imaginings. The sight of her husband, conversing eagerly with the sovereign, in some degree startled her back to the present scene. His cheek was flushed with exercise and excitement; his large dark eyes glittering, and a sunny smile robbing his mouth of its wonted expression of sternness. On passing his mansion he looked eagerly up, and with proud and joyous greeting doffed his velvet cap, and bowed with as earnest reverence as if he had still to *seek* and win her. The chivalry of Don Ferdinand Morales was proved, yet more *after* marriage than *before*.

It was over: the procession had at length passed: she had scanned every face and form whose gallant bearing proclaimed him noble; but Arthur Stanley was not amongst them, and inexpressibly relieved, Marie Morales sunk down on a low seat, and covering her face with her hands, lifted up her whole soul in one wild—yet how fervent!—burst of thanksgiving.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Humanity is the Son of God.—*Theodore Parker.*

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.—*Lord Peterborough.*

The Devil loves nothing better than the intolerance of reformers, and dreads nothing so much as their charity and patience.—*Lowell.*

True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false, modesty everything that is unfashionable.—*Addison.*

Nothing can be proposed so wild or so absurd as not to find a party, and often a very large party to espouse it.—*Cecil.*

I am sorry to see how small a piece of religion will make a cloak.—*Sir William Waller.*

DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY LARA.

(SIXTH ARTICLE CONCLUDED.)

FROM official returns it appears that in some of the principal countries in Europe, the number of illegitimate births was in the following ratio to the total of births in those countries. In Holland between three and four per cent., in England, nine per cent., in France thirty-three per cent., in Belgium, forty-five per cent., in Austria, fifty-six per cent., in Spain and Portugal, fifty-eight per cent., in Italy, sixty-six per cent., in the Papal States, sixty per cent., and in Rome seventy-eight per cent. In Russia, which contains a greatly mixed population the illegitimate births were on an average twenty-four per cent. In 1851 when I obtained the statistics of the country on the spot, the total number of births was 14,529, of which 3,476 were illegitimate.

In Portugal, where the youth of both sexes are trained so as to become "good unwavering Catholics," in order to be made, if not "good republicans," at least good citizens, "the pride of the country," infanticide had at one time increased so fearfully that at Lisbon the common sewers were choked with the bodies of newly-born infants, and in the hope of putting a check upon these means of concealment of birth, the government ordered the sewers to be closed with masonry. In Spain between three and four hundred thousand male children are vagabondizing about the country, that have never known who were their respective fathers. Nothing is said of children of the other sex. In France nearly one-half of the children are illegitimate. In the kingdom of Sardinia so bad indeed was the crime of infanticide that it was thought nothing but the certainty of capital punishment could put a stop to it.

Alas! those "meeting houses which those silly ganders (Protestant husbands)" permit their "women called wives" to frequent—those schools of "unbridled lust."

However desirous one might be to admit that Roman Catholic churches, convents, monasteries, nunneries, are all places professedly devoted to the worship of God, may we not inquire whether it is prudent or just in a worshiper in one of these sacred places, to speak so contemptuously of other places devoted to the same object? For

when he looks around him what will he find? Let us state a few facts, *on the authority of Roman Catholic writers.*

"However strong," says one of these, "the attachment of the Portuguese to the outward practices of religion, they do not always observe them with sufficient decency, even in those places where it might be fairly supposed they would be respected most. It is in the churches that most usually love intrigues are entered upon and carried on The churches are most generally places of appointment for lovers, etc. It is there that little notes and love-letters are interchanged between the devoutly kneeling worshipers and devotees; that conversations are carried on with the fingers whilst the lips are seemingly repeating prayers: and all this is managed so cunningly, so adroitly, that a stranger, not initiated into these mysteries, would imagine that the parties are earnestly engaged in their devotions. The natives are used to this sort of thing and fully aware of what is going on; but they are by no means scandalized at proceedings in which most probably they indulge as much themselves whenever they have a chance."

"I have been an eye-witness to the fact," says another. "I have seen persons of the lower orders point the fingers and sneer and scoff at decent-looking people on their knees On solemn days such as those of the Virgin and Patron Saints, during the novenas, the forty hours, etc., and the festivals that succeed each other continuously in some of the churches in Italy, the affluence of spectators is really immense. People come eagerly to listen to the magnificent vocal and instrumental music. But do you know what takes place on such occasions? Some of the performances are openly, loudly applauded, others are criticised. People enter into conversation. Gentlemen seek to form acquaintance with ladies, assignations are made, bonbons are eaten, and ices are served round. Now a solo is to be played, an aria to be sung. All are silent. The music is finished, the congregation rush from the church, and leave the priests to finish their functions in solitude."

"Enter one of the churches at Genoa, Livorne (Leghorn), Florence, or Venice, you will see nearly the whole of the congregation turning their back upon the altar during the most august of sacrifices! You will see them chat and laugh at each other's jests."*

* As far as my own long experience extends, I can say with truth that in Spain and Portugal, I never observed the slightest possible deviation from the strictest decorum and apparently, at least, the deepest devotion.

"Not far from the small and rich church of St. Anthony of Padua at Lisbon is a nunnery where the following circumstance occurred. The community is divided into two parties—that of St. John the Baptist, and that of St. John the Evangelist—each party claiming the superiority of its favorite saint over the saint of its opponents. As soon as a novice takes the veil, at the expiration of her novitiate she is required to decide in favor of one of the two saints, and declare against the other. No neutrality is permitted, *equal* veneration for *both* saints being interdicted. Now when the festival of one of these saints arrives, his devotees celebrate it with the greatest solemnity and pomp, music, illuminations, fireworks, decorations, bouquets and banquets; nothing is omitted. Especial care is taken to engage an eloquent preacher whose duty it is to pronounce the most exalting panegyric on the saint, and to insist upon his superiority over the other. The opposite faction rigorously absent themselves from the church on the occasion, by way of protest against all that could be said or done in honor of the saint whose day is celebrated. On the occasion referred to, the matter did not end there. At the conclusion of the festival, all the nuns met and entered upon a debate; from arguing they proceeded to quarreling; from quarreling to fighting. The fight was as furious as between the ladies of the fish-market. At last the Evangelists were victorious, but not satisfied with inflicting scratched faces, black eyes and bumps on the crania of the vanquished (the Baptists) they seized the image of poor John the Baptist itself, knocked the defenseless saint down, whipped it, trampled upon it, kicked it into the garden, dug a hole, wherein they thrust it, and engaged in a dance upon its grave."

The same Roman Catholic dignitary already quoted, introduces the following subject by observing that "Formerly there reigned in those religious houses (the convents) much more irregularity than at present. We ought not, says he, "to give credence to the statement of English travelers, that the inmates of those establishments are only cloistered courtizans." And I sincerely believe he speaks truly. It is a sweeping charge, and sweeping charges are generally unjust, and when coming from a religious opponent, they should be considered as *altogether unfounded* unless supported by unquestionable proof. Witness the charges made by the Catholic organ already alluded to.

"About that time appeared those famous *Cartas Portuguesas*.* In

*I have been told that there exist a French and also an English translation of this book. The Portuguese (original) which I have seen is so full of Gallicisms that I doubt

that work love is painted in all its phases, all its details. Its hopes and fears, its sacrifices, its entrancing delights, its wild raptures, its ecstasies, are described in language most eloquent, most glowing. No writer of romance moving in the gay world could write better. These letters were, however, the productions of the inmates of the convent of Olivelas, near Lisbon."

But however exaggerated the charges made against convents generally, there must have been some foundation for them, when we find that Scipio Riccio, Bishop of Pistoja in Tuscany, in his report of a much later date on the condition of the Nunnery of Santa Catharina of Sienna, and of similar establishments in other parts, "*horried the Court of Rome at the disclosures made.*" That Prelate had been commissioned by the Pope to make a visitatory inspection of those religious houses! I shall not enter into details, but refer the reader to the report itself, which got into print. But that writer has said in the words of the Catholic journalist: "There seems something providential in the permission of such startling outrages on public morals. It is well calculated to make all decent men think."

"At each of the two diagonally opposite corners of a square in the city stood a convent or monastery. One was inhabited by holy men, the other by holy women. One of the nuns, a recently introduced inmate of the latter, had been confined in the subterranean vaults of the building as a punishment or an act of penance for some infraction of the rules of the establishment. During the night she observed what she believed to be spirits wandering backward and forward at stated hours. As her eyes became familiarized with these apparitions, her fears subsided and she ultimately began to suspect that what she had beheld were not spirits but beings of flesh and blood. On her liberation her suspicions proved to be well founded, through the attempts made to initiate her into those mysteries into which her companions had already long since been initiated. She availed herself of the first opportunity offered to communicate to her mother what she had seen and heard. The latter gave information to the Bishop of the Diocese. An inquiry was instituted, the matter was investigated, and the result was the discovery of a subterraneous communication between the two convents through which the friars were

whether it be the production of a Portuguese pen. I allude to the work because the Catholic ecclesiastic already alluded to speaks of it in the terms quoted in the text, and as an original work from the pen of a Portuguese religious.

in the habit of proceeding on making their nocturnal visits to the nuns. Both establishments were broken up by the ecclesiastical authorities, who transferred the nuns to another convent, where, as long as they lived, they were forbidden from holding any communication whatever with the outer world, whilst the monks were quietly shipped off for the island of Cuba in the West Indies."

"There is at Milan to be seen the tomb known by the name of the 'Cave of Santa Gugliermine.' It is that of a lady of most exemplary piety, who after having bestowed a considerable part of her wealth on a certain religious house, retired into a kind of grotto or cave, where she might exercise her devotions either in solitude or in the company of those whom she might choose to admit as participants. A priest as devout as herself was at first her spiritual director and her only companion. Ere long he introduced other priests into the cave, and the grotto acquired gradually such a high reputation that many applicants of both sexes applied for admission as participants in the devotional exercises. But though many were called 'few were chosen.' Those who were admitted, were required to proceed to the place of meeting at midnight only, and when all the members had assembled the doors were closed. Young men only were admitted at first; subsequently also females, provided they were married. All who proceeded to the place of meeting were to come veiled; and though the proceedings wore an air of mystery, so great was the veneration in which the devotees were held, that it was an act tantamount to sacrilege to follow the visitors, who rarely stayed beyond two or three hours. Ere long unmarried women and even young girls were admitted as members, and the meetings gradually became crowded.

"In the mean time a young man of Milan married one of the elect. The husband, who loved his wife, murmured at being deprived of her society one night in every week. He applied for admission, but was refused. One evening he proceeded in disguise to the cave; but instead of mixing with the multitude, conceals himself in a recess where he could observe all that took place without being perceived. The devotional exercises commenced; and what does he behold! A scene of indiscriminate prostitution. He recognizes his wife, and sees her pass successively to the arms of several of the (male) elect. He preserves a profound silence, patiently awaiting the termination of that horrible festival. He reaches his home before his wife, says not a word to her about the matter; but on the next morning brings it to the knowledge of the authorities. During the next night, the magis-

trates enter the "meeting house," and arrest all the members. The remains of Gugliermi, which were interred in the cave, where over her grave these scenes were enacted, are disinterred and publicly burnt by the executioner. The guilty parties could not be tried and punished without exposing at the same time a number of persons of both sexes of high reputation for piety, and the veil of oblivion was thrown over the affair."

The Catholic organ speaks about "the communistic and Free Love coterie of wretches that cluster round the *Tribune*," but what can be said of the religious, the devotional coterie clustering round this Saint Gugliermi?

I have deemed it a duty to transcribe the preceding facts: but though I am neither an Italian, Portuguese nor Frenchman; though I never owed allegiance to a British sovereign, a German potentate or a Russian autocrat; though I was not born on this western hemisphere, yet having had ample opportunity of studying the national character of the different nationalities and of observing the social condition of each and all, I consider it a duty equally sacred to state my belief that some of the general statements as regards nationalities are almost as sweeping as those of the *Freeman's Journal* and other similar publications.

There is purity of life to be found everywhere, and if it exists at all in Catholic-educated communities the merit it carries with it is enhanced in view of the fact that in those communities the facilities to reconcile conscience with sin are numerous and constant—facilities entirely unknown in non-Catholic communities.

"Why then," I may be asked, "why do you state all these facts? Supposing every word to be true that would not disprove the assertions made by the *Freeman's Journal*? Two blacks cannot make a white." True! But would it not be an act of common prudence in writers who assert that this or that particular religious or educational system and no other is the s \acute{e} gis of virtue, to read and inwardly digest these words in Matth. vii: "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? First cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." There is much good counsel to be gathered from the Scriptures. Pity that so many millions should be forbidden from looking into them. It is neither wise nor prudent in the *Freeman's Journal* to exclaim triumphantly: "Is not the open exposition of the rottenness

and horror of Protestant immorality providential as calculated to awaken honest sentiment to the value of Catholic truth." Were I superstitious I would adopt the following sentence from that paper as my own, and were I as illiberal as that paper, borrow its own words: "There seems something providential in the permission of such startling outrages on public morals. It is well calculated to make all decent men think."

As women exercise a most powerful influence on the condition of society I shall pursue this subject a little further.

The church of Rome declares marriage to be indissoluble. It ignores divorce. A decree of divorce may exceptionally be obtained but only by a special papal dispensation in each individual case. This is however attended with much trouble and difficulty and heavy waste of time and money.

I will step aside for a moment to inquire whether it is more wise, more just, more conducive to the happiness and welfare of married people and the wellbeing of society, to compel a married couple to remain tied together for life, or to permit them to separate so as to dissolve the union effectually. That the facilities afforded to attain the last named object where the law of the land sanctions divorce are sometimes, indeed, often abused, cannot be denied; but what law, however wise and just, is not sometimes abused and violated? Without advocating the frequent practice of divorce, let us look at the results often arising from the indissolubility of the marriage vows. To the occurrences in every day life, I shall add the following historical fact, by way of answer to the question.

"Phillip Augustus, King of France, after the death of his consort Isabella de Heinault, married Ingelburga, Princess of Denmark,—a lady young in years, beautiful in person, of a most amiable disposition, and of exemplary virtue. From some cause which has never been fully explained, but believed at the time to have been the impossibility of the king ever having issue by her, he felt compelled for reasons of state to marry some other woman and consequently to be divorced. He was obliged to have recourse to the plea so common in former times of relationship within the forbidden Degrees. The case was represented to the Court of Rome, and in this instance the plea having been proved to be well founded was admitted valid by the Pope. A parliament was subsequently convoked and it was proved "by witnesses" and "competent genealogists" that Ingelburga was distantly related to the late queen Isabella. A decree of divorce was pro-

nounced and sanctioned by the papal court. Philip believing himself free, demanded and obtained in marriage a daughter of the Duke of Merania. With her he had several children, whilst the unhappy Ingelburga retired into a convent. Innocent III, more of a politician and consequently less of an honorable man than his predecessor, whose policy it was to prevent if possible a successor in a direct line from Philip ascending the French throne, and in order to create political divisions in the kingdom, seized upon the divorce as a good opportunity to accomplish his own purposes, and amidst the confusion thus created declared the throne vacant at the death of king Philip, and named a successor inclined to further the Papal views of aggrandisement. He pronounced the divorce invalid and consequently the second marriage illegal. The king had courage enough to demur, as had been foreseen by Clement. The Pope excommunicated the king. A council was called at Dijon and sentence of interdict pronounced by the assembled Prelates at that time blindly submissive to the Pope's will. The interdict affected of course the whole of the French dominions. Suddenly, the exercise of public worship is suppressed; the churches are closed; the sick deprived of the sacrament; the dead left unburied, thus inflicting spiritual punishment and mental sufferings, upon millions of innocent human beings, Catholic Christians, as a punishment for the sin, real or pretended of a single individual.

"Philip determined to grapple with the storm, seized the revenues of the Bishops, quartered the soldiers upon the Priests, stripped the convents and monasteries of their treasures and punished the murmurs of his people exasperated by what they were told to be sacrilegious proceedings, by the imposition of exorbitant taxes. All his firmness proved unavailing, for the clergy excited his subjects to revolt and he soon learned that more than one assassin had been bought and had pledged himself to take his life. He was compelled to yield. He visits Ingelburga in her prison, embraces her, and carries her upon the crupper of his horse back to Paris. She reassumes the rank of queen: but her fate is not altered. Her captivity recommences. The Princess of Merania inconsolable at having been reduced to a leman, and seeing her children declared bastards dies broken-hearted; and all the good the compulsory marriage and the impediment to a divorce has produced is to have rendered two excellent women wretched instead of one, and having furnished the equally unhappy king with a perhaps justifiable excuse for leading a life of adultery." (Par parenthese)

Which of these two Popes was infallible? although Pope Adrian VI declares, that the Pope is not infallible "even in matters of faith."

And now a few words on a subject which no man can approach with indifference whose heart is not steeled against those human feelings in which that of commiseration predominates:—a subject bearing upon that under consideration—a matter which affects society deeply—an evil widespread, almost universal, and the source of countless evils. I allude to what is understood by the social evil.

It appears that in Paris there are upward of ten thousand that spread that evil—one-fourth of them are born in Paris, one-half of the whole number cannot write their own name. In New York there are also more or less an equal number—besides some forty thousand not so openly.* Are these ten thousand French women, these fifty thousand women in New York, all "outside the church?"

Of the ten thousand in New York the report states that "three-eighths were born in the United States,† five-eighths born abroad: Of these Ireland furnishes more than half, Germany about one-sixth, England one-twelfth, British North America one-twentieth, and the other nationalities the lesser proportions: single, 6,000; married, 2,550; widows, 1,450. About one-half are Catholic, the other half Protestant-educated."

Admitting that many extenuating circumstances combine to produce this deplorable state of things, that among the inducing causes are want and poverty, animal instinct—seduction, misplaced confidence, betrayal, self-contempt arising from the pitiless and cruel contempt of what is called the world—it cannot be denied that vanity, the love of finery, of luxury, pleasure, the excessive latitude of freedom usurped by daughters and not curbed by parents, are also among the causes. Admitting that according to the report in this city one-half are not Catholic-educated; admitting even that in Prussia, Denmark, Sweeden, Norway, in all protestant countries, the evil exists as widely as it exists in Catholic countries, it cannot be denied that it also exists in countries exclusively Catholic, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria, France, South America, etc.

Does this fact not disprove the assertion that "inside the Holy Catholic church only, is to be found a safeguard against vice and

* This is pretty nearly in accord with the report in the *Herald* of February 7th, 1870, in which the sanitary inspectors are referred to.

† The fact must not be lost sight of that of the three-eighths born in the United States and British North America more than one-half are of foreign parentage.

immorality?" and such being the case, what greater security is offered by an exclusively Catholic education than by the non-sectarian education in our public schools? None whatever—and saying thus much, is the best that can be said of it.

LETTERS ON THE READING OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DAVID FRIEDLANDER, BY M. H. BRESSLAU.

Rabbi David Friedlander, the author of these letters, was a distinguished disciple of the Mendelssohn school, and a fellow-laborer of its great founder in the noble work of Jewish progress and reform. Not the least of his many literary efforts was the production of these letters, written, it seems, to a friend belonging to a society which then existed at Berlin, for the proper reading and translating of the Holy Scriptures. The letters first appeared in Dr. Zunz's *Zeitschrift*, from which they were subsequently translated into English, by Dr. Bresslau, and published in his *Hebrew Review*.—ED. N. E.

FIRST LETTER.

You request me, my studious friend, to send you several interpretations of the sacred records, and I comply with your wish by forwarding for the present, a translation of the 6th and 7th chapters of Micah, of the obscurity of which you so much complain. It is for you to judge if I have given you satisfaction, and whether I was just in recommending the prophet as one, who, for the purity and illustrative power of conception, may be matched with his contemporary, the greatest orator—Isaiah. You will find, I trust, that as far as regards the art of poetical coloring, the power of moving the heart and rousing it to raptures, Micah has reached nearly the same pinnacle of perfection as Isaiah.

You further tell me that the "Essays" which I sent you have been well received in the narrow circle of your friends, and have been productive of pleasure and edification. This was an impulse for me to submit to you and your friends the following, and probably several succeeding letters on the study of the sacred Scriptures. I fear not to exceed the limits of modesty by accepting your applause and eulogium, since I have candidly declared to you, that what renders my translations most valuable, *i. e.*, the points of view from which the

sacred Scriptures are to be considered, is not the produce of my own labors.

It is a light which I have taken from the radiant luminaries, the illustrious philosophers of Germany, among whom I have already mentioned to you the name of Herder, and especially that of the worthy Eichhorn, to whom literature in general is so much and so variously indebted.

How I am pleased with your Association! It is now the time for calling into existence and promoting such Societies. The political constitutions of our brethren have everywhere undergone advantageous alterations. Several partitions have been removed, and according to the course of natural events, still more will be removed. A reform of Judaism daily becomes more and more imperative. The necessity of a reform is as unquestionable as that of such a reform arising from amidst ourselves. Any assistance coming directly from without, however philanthropic, will be of no service to us, nay, cannot but prove injurious to Judaism, such as the better part of us, and also the sages of other religions, wish it to exist. The fact is so obvious, that I deem any further argumentations upon it superfluous.

Our co-religionists need a reform of public worship and well conducted educational establishments. Materials are not wanting, but they require purifying, a new arrangement, and a method more corresponding with our present station in civil society.

The foundation of our religion rests on the holy records, which must never be shaken. The pillars of the laws, ethics, and morals in general, which are based on these records, must for ever remain immutable, though the arrangements of the interior building may undergo unessential alterations, measured by constitutions and circumstances.

Therefore, without being the architect, or even presuming to be so (from which arrogance I am free), I still deem it my duty to offer to my brethren the assistance of an humble journeyman, however feeble, but with the consciousness of good intentions. The observations on the best use of the Holy Scriptures, which, in this letter and the succeeding ones, I shall communicate to you and submit to your examination, are only written for such of my brethren as are desirous of cultivating their minds, but by no means for the learned, who indeed, stand not in need of my instructions and references. At the same time, I hesitate not to confess that the hours which I dedicate to these labors are to me hours of pleasure, for they recall to my imagination the time of my youth. In every young reader of my writings

I fancy I see myself. What happy hours do we derive from that disposition of the mind which awakens us from a long dream, and stimulates in us the lively striving for enlarging our knowledge!

Such strivings are not for show and splendor, but solely for the supply of a want which, when unsatisfied, terrestrial life can have no charm for a thinking man. We feel a desire of establishing a system for our own use and application, which might serve us as a guide through public and social life, and for this purpose, my studious friend, the awakened mind of the youth of our nation will find an inexhaustible mine in the study of the Holy Scriptures, provided he enters upon with reflection and noble zeal. How amply will this repay the mind and the heart! Inconsiderate, dissuasive, and contemptuous opinions of shallow-minded persons will not confound him in his labors; he will find his recompense within himself, in his self-contentment, in the consciousness of his duty, in his self-estimation, which no mortal is able to deprive him of or even to lessen. Does the Jewish youth once succeed in climbing up to this summit, he looks down with smiles though not with contempt, upon the derision of the thoughtless; and even the applause of the crowd will appear to him superfluous and dispensable. Let this suffice for an introduction.

The remarks which I am about to lay before you and your colleagues, my studious friend, will perhaps appear to you singular and astonishing. If they produce those effects my purpose will be obtained. Such exhortations and encouragements roused me from a profound torpor. I myself was astonished when I first heard those new representations. Doubts followed upon astonishment, until I was at last enabled to receive and endure the full truth; and by further reflections, that religion, which alone is worthy of God and men, took so deep a hold within me, that nothing will be able to uproot it, and that I shall live and die in the same.

Pray, therefore, do not shrink from my communications; they will not be enforced upon your belief, but only submitted to your judgment. The method in which both of us, as well as the greater part of our brethren have been instructed, will easily furnish the explanation for this astonishment and these doubts; but patience, my friend! a soothing tranquility will ultimately follow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE THREE FRIENDS.

A PARABLE FROM THE MIDRASH.

A MAN had three friends, who unequally shared his estimation and love. One he loved exceedingly, the second in a less degree, and the third he scarcely thought worthy of his friendship. Being once surprised by a royal mandate to appear in haste before a despotic king, he was seized with terror, dreading to meet a serious accusation which was urged by crafty slanderers for his destruction. Lo! said he to himself, I can do no better than apply in this crisis to my trustworthy friend, on whom my soul has always so implicitly relied; he will surely go with me to the king; he will plead my cause, and establish my innocence. He accordingly repaired to the first of his three friends, whom he made acquainted with his request, but he peremptorily declined to accompany him; yea, he scarcely noticed him. He left this faithless friend with anxiety and disquietude of soul. Now, thought he, I will apply to the second friend, whom I will entreat to appear with me before the king, to whom he went without delay, and imparted to him his request. To appear with thee before the king, replied this lukewarm friend, I cannot; but I will follow thee to the palace. He proceeded to the third friend, whom he scarcely deemed worthy of notice, and stated to him his petition: he immediately complied with it, went with him, spoke for him, established his innocence, and effected his liberation. The solution of this parable is very obvious. Wealth, loved by man above all, is the first friend that leaves him, and refuses to accompany him on the day of death, as Scripture says, "For when he dieth, he shall carry nothing away; his glory shall not descend after him." The second friend alludes to his wife, children and kindred who follow him to the grave, where very often the memory of man is interred with his body. The third friend who goes and pleads for us, is the store of knowledge accumulated, and the deeds of piety practised by our devotion to the Divine Law, as Scripture says, "Thy righteousness shall precede thee, the glory of the Eternal shall be thy reward." The King before whose throne we are cited, is the Most Holy One (Praised be He), the Supreme King of Kings.

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1874.

No. 4.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE JEWISH CONGREGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.



SYNAGOGUE OF THE SHAARAY TEFILAH CONGREGATION,

II.

THE "SHAARAY TEFILAH" CONGREGATION.

THE congregation *Shaaray Tefilah* was founded in September, 1845, by a number of gentlemen who had seceded from the *B'nai Jeshurun*, better known as the Elm-street Synagogue. Some difficulties about electoral rights caused this schism and induced about forty of the members to attempt the organization of an independent congregation. The first meeting for this purpose was held October

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by RAPHAEL D'C. LEWIN, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. IV.—12.

27, 1845, Mr. Louis Levy presiding, and Mr. Aaron S. Solomons acting as secretary. Among those present, now living, were Benjamin I. Hart, John D. Phillips, Abraham Kastor, Arthur L. Levey, E. Seller, M. Levett, Henry Simons, George S. Mawson, Sol. I. Hart, H. Leopold, Isaac Isaacs, Abraham Godfrey and John M. Davies. At this meeting, committees were appointed to purchase or rent ground for the erection of a Synagogue, and to obtain a charter, and a burial ground. Having enlisted on their side the respected pastor, Rev. Samuel M. Isaacs, who had for six years previously been minister in the Elm-street Synagogue, this new congregation commenced at once to hold Divine worship in a room on Franklin street, near Broadway. It was doubtless for this reason that at first the members styled themselves the "Franklin-street Association," which name was however in January 1846, changed to the "Congregation *Shaaray Tefilah*," at which time also a Constitution and By-Laws were adopted.

In the following month, two lots of ground on Wooster street between Spring and Prince, were purchased for \$8,000, and on July 7, 1846, the corner stone of the new building was duly laid, the Rev. S. M. Isaacs, delivering the oration, and performing the ceremony. The Committee of arrangements consisted of Messrs. Louis Levy, Isaac N. Samuels, Benedict Joseph, Arthur L. Levy and John D. Phillips. The consecration of the synagogue took place on June 25th, 1847, with appropriate exercises. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the minister, Rev. S. M. Isaacs, and addresses were also made by Rev. Isaac Leeser and Mr. Henry Morrison. The musical exercises under the direction of Mr. Edward Woolf, who at a later date became the Choir Master of the congregation, were of a high order, and were much admired. The cost of the new synagogue was \$30,000, and the roll of members at the time of the dedication showed about 120, or three times as many as when the congregation was started.

In 1847 Mr. John I. Hart succeeded Mr. Louis Levy in the presidential chair, and retained office until 1855, when he resigned. In recognition of the efficiency with which he discharged his duties no less than for the many valuable services rendered to the congregation, a committee of the members presented to him on his retirement from office a handsome silver testimonial, which is now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. B. L. Solomon. The presidency then devolved again on Mr. Louis Levy, who ably filled the chair

during this second term for a period of four years, when he was succeeded by Mr. George Godfrey in 1859, who in his turn, was succeeded in the following year by Mr. Edward Josephi, who died in office in 1862. Mr. Barnett L. Solomon was then called to the chair, and to this day fills the position with honor to himself and to the great advantage of the congregation. His practical ability as an executive officer, his sincere disinterestedness on behalf of the congregation, his genial and generous disposition, and the high social position he enjoys, all combine to entitle him to the annual compliment of a re-election to office.

The building in Wooster street was considered in its time quite an architectural feature of the city. It was tasteful, harmonious, and in perfect keeping with the idea of a synagogue. The services were well attended. In 1860, however, the up-town movement rendered a change of locality almost indispensable. When, therefore, four years later this matter became so imperative as to no longer admit of delay, the Trustees leased a commodious hall at the corner of Thirty-sixth street and Broadway, which being converted into a Synagogue, was in September, 1865, duly consecrated and opened as the temporary abode of the congregation until such time as a new building was obtained. The Wooster-street Synagogue was then sold at a heavy sacrifice, on the condition that it should be immediately taken down, as the congregation would not permit any secular use being made of a building which was once a house of worship.

Immediately after the removal from Wooster street, a Hebrew and Religious school was established, which year after year continued to increase in usefulness and in the number of pupils, until at the present time it is attended by about 225 children, and is regarded as an invaluable auxiliary to the synagogue. The school has been successively under the superintendence of Rev. S. M. Isaacs, Mrs. A. N. Cohen, Mrs. L. Lavanburg, Mr. M. S. Isaacs, and Rev. Dr. Mendes, the present Honorary Superintendent.

In 1865, the position of Reader was created, and Rev. H. Phillips, the present incumbent, elected to that office. This gentleman soon gained the esteem of the congregation, and by his pleasant voice and the devout manner in which he performs his duties has done much toward maintaining that decorum which should always prevail during a religious service. In this year also, a choir composed of men and boys was formed, under the direction of Professor Woolf.

In 1867 four lots on Forty-fourth street, between Broadway and

Sixth avenue were purchased for \$40,000, and in March 1868, the corner-stone was laid of the present structure, which was erected at a total cost of \$200,000, and dedicated on Tuesday, May 11th, 1869. The services on that occasion were of a very solemn character and were admirably performed. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Professor Woolf, and in addition to the regular choir a volunteer choir of ladies and gentlemen was formed, and an orchestra selected from the Philharmonic Society, added materially to the attractiveness and impressiveness of the exercises. The President, Mr. Barnet L. Solomon delivered a brief introductory address, and the Rev. S. M. Isaacs, the consecration sermon.

The following gentlemen composed the different committees at the time: Board of officers: Barnet L. Solomon, President; Arthur L. Levy, Vice-President; Siegmund T. Meyer, Treasurer; Lewis J. Phillips, Morris Poznanski, Emanuel Bamberger, Leopold Cohn, Trustees; Myer S. Isaacs, Secretary. The Building Committee included all the above officers and the following: Lawrence Myers, Benjamin J. Hart, Aaron S. Solomons, Louis Lavanburg, John M. Davies, Raphael Keiler, George M. Jacobs, Simon Sternberger and H. Fernbach, Architect. Consecration Committee: Aaron S. Solomon, Chairman; Morris B. Moss, Secretary; B. L. Solomon, Myer, Joseph, Leopold Cohn, Abraham Sands, Alfred Benjamin, Joseph C. Levi, David Davies, M. S. Isaacs, Barrah Seligman, Alex. Blum.

The following description of the building appeared in the *Jewish Messenger* of May 14th, 1869.

"The new synagogue is a superb edifice, of imposing exterior, and elegant and tasteful in its interior fittings and decorations. Occupying a lot 100 feet square, the dimensions of the auditorium are about 75 feet each way, the remaining space toward the front being devoted to a commodious vestibule. A flight of steps of the full width of 40 feet leads from the street, flanked on either side by courtyards, in which will be placed parterres of flowers. There are entrances on either side as well as of front, giving ample facilities for exit. The ground-floor contains a suite of apartments for the *shamas* or janitor, four large school rooms, the Trustees room, and a chapel, also to be used for general meetings and assemblages of the scholars.

"The auditorium is reached by three doors opening on the vestibule. Seats are placed for four hundred gentlemen, with room for more if required. The Reading Desk is nearer the entrance than usual; between this and the Ark is a section of seats, the others

facing as in the old synagogue. Two broad stairways lead to the galleries. A portion of the south gallery is set off for the choir. There are 340 seats for ladies, with space for others.

"The architecture is of the Moorish type. There is a main front with two towers, finished square. Surmounting the central front is a dome, merely ornamented, capped with finial bearing a ball and shield of David, which will be visible at quite a distance. The material is Newark freestone, cut in two fashions, set in alternate courses, and with Dorchester used for the trimmings. There are three large windows in the main front, the central being a magnificent rose window with the shield of David conspicuous in the ornamentation. All the windows are of stained glass, exquisite in color and design. The columns supporting the arches over the main entrance and the windows above are delicately wrought, the entire ornamentation of the front and particularly the cornice being very tasteful. The roof is finished with colored tiles and handsome iron battlements and ornaments.

"The side entrances are by means of light stairways with stone landing and balustrade. There are also side doors leading to the apartments below. The inner courtyards are flagged. There the tabernacle will be erected in its season.

"Entering the synagogue and ascending to the gallery, the eye is charmed with a superb *coup d'œil*. The roof is supported by four massive columns, two on either side, their capitals elegantly decorated and the shafts bronzed. From these columns spring grand arches longitudinally and transversely. The ceiling is set off in three main divisions, these being subdivided again by the transverse arches. It is highly decorated in polychrome, blue and light chocolate, and white being the principal colors. There is a clestory of buff, the ceiling is artistic and the general effect is to heighten the lofty edifice.

"The walls are decorated in light buff, relieved by the beautiful stained glass windows and ornamental borders. The doors of the galleries and the arches are in polychrome, but there is nothing overwrought. The ceiling under the gallery is in light blue, relieved by a border of crimson and dark blue.

"Proceeding to the auditory, perfect taste seems to have presided over all the appointments. The seats are of black walnut (as in the gallery) and richly cushioned. The fronts of the sections are of black walnut, carved and ornamented in oak. The *Almemor* or Reading-

Desk, is ornate and beautiful in design and richly finished in hard wood. The Ark with which the pulpit is combined will be regarded as the most elegant erection of its class in this country and is far more effective than that of the Berlin Temple. Constructed altogether of black walnut, with ornaments of oak and other woods, carved and inlaid, it is a spirited reproduction in plan of the front elevation, the main front, wings and dome being represented. The columns are chaste, their bases and capitals ornate. Above the Ark is a beautiful rose window of stained glass. A prominent feature of the Ark is the tablet, inscribed with the ten commandments. The architrave is adorned with the sentence in Hebrew: 'Know before whom thou standest.' The pulpit is of black walnut with oak inlaid and richly carved. . . .

"At the north corner of the building is a robing room for the ministers, neatly fitted up. The main hall on the ground floor, the school and Trustees' rooms, will be handsomely arranged. The apartments for the *Shamas* are unusually fine and spacious. There is for the ladies a parlor furnished with every convenience. . . . The edifice is an ornament to the upper section of our city and a monument of the taste and public spirit of New York Israelites."

In the summer of 1871, the *Beth-El* Congregation, worshipping in Thirty-third street, dissolved its independent existence and was consolidated with the *Shaaray Teflah*. By this union 50 members were added to the roll and \$13,000 to the funds. In this year also Rev. H. Saft was elected Assistant Reader, which office he still retains.

In December, 1873, Rev. Dr. Frederic de Sola Mendes arrived in this city and delivered two lectures before the congregation. For some time previous to this it had been the desire of the members to procure a competent English lecturer, in order to give their respected minister that rest to which he was justly entitled. For thirty years the Rev. Mr. Isaacs had served his congregation with the utmost fidelity and with uncompromising integrity. Conscientiously devoted to Orthodox principles, this worthy gentleman has spent his whole life in maintaining Judaism according to the interpretation of the school to which he belongs. But while it is hoped that he has still many years of usefulness before him, it became evident that he needed some assistance in the discharge of his onerous duties. Accordingly, the opportunity having arrived, the congregation readily availed themselves of it, for on January 4th, 1874, Dr. Mendes was unanimously elected lecturer for a term of three years. The new

incumbent though quite young in years, is spoken of as an able preacher, and has already become quite popular among his flock. Rev. Mr. Isaacs however still remains the acknowledged minister of the congregation, and preaches once in every month, while Dr. Mendes occupies the pulpit every Sabbath except those on which Mr. Isaacs officiates.

Since the organization there have been five Secretaries, viz. : Messrs. A. S. Solomons, M. B. Moss, G. Gattheimer, M. S. Isaacs and Isaac S. Isaacs. The present number of members is 240, and the following gentlemen constitute the Board of Officers for the current year: B. L. Solomon, President; Arthur L. Levy, Vice-President; S. T. Meyer, Treasurer; M. Poznanski, Adolph Levy, Lawrence Meyers, Leopold Cohn, Trustees; I. S. Isaacs, Secretary.

The *Shaaray Teflah*, while not being rigidly Orthodox, is decidedly conservative in its views. It is opposed to nearly all the changes which have been introduced by reform congregations, and only permits some trifling alterations in the form of service, whereby a better system of order may be maintained than is customary in orthodox synagogues. In this respect it has certainly been very successful, and inasmuch as the spirit for improvement has manifested itself so far, we doubt not that other changes will in process of time be introduced. The congregation is much too intelligent to stand still, and having the welfare of Judaism at heart, will eventually adopt such reforms as the spiritual requirements of its own members may necessitate.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

O uncreated Holy one!
 Lowly we bow before Thy throne,
 Seeking salvation from above,
 We praise Thy name with songs of love.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen!

O King of kings! O Fount of life!
 Turn us from all that leads to strife;
 Beneath the shadow of Thy wing,
 Let us our hymns in glory sing.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! AMEN!

C. D. L. H.

DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY LARA.

(SEVENTH ARTICLE.)

MEN in a state of nature, though they have their rude and barbarous conventionalities know nothing about social duties or moral obligations. In a state of civilization, those duties and obligations, whether the foundation or the superstructure of civilized life, are recognized, understood, tacitly admitted, obeyed and acted upon. Men never have quarreled, never will quarrel about them. They were the sole guides of the nations of antiquity, who on the other hand were happily ignorant of creeds. Hence religious feuds were equally unknown.

When *they* yet ruled the world, those gentle gods,
Who, issuing their decrees from fabulous realms,
Sent rational joys, pleasure with wisdom mixed :
When truth shone lovelier, through fiction's veil,
And all *was*—O! how different—from what *is* !*

It is true every nation had its divinities, but nations readily interchanged gods and placed them in each other's pantheons. The Jews were the only exception, generally speaking ; but even that nation in the earlier part of its history fell into idolatry. (Jerem. xxxii, 29.) It would be inconceivable, were it not a fact that a people which have suffered such relentless persecution for centuries, rather than forsake God and betray truth, should have sunk into that idolatry, which they have ever so intensely hated at a later period, when three thousand years nearer to the epoch, when they heard the proclamation, "I am the Lord thy God," and received the command "Thou shalt have no other gods." It is a two-fold problem that has never yet been solved. Was it because the simple image-worship of antiquity was unaccompanied by a creed, or a body of dogmas and doctrines which could not but have been as repulsive to the common sense of the Egyptians, Babylonians and Persians of old, as they are to that of the Hindoos, Chinese, and Japanese of to-day ? For there is an

*"Da ihr noch die schöne Welt regieret,
An der Freude leichtem Gängelband,
Schöne Wesen aus dem Fabelland,
Wie ganz anders, anders war es da !
Da der Dichtung zauberische Hülle
Sich noch lieblich um die Wahrheit wand."—(Schiller.)

immense difference between the harmless *practice* of a ridiculous idolatry and the *belief* in absurd mysteries or pernicious doctrines. The heathen neither of antiquity nor of modern time combined them.

The ignorant, unthinking mob among the Jews, might have bent the knee before the god Succoth Benoth (represented under the form of a hen surrounded by a brood of chickens,)* but could never have been made to believe that the hen and her chickens collectively constituted *one rooster*. They might perhaps have been made to believe that a calf (an Apis Junior) was their God, but not that the calf and its mother—the cow, were one and the same person, nor that the cow was not a cow but a calf, and the calf was really a calf yet not a calf at all, but on the contrary a cow yet not a cow, and that both cow and calf were in reality a steer. Had they been told that that was “a most holy mystery which neither angels nor human ingenuity could comprehend,” they would have readily admitted that—but would not have believed in the mystery itself, and, guided by common sense, would have rejected both the gods and their sublime and mysterious surroundings as they did in later ages. Idolatry is degrading, but belief is even a lower degradation of the intellect; but what can be said of the union of these two! It was not till idolatry had vanished and been forgotten among the Jews that disunion and sectarianism—the natural offspring of creeds, doctrines and mysteries—arose. The excellence of the Mosaic law was admitted by all, its observance imperative on all, but the apple of discord was belief—the belief in angels, spirits, devils, the messiah or no messiah, etc. It was belief or unbelief that gave birth to the sects of the Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes, etc.

Among the gentile nations of antiquity the divinities were the gods of the vulgar—the *Dei e Machina*—stage gods. The wise looked upon the popular religion of the day with contempt; and had no more respect for the Olympian Jupiter than for the Egyptian Cat. All was peace and harmony as regards religion: and all would have remained peace, had not *Creed* appeared upon the scene. Blind and furious, she whispered to each that he alone was right—all others were wrong; that he alone held the substance, that all others were grasping at a shadow; that he alone could be saved, that all the rest were to be damned; and setting her deluded votaries by the ears,

“For idle dogmas none can understand,”†

* See “Goeree’s Joodsche Ontheden,” Amsterdam fo. edition.

† “Pour de vains arguments qu’ils ne comprennent pas.”—*Voltaire’s Henriade*.

she sent her faithful emissaries, hate, deceit and priestcraft, among them, kindling such fires of discord as streams upon streams of blood have not been able entirely to quench, but which are yet smouldering under the ashes, ever ready to burst into a flame. But for Belief—for creeds, for doctrines, all men, all nations, would agree to live in harmony according to the dictates of the Decalogue, the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount, and the moral philosophy of ancient paganism.

From what has been stated in the preceding papers it will be seen that the *primum mobile* in this education agitation is—*Belief*; that in reality the desire to make staunch believers is the primary, to make tolerably good citizens the secondary, consideration. The main point is to keep man's eyes turned toward Heaven, though in his earthly career he stumble ever so often—even to become a moral and social cripple or paralytic.

It is a singular fact that the advocates of sectarian education confound *belief* and religion and morality, carefully identifying the first with the second and confounding these with the third. They are, however, not convertible terms. Belief can and does exist under the name of Faith, often without one grain of religion, and as often with ignorance of or indifference to morality altogether; whilst on the other hand hundreds and thousands of professed unbelievers are undeniably persons of the purest morality. Where are to be found more firm believers, or, if you will, men and women more "thoroughly indoctrinated," than among the Banditti in Italy, the Bandoleros in Spain, or the Sovereigns of the Shanties; but where is their morality? Father Hyacinthe is responsible for the admission that (in his own words) "The Roman authorities are doing their utmost to bring about an unnatural divorce between religion and morality, and of being the real authors of the unbelief and moral anarchy so widely prevalent among the Latin nations."

In pursuance of my plan I shall proceed to illustrate statements by facts, always with an eye to education, and to education only.

At Andalusia (Spain) during a procession in the Holy week of a number of penitents habited in what is called a *tunica nazarena*, every penitent representing Christ dragging a heavy cross, the penitents happened to fall out among themselves. Down went the crosses and up the knives. The result was a most bloody fray, till at length the Alcalde or Mayor reached the spot and ordered all the devout cross-bearers to prison, with these curious words: "*A la car-*

cel todo Cristo !" (To prison, every Christ of'm.) The saying has become popular in Spain, and has even been transferred to the Spanish colonies in South America, where it was first introduced by O'Higgins, afterward Marquis of Osorno, and thirty-sixth Viceroy of Peru.

During the depredatory wars of the Buccaneers on the Spanish Main, the French and English, often made common cause; yet the two nationalities, though fighting, plundering, and massacring in concert, could never live in harmony. "The chief reason," says Raveneau de Lussac (who was one of the former) "was the *impiety* of the English against our religion, for they made no scruple, when they got into a church, to cut down the *arms* of a *crucifix* with their sabres, or to shoot down the saints with their fusils and pistols, *bruising, lacerating, and maiming* the *images* in the same manner." (*Voyages des Filibustres*, Chap. 1.) On which the author of the *History of America* makes the following comment, which it is unnecessary to say, I fully endorse: "This is a precious picture of the inconsistency of human nature, and a proof how little connexion there frequently is between religion and morality. It does not appear that those pious plunderers, who were shocked at seeing the image of a saint maimed, were more tender of the persons or properties of their fellow-creatures, or even attempted to restrain their impious associates from any act of injustice or inhumanity." There is however no inconsistency in this. During their depredations in America, after sacking and burning the towns, they put the inhabitants to the torture to make them disclose the spots where they had concealed their property; but whilst there was no hope of pardon for maiming and bruising an image, there was absolution provided for robbery, murder, rape and incendiarism.

Some years ago, at St. Petersburg, the driver of one of the numerous droskas murdered his fare (a lady) and threw her over the bridge. The crime was discovered almost immediately afterward. The inducement to commit it was the possession of a valuable fur cloak. The man pleaded poverty and hunger. It happened, however, that the lady was carrying home a *paté de foie gras*. "You could not have been hungry," observed the magistrate "or you would have eaten of this pie." "What!" exclaimed the murderer, "eat meat on Friday, and in Lent? No, *Slava Bhog* (thank God), so bad as that I am not." This man was not a Roman Catholic but a member of the Greek church.

These cases are given to show that neither morality nor virtue are at all times the companions of faith or "Religion," whatever that faith or religion may be.

Faith, Religion, Morality—though they may go hand in hand as sisters and serve for each other's support—are nevertheless distinct and different; and can exist separately and act independently of each other. Morality, virtue, religion, can do good without faith; whilst faith without either morality or virtue can never do, has never done, any good, and when supported by piety, has ever been productive of unmitigated evil. Yet, as already observed, it is *faith* which is the apple of discord, the cause of this outcry against the public schools, the cause of all those reckless accusations.

That the public schools, as at present constituted, may be liable to some objections, may be true; but where is perfection to be found except in the works of the Creator? No valid or fair objection can however be made against the *system* of education in its entirety.

But now arises the question, do Catholic parents wish to withdraw their children on account of these evils of which they are ignorant and which are, after all, but exceptional, or is it because they are threatened with refusal of absolution? Is it on these grounds that this crusade against the public schools has been initiated, or because the Head of the church had issued his peremptory command to the clergy to exert their zeal and spare no means to induce, indeed to compel, parents to withdraw their children from schools in which Catholicism is not the groundwork of education? "The Catholic church is compelled (*cogetur*) to warn the faithful that such schools cannot with any conscience be frequented, and neither priest, bishop nor arch-bishop—not the Holy father himself—can grant absolution for such a sin. . . . I say that unless we suppress the public school system as it is at present constituted, it will prove the damnation of this country."*

This agitation on the subject of religious or non-religious education has caused the withdrawal of many children from the public and their transfer to denominational schools; but what is the real, the undisguised cause of this agitation? Not merely ostensibly the objection to Protestant teachings, which amounts to nothing beyond what Protestants and Catholics believe in common, but in reality the

* Father Lake's eloquent lecture in St. Bridget's Church, New York, on Sunday evening, 18th January, 1874, as reported in the *Freeman's Journal* of 31st, same month.

openly avowed claims to supremacy in religion, the desire (very pardonable) of Catholicizing the country. For how stands the matter really? "Here," says the Rev. Father Lake, "is the battle-field of the Catholic church. . . . Knowing that this educational quackery, this question of the Catholic instruction of children will decide her destiny here. If we fail in this struggle, . . . the Catholic church in this country will perish." Hence a foreign-born potentate residing abroad commands because the interests of the church are at stake: a foreign-born clergy residing here obey, because its power and influence are identified with those of the foreign sovereign: a foreign-born laity stoops from terror and conscience, and all unite in decrying and condemning an American institution that has gained the admiration of every enlightened, impartial lover of his own country, whichever that may be.

But the Catholic church in this country will not perish. It has not perished even in countries avowedly sectarian, such as England and Russia. Here her worship has never been interfered with, the professors of her faith, whether of native or foreign birth, have at all times enjoyed, and justly too, the same civil and political rights as non-Catholics. What Congress, what Legislature, what portion of the citizens ever has interfered, ever will interfere, with these rights. These fears, therefore, if not affected, are groundless.

But even admitting that there are some defects in our public school system, admitting for the sake of argument the existence of all the evils complained of, would or *could* the evil be remedied, the danger to which youth is stated to be exposed in the public schools, be avoided by transferring the children to denominational schools? Sixty years of experience and observation in connection with popular and national education, especially in Europe, force upon my mind the conviction that such a transfer or change, would offer no guarantee for the protection of morals. A host of facts, an overwhelming mass of evidence could be brought forward in support of this view, showing that corruption and demoralization are not less rife in private denominational than in public educational establishments, and that too amongst populations not mixed of natives and foreigners nor made up of Protestants and Catholics, but in communities in which not a Protestant school exists—corruption and demoralization *worse* than what has been exhibited to exist here. It would not be prudent to enter into many particulars, nor will the editor of this periodical, and very properly too, permit me to enter into details, or I could state

facts, and *prove* them, calculated to horrify the reader. I cannot however avoid hinting at a few. It is a *duty* which I owe to the community.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTERS ON THE READING OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DAVID FRIEDLANDER, BY M. H.
BRESSLAU.

(Continued from page 167.)

SECOND LETTER.

EVEN in the uncomfortable mood in which you find yourself I perfectly recognize the state of mind of my youth. I possess, you say, knowledge of the Hebrew language: I have read the sacred records with attention and painstaking; but independent of the strangeness in the expression, the peculiarity of the figures, the singularity of manners and customs, which, though they may not be distinctly explained, may at least be reconciled with the antiquity of the age and its different stages of knowledge; independent of all this—what obscurities, what difficulties do we encounter! Every moment the thread of the connection slips away, even in the historical part of the sacred records; every moment I founder upon orthographical irregularities; and often even upon open violations of the rules of grammar! I have, you continue, consulted our ancient linguists and interpreters of Holy Writ, but these men, so justly and so highly recommended, have yet satisfied me only here and there, and in trivial points; the obscurities are not cleared up, the difficulties are not removed, the discrepancies in language are not reconciled. These are your complaints, and indeed they are just. And yet, you conclude, are they not sacred records—Scriptures composed by men who were inspired by the Deity—Scriptures whose peculiarities, when clear, make an indelible impression on head and heart, and which, lastly, are of so intrinsic a value, that the ancient and modern ages approach them with reverence and admiration? What is my reply to this question? Listen to it—it emanates from my innermost conviction.

You are perfectly just in observing, that whoever enters upon the study of Holy Writ without bias, and will not, and often cannot, permit his doubts to be dispelled by despotic dicta, must fall into the mood which you so graphically describe; his mind must grow bewildered, and become a wanderer in a labyrinth of doubts. But, permit me to add that which is not less deep-rooted in my conviction, and which will be equally so in yours, since its clear and full truth defies contradiction.

All that we Jews know of God and his attributes, of the permanency and destination of man—all we know, guess and learn, of laws, of ethics and of duties—emanates from these “obscure, unintelligible, intricate Scriptures teeming with grammatical incoherences.” For thousands of years, thousands of men have drawn from these hallowed and never-failing fountains, but exhaust them not. All these godly men spend their shrewdness and ingenuity, close investigation and profound research, their time and their labor, upon these sanctuaries, and the deeper they dive, and prove and try, the clearer and the surer, and the more satisfying stream forth the sublimest of truths, the kindest of sentiments, and the noblest of teachings, which justice and virtue are able to bring forth. True, the surface of these rich waters looks rippled and disturbed, yet from their depths we draw those heavenly blessed instructions which are the basis of all religion, and which ever have, and ever will be, the only source of human happiness. Can this be denied? Let me then show you how all this is in the strictest accordance with the wisdom of God, and founded in the nature of man.

God has endowed us with reason and understanding, and invested us with the faculty of thinking—the means by which we distinguish truth from untruth, religious conviction from superstitious uncertainty, good, for evil. To prove and investigate is our vocation, and, moreover, the duty of those men who, in their respective ages, are appointed the guides of the people. These leaders are already stimulated by the impulse of their own minds to that degree that they *cannot* remain stationary, but are impelled to proceed onward in the sacred duties of their sacred vocation. Not feeling satisfied with what their ancestors have achieved, they continue to submit to investigation and proof that which former inquirers, from want of attention, experience, or perspicuity, have overlooked or neglected. They again inquire and try till they at last succeed (as far as man on earth has been permitted) in bringing to light the pure gold of truth,

purged from the dross of falsehood and sophistry. Respect for person and dignity, fond attachment to ancient usage, fear and dread of authority, dare not impede their progress in the path of investigation, armed with the bold courage of vigorous conscientiousness ; because *they also* are created in the image of God, and *their* souls are not in vain invested by an all-wise Creator with the ability of thinking and inquiring. But these mental faculties do not consist in the *power of judgment* alone, but also in the *feeling for the beautiful*, and in *conscience*. Grand, glorious endowments ! We are enabled, by means of the first endowment, to distinguish *truth* from *falsehood* ; we are taught by the second to judge and discern the beautiful from the ill-favored, the proper from the improper ; and by the third the good from the bad, the praiseworthy from the blameworthy. These qualities, with which mankind are gifted by providence, and which constitute their distinguishing superiority over all other living things, are developed and manifoldly perfected by the will of God, according to the situation, circumstances, and position in which He has deigned in His wisdom to place every individual man ; and thus men, not only individually, but the whole race, learn to love wisdom, virtue, and the beautiful, and to avoid their opposites. By an electric chain, as it were, the vibration runs through every one who holds a link, though only one master produces the charging of the ball. Hoping to recur in my next to the various qualities of the mind, I bid you for the present farewell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GIFTS OF NATURE.

THE air was glowing hot from the rays of the sun.

Quite exhausted, Simeon let himself down at the foot of a hill.

A maiden passed by, and he addressed her :

Pray, move your fan a little while, it will revive my spirits ; I shall give you a bunch of scenting flowers for your kindness.

At that moment a soft breeze sprang up, that cooled his temples. He inhaled the reviving air with delight, and exclaimed :

Ah ! how many bunches of scenting flowers do I owe now to the Lord !

(Talmud)

THE PRESS THE EDUCATOR OF MANKIND.

BY A. WELLINGTON HART.

To the credit of the people of the United States no State or Territory has relaxed its efforts to bestow on the youth of both sexes that inestimable gift, a free education. The magnificent structures consecrated to education which adorn the principal cities and towns throughout the American Union are the proudest monuments of the munificence of the people who realize the fact that without education vice would become rampant and society would be convulsed by crime and misery. The youth that slakes his thirst at the fount of knowledge improves his mental condition and prepares himself to fight the battle of life. He foresees the obstacles which obstruct his path, and by storing the mind with useful knowledge he cautiously plods his way, and eventually finds himself worthy of claiming that priceless privilege of sharing in the immunities and honors that await the intelligent citizen of the Union.

The press and education move together ; sprung from necessity they conjointly impress on the masses their value by improving the condition and welfare of the people, and that blessing is not undervalued when we look to the most remote territory and find a free school and a newspaper as the first foundation of every town. A few statistics in reference to the common school system will be peculiarly interesting.

New York school finances show an annual income of \$11,216,956, with a school population of 1,480,761 scholars; Pennsylvania has \$7,694,356 with a school population of 834,614 ; but, strange to say, Illinois manifests a more generous spirit and enthusiasm in the cause of education, and has \$8,057,232, with a school population of 862,624 to educate. Ohio comes next, with an income of \$7,427,033 for 1,041,680 children. New Jersey, never backward in the promotion of the public weal, possesses a school fund of \$2,364,441 to educate 265,958 scholars. Massachusetts has \$5,737,865, with a return of 278,249 to educate. Connecticut has \$1,484,016 to educate only 125,409 scholars. Iowa has \$3,256,304 for 460,629 children. Wisconsin \$2,578,492 for 412,481. Alabama has \$590,605 to educate 387,057. North Carolina, \$229,990, to educate 346,507 scholars. South Carolina, \$241,000, to educate 197,179 scholars, while Oregon, one of the youngest States, shows a fund of \$153,699, to educate 34,055. Nebraska has \$337,647, with a school population of 41,063. Nevada,

\$95,112 for 3,952 scholars. The contrast between the northern and southern portions of the Union is painfully apparent.

Education has been the potent agent in the elevation of our people. It expels ignorance, ennobles the ideas and tends to elevate the ignorant and illiterate from that degradation in which their social condition has placed them. We find that numbers of members of the press in the Territories and States who edit the humble village newspaper received their early education at the common schools or have been school teachers in their early days, and the annals of Congress show that quite a number of our legislators received only a common school education. Having prefaced this article by the introduction of its twin-sister, education, I will proceed to give a rapid sketch of the American Press.

The first newspaper published in the United States was at Boston, Massachusetts, on the 25th September, 1690. As it contained "reflections of a very high nature," it was suppressed by the authorities and no further issue was permitted. Would that be allowed to-day?

A copy of the *London Gazette*, was republished in New York in the same year by order of Governor Fletcher. It contained an account of an engagement with the French.

John Campbell, of Boston, printed the *Boston News-Letter* on the 24th April, 1704, which was continued successfully until 1766.

William Bradford, of Philadelphia, issued the *American Weekly Mercurie* on the 22d December, 1719.

On the 18th August, 1721, James Franklin, brother of Benjamin Franklin, issued in Boston the *New England Courant*. Controversies with ministers and severe criticisms on the acts of the magistrates involved the publisher in trouble. The legislature decreed that he should not print or publish the *Courant* unless it was supervised by the Secretary of the Province. He therefore withdrew his name from the paper and substituted that of his brother Benjamin, then a boy of 16 at the case, and thence emerged that giant intellect which afterward gained such unqualified respect in both hemispheres.

On October 16, 1725, William Bradford of Philadelphia, before alluded to, issued in New York City the *New York Gazette*, being the first paper ever issued in this city.

The *Christian Remembrancer* was published in Philadelphia in the year 1813. It is now known as the *Christian Observer*, is published in Louisville, Kentucky, and is probably the oldest religious paper in the United States.

The *Reading Adler* was issued in 1796 at Reading, Pennsylvania, and is the oldest German newspaper.

The *Newport Mercury* was first issued at Newport, Rhode Island, 12th June, 1758, and to-day is conducted with great ability by its enterprising owner. Newport possessed other papers, but for want of patronage and other causes they were discontinued.

The *Pennsylvania Packet or the General Advertiser* was the first daily paper issued in America. It was printed in Philadelphia in 1784, and continued uninterruptedly till 1837, when it had to give way to intellects of a higher grade.

The *Boston Gazette*, published by Edes & Gill, was the organ of the revolutionary patriots. Its office was the resort of the most distinguished writers, such as John Hancock, James Otis, Josiah Quincy, Jr., John Adams, Samuel Adams, Thomas Cushing, and Joseph Warren. John Adams contributed, under the *nom de plume* of "Novanglus," his series of papers in defense of the Colonial cause, which were continued until they culminated in the revolutionary war.

The *Massachusetts Spy*, established in 1771, contributed in a great degree to the success of the revolutionary cause. It was removed to Worcester in 1775, where it is still published.

Rivington's Royal Gazette sustained the royalists' cause. It was established in New York in 1773, and had a large circulation, but suspended after the declaration of peace in 1783.

The *Commercial Advertiser* of New York was established in 1797, and is to-day conducted with great talent and ability by Hugh J. Hastings.

The *Evening Post*, edited by the nestor of the Press, and one of our greatest American poets, William Cullen Bryant, who succeeded William Coleman, the founder of that paper in 1801, still wields a vigorous pen, and is the champion of "Free Trade."

The *National Intelligencer* of Washington was a paper so ably conducted that for a long series of years it was accepted as the Government organ. Samuel Harrison Smith was the first proprietor, and he associated, in the year 1807, Mr. Joseph Gales as editor and co-proprietor. In 1812 William W. Seaton joined Mr. Gales, and under the firm of Gales & Seaton this great political organ was recognized as the political instructor of the press of the country. Mr. Gales died some years since, and Mr. Seaton continued the publication to the time of his demise, in 1869, when this political beacon-light was extinguished.

James Gordon Bennett was the founder of the *New York Herald*, in the year 1835. He possessed so much tact and shrewdness in the conduct of his business matters that in a few years he advanced his Journal to the most prominent position as an independent newspaper.

James Brooks established the *New York Daily Express* in the year 1836 and became its chief editor. His subsequent career in Congress proved him a scholar whose dignity and suavity of manners secured him great popularity. By his death the press of New York lost one of its greatest ornaments.

Horace Greeley of *The Tribune* had a common school education until he was 14 years of age. He entered a printing office when quite young, and continued to work as a journeyman printer till 1834, when he started, in connection with Jonas Winchester, the *New Yorker*, which did not prove successful. In 1841 he founded the *New York Daily Tribune*, a paper which might be called the Censor and Mentor of the people. Mr. Greeley's forcible style of writing riveted the attention of the Whig party upon him. He was always looked up to as a leader, and his death was regarded as a national loss.

Henry J. Raymond founded the *New York Times*, in 1851. He received a classical education and his first literary efforts was as correspondent for the *New Yorker*, from Burlington, Vermont. Mr. Raymond was the most rapid reporter of his day, and remarkable for his correctness. His death was most sudden, in the year 1859. The *Times* is the Republican organ in this city, and of late years has added to its popularity by unearthing the stupendous frauds on the city committed by the so-called "Ring."

In 1810 there were 358 newspapers published in the United States, 27 of which were dailies. The annual issue of the press was 22,321,000 copies. In 1824 there were 12 dailies published in New York, and 11 in Philadelphia, with a circulation of from 2,000 to 4,000 each. In 1828 the annual issue had increased to 68,117,796 copies. In 1775 there were published in the United States 37 newspapers; in 1810 this number had increased to 358, while in 1828 this educator of the people had reached to 852, including a newspaper printed for the Cherokee nation in their own language.

In 1835 there were over 1,000 newspapers published in the United States, of which New York State had 193, exclusive of religious journals. Of the 1,000 published in 1835, there were over 50 dailies, and all enjoyed a fair share of support.

As an illustration of the growth of newspapers, we find in 1870 the following census returns:

	Newspapers.	Other Periodicals.	Total.
New York City	204	152	356
Philadelphia.....	101	63	164
Cincinnati.....	51	17	68
St. Louis	38	11	49
Chicago.....	62	19	81
Baltimore.....	25	8	33
Brooklyn.....	12	3	15
Boston.....	74	59	133
San Francisco.....	63	18	81
New Orleans.....	25	2	27
	555	352	1,007

The following official returns for 1870, show the wonderful increase of the press throughout the States and Territories.

	Daily.	Weekly.	Average number yearly for each person.	Area of square miles for each publication.
Alabama.....	9	66	9	676
Arkansas.....	4	41	5	1065
California.....	34	129	82	1032
Connecticut.....	17	51	29	60
Delaware.....	1	13	13	118
District of Columbia.....	6	12	89	3
Florida.....	1	21	5	2693
Georgia.....	14	86	12	489
Illinois.....	38	371	41	116
Indiana.....	20	209	17	130
Iowa.....	20	231	16	204
Kansas.....	14	85	35	726
Kentucky.....	10	76	13	369
Louisiana.....	9	71	20	954
Maine.....	6	48	14	538
Maryland.....	9	77	25	122
Massachusetts.....	21	165	74	30
Michigan.....	13	107	15	425
Minnesota.....	8	85	7	811
Mississippi.....	4	75	5	518
Missouri.....	21	227	22	232
Nebraska.....	7	31	27	1302
Nevada.....	7	6	40	5436
New Hampshire.....	7	39	18	179
New Jersey.....	21	98	22	63
New York.....	89	568	113	57
North Carolina.....	8	43	4	805
Ohio.....	25	306	35	101
Oregon.....	5	25	40	2977
Pennsylvania.....	61	410	67	83
Rhode Island.....	6	18	46	50
South Carolina.....	5	42	8	586
Tennessee.....	12	79	13	456
Texas.....	11	95	7	2345
Vermont.....	3	39	14	232
Virginia.....	16	71	12	342
West Virginia.....	3	49	8	396
Wisconsin.....	16	165	20	277
Territories.....	13	50	13	14,465
	594	4380		

It is interesting also to mark the increase and decrease of the number of newspapers and periodicals published in 1870 and 1873. For this table we are indebted to Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co., the well-known advertising agents of this city.

A Table showing the number of Newspapers and Periodicals published in the United States and Territories, according to the "American Newspaper Directory" for 1873.

	Daily.	Tri- Weekly.	Semi- Weekly.	Weekly.	Bi- Weekly.	Semi- Monthly.	Monthly.	Bi- Monthly.	Quar- terly.	Total.
Alabama.....	5	3	1	64	...	2	2	77
Arkansas.....	5	1	...	48	2	56
California.....	31	3	3	181	1	1	22	1	...	193
Connecticut.....	18	...	1	62	1	1	9	...	1	98
Delaware.....	3	...	1	13	1	...	1	19
Dist. of Columbia.	6	13	...	1	7	...	2	29
Florida.....	...	2	...	22	24
Georgia.....	14	5	2	95	...	2	7	125
Illinois.....	37	10	7	424	2	5	55	1	3	544
Indiana.....	20	3	2	245	2	2	20	294
Iowa.....	28	2	3	277	1	3	14	...	1	324
Kansas.....	11	3	...	121	...	1	11	147
Kentucky.....	9	1	4	86	11	111
Louisiana.....	7	1	2	85	1	...	2	...	2	100
Maine.....	9	1	...	57	1	1	6	...	1	76
Maryland.....	9	...	1	78	8	1	...	97
Massachusetts.....	25	1	12	202	4	4	53	1	8	310
Michigan.....	18	3	1	202	1	1	17	...	2	245
Minnesota.....	10	5	...	102	5	122
Mississippi.....	3	4	1	77	...	1	7	93
Missouri.....	23	6	1	264	...	3	31	1	2	331
Nebraska.....	9	...	2	56	6	73
Nevada.....	7	...	1	6	14
New Hampshire....	8	39	1	...	7	...	1	56
New Jersey.....	21	...	1	124	...	2	9	157
New York.....	96	5	21	625	8	22	161	1	22	958
North Carolina....	9	3	4	68	...	1	2	87
Ohio.....	27	11	5	356	...	9	55	1	...	464
Oregon.....	4	29	...	1	1	35
Pennsylvania.....	70	2	2	462	2	14	82	2	9	648
Rhode Island.....	6	...	1	16	5	28
South Carolina....	8	4	...	60	...	1	4	...	2	79
Tennessee.....	12	2	1	98	1	2	15	...	1	132
Texas.....	22	6	3	122	1	154
Vermont.....	4	54	3	61
Virginia.....	17	5	10	78	...	3	15	128
West Virginia.....	4	1	1	52	4	62
Wisconsin.....	17	2	4	186	...	3	13	225
	627	95	98	5,099	23	86	672	9	59	6,771
Territories.....	20	1	3	76	1	...	6	107

The census of 1840 gave 1,631 newspapers, with an issue of 195,838,673 copies, that of 1850 gave 2,800 newspapers, with an issue of 426,409,978, that of 1860 showed 3,725 papers of all descriptions issuing 927,951,548 copies, while in 1870 there were 6,056 periodicals in a population of 38,307,399, thus giving one journal to 6,325 inhabitants.

The State of New York has 894 publications, of which 371 are

printed in this city. Nevada has but 15 publications, but has more Daily than Weekly papers, while every other State has from three to twelve times as many Weeklies as Dailies. Tri-Weeklies are more common in the South, while in the North the facts are reversed.

New York State has 89 Dailies, Pennsylvania 61, Illinois 38, California 34, Delaware and Florida each 1, while Kansas claims to have as many as Vermont, West Virginia, Mississippi and Arkansas combined. Nebraska and Nevada have each more Dailies than either Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, West Virginia, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Maine, or Mississippi.

The Territories issue 73 publications, viz., 13 Dailies, 50 Weeklies, 3 Tri-Weeklies, 4 Semi-Weeklies, 1 Monthly, 1 Semi-Monthly, and 1 Bi-Weekly.

New York State averages 7,411 at each issue, Massachusetts 5,709, District of Columbia 4,323, Mississippi 753, Texas 701, Arkansas 650, Florida 616, and Nevada 516.

The average of all Dailies is 2,717, Weeklies 1,598, and Monthlies 4,081.

In North Carolina the total number of copies of all the publications printed throughout the entire year would supply only four copies to each inhabitant. The same may be written about Mississippi, Florida and Arkansas, their average being but five copies to each inhabitant. Alabama, Minnesota, South Carolina, Texas and West Virginia, all print less than enough to give each inhabitant a paper in five weeks, while California, whose papers do not go much out of the State, gives 82 copies per year, exceeding every other State but New York; thus the Golden State enjoys a stronger Press support from her inhabitants than any other State in the Union.

The District of Columbia publishes a paper for every three square miles, Massachusetts one to every 30 square miles, Rhode Island one to every 50, New York one to every 57, Connecticut one to every 60, New Jersey one to 63, Texas one to 2,345, Florida one to 2,693, while in the Territories, one newspaper circulates over no less than 14,465 square miles!

In the United States there are 283 publications advocating evangelical or sectarian ideas, which speaks volumes for the moral and religious welfare of the country. None so far have appeared in the Territories. New York City issues 44, Pennsylvania 23, Boston 21, of this class of publications.

Agriculture is fully represented by no less than 106 publications.

The medical profession has 72. Colleges and State Boards of Education have their organs, and number 84, principally Monthlies. Insurance has 19 publications, principally Monthlies. Free Masonry, Temperance, Odd Fellows, Music, Mechanics, Science, Law, Real Estate, and Woman's Rights have each their representative organs. Class publications are increasing very rapidly of late, their ratio of increase being greater than that of the entire press taken together. The increase of wealth and the influx of immigration, together with the natural growth of population making it possible and profitable to publish class papers now, when a few years since they could not have been made self supporting.

There are 341 German papers printed in the United States. The Scandinavian newspapers number 18. In Spanish there are 7, Dutch 6, Italian 4, Welsh 3, Bohemian 2, Portuguese 1, and Cherokee 1.

Before bringing this paper to a close we wish to say a few words in reference to the editors of olden times, when telegraphs, railroads and fast ocean steamers were unknown and unthought of. In order to enlighten the people they were forced to indulge in *leaders* for lack of news, and thus we ascribe to the early American editors the gift of superior intellect in the conduct of their papers in comparison with the editors of the present day. The people now want news, and each day from the remotest parts of the world the telegraph gives that food to the newspapers which its supporters demand and will have. A newspaper which does not insert the latest telegraphic intelligence from all parts of the world, or over this continent, is bound to fail. The scissors have supplanted the pen in a great measure, and seldom do the people care for editorials, unless about the eve of some election, Presidential, State, or Municipal, when the power of the American Press manifests itself in moulding public opinion. Party lines are generally strictly drawn and the politician who is anxious to be instructed relies principally on the views elicited from his favorite paper. Now in drawing our own conclusions on the relative condition of the press of 1830 and the press of 1874, we are forced to the opinion that, as a whole, the press of the former era was guided by master minds, and that the writings of such men as Gales, Seaton, Noah, Webb, Ritchie, Raymond, Bennett, Brooks, and Greeley were far more intellectual than those of the essayists and paragraphists of the present day. The editors now have at their command the telegraph, rapid transit by sea and land, and, in addition, the advance of science

has given the lightning printing press to economize labor. Thus we find the regular daily issue giving news from all parts of the world to replace that intellect and influence which scholastic attainments secured for the writers in years gone by. The editors of the past gained their distinction and position *labore et honore*, and well deserving are their memories of our respect and esteem.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

As a vessel is known by the sound, whether it be cracked or not, so men are proved by their speeches, whether they be wise or foolish.—*Demosthenes*.

A man would have no pleasure in discovering all the beauties of the universe, even in heaven itself, unless he had a partner to whom he might communicate his joys.—*Cicero*.

God multiplies intelligence, which communicates itself, like fire, *ad infinitum*. Light a thousand torches at one torch, the flame remains always the same.—*Joubert*.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles!—*Washington Irving*.

This world is full of fools, and he who would not wish to see one must not only shut himself up alone, but must also break his looking-glass.—*Boileau*.

A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me.—*Carlyle*.

Lie not, neither to thyself, nor man, nor God. Let mouth and heart be one; beat and speak together, and make both felt in action. It is for cowards to lie.—*George Herbert*.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.—*Franklin*.

Pride is the common forerunner of a fall. It was the Devil's sin, and the Devil's ruin; and has been, ever since the Devil's stratagem; who, like an expert wrestler, usually gives a man a lift before he gives him a throw.—*South*.

THE VALE OF CEDARS; OR, THE MARTYR.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

CHAPTER X.

"Yet was I calm. I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now, to tremble were a crime:
We met, and not a nerve was shook."

BYRON.

The excitement of the city did not subside with the close of the procession. The quiet gravity and impressive appearance of age, which had always marked Segovia, as a city more of the past than present, gave place to all the bustling animation peculiar to a provincial residence of royalty. Its central position gave it advantages over Valladolid, the usual seat of the monarchs of Castile and Leon, to sovereigns who were seeking the internal peace and prosperity of their subjects, and were resolved on reforming abuses in every quarter of their domains. The deputation from the city was graciously received; their offering—a golden vase filled with precious stones—accepted, and the seal put to their loyal excitement by receiving from Isabella's own lips, the glad information that she had decided on making Segovia her residence for the ensuing year, and that she trusted the loyalty which the good citizens of Segovia had so warmly proffered would be proved, by their endeavors in their own households to reform the abuses which long years of misrule and misery had engendered. She depended on them, her people, to aid her with heart and hand, and bade them remember, no individual was so insignificant as to remove his shoulder from the wheel on plea of uselessness. She trusted to her citizen subjects to raise the internal glory of her kingdom, as she did to her nobles to guard their safety, elevate her chivalry, and by their untarnished honor and stainless valor, present an invincible front to foreign foes. Isabella knew human nature well; the citizens returned to their houses bound for ever to her service.

Don Luis Garcia had joined the train of Morales when he set forth to meet the sovereigns. His extraordinary austerity and semblance of lowly piety, combined as they were with universal talent, had been so much noised abroad as to reach the ears of Ferdinand and

Isabella; and Morales, ever eager to promote the interests of a countryman, took the earliest opportunity of presenting him to them. He was graciously enough received: but, though neither spoke it, an indefinable feeling of disappointment took possession of their minds, the wherefore they knew not. Don Luis had conversed well, both as to the matter and the manner; but neither Ferdinand nor Isabella felt the smallest inclination to advance him to any post about themselves. In virtue of his supposed rank, however, he of course mingled with the courtly crowd, which on the appointed evening thronged the mansion of Don Ferdinand.

Tremblingly as Marie looked forward to that evening, she spared no pains to gratify her husband in the choice of her toilet. Sorrow had never made her indifferent, and she sought to please him even in the most trifling occurrences of life. Her beautiful hair still lay in soft, glossy bands against the delicate cheeks, and was gathered up behind in a massive plait, forming, as it were, a diadem at the back of the exquisitely shaped head, from which fell a white veil—rather, perhaps, a half mantle, as it shaded the shoulders, not the face—of silver tissue, so delicately woven as to resemble lace, save in its glittering material. A coronet of diamonds was wreathed in and out the plait, removing all semblance of heaviness from the headgear, and completely divesting it of gaudiness. Her robe, of blue brocade, so closely woven with silver threads as to glisten in the light of a hundred lamps almost like diamonds, had no ornament save the large pearls which looped up the loose sleeves above the elbow, buttoned the bodice or jacket down the front, and richly embroidered the wide collar, which, thrown back, disclosed the wearer's delicate throat and beautiful fall of the shoulders, more than her usual attire permitted to be visible. The tiny white silk slipper, embroidered in pearl, a collaret and bracelets of the same beautiful ornament, of very large size, completed her costume.

Not even the presence of royalty could restrain the burst of undisguised admiration which greeted Marie, as, led forward by her eager husband, she was presented to the sovereigns, and knelt to do them homage. Ferdinand himself gazed on her a moment astonished; then with animated courtesy hastily raised her, and playfully chid the movement as unmeet from a hostess to her guests.

A strange moisture had risen to the eyes of the Queen as she first beheld Marie. It might have been that marvellous perfection of face and form which caused the emotion; for if all perfection, even

from man's hand, is affecting even to tears, what must be the work of God? It might have been that on that young, sweet face, to the Queen's mental eye, a dim shadow from the formless realms of the future hovered—that, stealing from that outward form of loveliness, she beheld its twin sister, sorrow. Whatever it might have been, kind and gentle as Isabella's manner ever was, especially to her own sex, to Marie it was kinder and gentler still.

How false is the charge breathed from man's lips, that woman never admires woman!—that we are incapable of the lofty feeling of admiration of our own sex either for beautiful qualities or beauteous form! There is no object in creation more lovely, more fraught with intensest interest (if, indeed, we are not so wholly wrapt in the petty world of self as to have none for such lofty sympathies) than a young girl standing on the threshold of a new existence; beautiful, innocent, and true; offspring as yet of joy and hope alone, but before whom stretches the dim vista of graver years, and the yearning thoughts, unspoken griefs, and buried feelings, which even in the happiest career must still be woman's lot. There may be many who can see no charm and feel no interest in girlhood's beauty: but not in such is woman's best and holiest nature; and therefore not by such should she be judged.

"We will not chide thee, Senor, for thy jealous care of this most precious gem," said Isabella, addressing Don Ferdinand, while her eye followed Marie, who, re-assured by the Queen's manner, had conquered her painful timidity, and was receiving and returning with easy grace and natural dignity the greetings and gallantries of her guests: "she is too pure, too precious to meet the common eye, or breathe a courtly atmosphere."

Don Ferdinand's eye glistened. "And yet I fear her not," he rejoined; "she is as true, as loving, as she is loved and lovely."

"I doubt it not: nay, 'tis the spotless purity of soul breathing in that sweet face, which I would not behold tainted, by association with those less pure. No: let her rest within the sanctuary of thy heart and hearth, Don Ferdinand. We do not command her constant attendance on our person, as we had intended."

Conscious of the inexpressible relief which this assurance would be to his wife, Morales eagerly and gratefully expressed his thanks; and the Queen passed on, rejoicing in the power of so easily conferring joy.

We may not linger on the splendor of this scene, or attempt

description of the varied and picturesque groups filling the gorgeous suite of rooms, pausing at times to admire the decorations of the domed chamber, or passing to and fro in the hall of mirrors, gayly reflected from the walls and pillars. The brilliant appearance of the extensive gardens; their sudden and dazzling illuminations as night advanced; their curious temples, and sparkling fountains sending up sheets of silver in the still air and darkening night, and falling in myriads of diamonds on innumerable flowers, whose brilliant coloring, illuminated by small lamps, concealed beneath their foliage, shone forth like gems; the groups of Moorish slaves, still as statues in their various attitudes; the wild, barbaric music, startling, yet delighting all who listened, and causing many an eager warrior to grasp his sword, longing even at such a moment to exchange that splendid scene for the clash and stir of war—we must leave all to the imagination of our readers, and bid them follow us to the banquet hall, where, summoned by the sound of the gong, the numerous guests sat down to tables, groaning beneath the profuse hospitality of their host, and the refined magnificence of the display.

All the warrior stirred the soul of the King, as, on taking his seat at the dais, he glanced round and beheld the glorious triumphs of his country so strikingly portrayed. But Isabella saw but one picture, felt but one thought; and Marie never forgot the look she fixed on the breathing portrait of Alfonso, nor the tone with which she inquired—

“Hadst thou ever a brother, Marie?”

“Never, royal Madam.”

“Then thou canst not enter into the deep love I bore yon princely boy, nor the feeling that picture brings. Marie, I would cast aside my crown, descend my throne without one regretful murmur, could I but hold him to my heart once more, as I did the night he bade me his glad farewell. It was forever! Thy husband speaks of him sometimes?”

“Often, often, my gracious liege, till his lip has quivered and his eye has glistened!”

Isabella pressed her hand, and with even more than her wonted graciousness, turned to receive from the hand of her host the gemmed goblet of wine, which, in accordance with established custom, Don Ferdinand knelt down to present, having first drunk of it himself.

Inspiringly sounded the martial music during the continuance of the banquet. Brightly sparkled the brimming goblets of the far-

famed Spanish wine. Lightly round the table ran the gay laugh and gayer jest. Soft and sweet were the whispers of many a gallant cavalier to his fair companion; for, in compliment to Isabella, the national reserve of the daughters of Spain was in some degree laid aside and a free intercourse with their male companions permitted. Each, indeed, wore the veil, which could be thrown off, forming a mantle behind, or drawn close to conceal every feature, as a coquetish fancy willed; nor were the large fans wanting, with which the Spanish woman is said to hold as long and desperate a flirtation as the coquette of other lands can do with the assistance of voice and eye. Isabella's example had, however, already created reformation in her female train, and the national levity and love of intrigue, had in a great degree diminished.

The animation of the scene was at its height when suddenly the music ceased, a single gong was heard to sound, and Alberic, the senior page, brought tidings of the arrival of new guests; and his master, with native courtesy, hastened down the hall to give them welcome.

Marie had not heard, or, perhaps, had not heeded the interruption in the music; for, fascinated by the manner and conversation of the Queen, she had given herself up for the time wholly to its influence, to the forgetfulness even of her inward self. The sound of many footsteps and a rejoicing exclamation from the King, excited the attention at once of Isabella and her hostess. Marie glanced down the splendid hall; and well was it for her that she was standing behind the Queen's seat, and somewhat deep in shadow. Momentary as was all *visible* emotion, its effect was such as must have caused remark and wonder had it been perceived: on herself, that casual glance was, as if she had received some invisibly dealt, yet fearful blow. Her brain reeled, her eyes swam, a fearful, stunning sound awoke within her ears, and such failing of bodily power as compelled her, spite of herself, to grasp the Queen's chair for support. But how mighty—how marvellous is the power of *will* and *mind*! In less than a minute every failing sense was recalled, every slackened nerve restrung, and, save in the deadly paleness of lip, as well as cheek, not a trace of that terrible conflict remained.

Aware that it was at a gay banquet he was to meet the King, Arthur Stanley had arranged his dress with some care. We need only particularize his sword, which was remarkable for its extreme simplicity, the hilt being of the basket shape, and instead of being

inlaid with precious stones, as was the general custom of this day, was composed merely of highly burnished steel. He had received it from his dying father: and it was his pride to preserve it unsullied, as it had descended to him. He heeded neither laughter at its uncouth plainness, nor even the malicious sneer as to the poor Englishman's incapacity to purchase a handsomer one; rejecting every offer of a real Toledo, and declaring that he would prove both the strength and brightness of English steel, so that none should gainsay it.

"Welcome, Don Arthur! welcome, Senor Stanley! By St. Francis, I shall never learn thy native title, youth!" exclaimed the monarch, frankly, as he extended his hand, which Stanley knelt to salute. Returned with fresher laurels, Stanley! Why, man, thou wilt make us thy debtor in good earnest!"

"Nay, my gracious liege: that can never be!" replied Stanley, earnestly. "Grateful I am, indeed, when there is opportunity to evince fidelity and valor in your Grace's service: but believe me, where so much has been and is received, not a life's devotion on my part can remove the impression, that I am the debtor still."

"I believe thee, boy! I do believe thee! I would mistrust myself ere I mistrusted thee. We will hear of thy doings to-morrow. Enough now to know we are well satisfied with thy government in Sicily, and trust our native subject who succeeds thee will do his part as well. Away to thy seat, and rejoice that thou hast arrived ere this gay scene has closed. Yet stay: our lovely hostess hath not yet given thee welcome. Where is the Senora! Isabella, hast thou spirited her hence? She was here but now."

"Nay, good my Lord: she has vanished unwittingly," replied Isabella, as she turned toward the spot where Marie had been standing "Don Ferdinand, we must entreat thee to recall her!"

"It needs not, royal Madam: I am here:" and Marie stepped forward from the deep shade of the fallen drapery behind the royal seats which had concealed her, and stood calmly, almost proudly erect beside the Queen, the full light falling on her face and form. But there was little need for light to recognize her: the voice was sufficient; and even the vivid consciousness of where he stood, the hundred curious eyes upon him, could not restrain the sudden start—the bewildered look. Could that be Marie? Could that be the wife of Ferdinand Morales? If she were the one, how could she be the other, when scarcely eighteen months previous, she had told him that which, if it were true, must equally prevent her union with Morales as with

himself? In what were they different save in the vast superiority of wealth and rank? And in the chaos of bewildering emotions, so trustful was he in the truth of her he loved, that, against the very evidence of his own senses, he for the moment disbelieved in the identity of the wife of Morales with the Marie Henriquez of the Cedar Vale. Perhaps it was well he did so, for it enabled him to still the tumultuous throbbing of his every pulse as her voice agains ounded in his ear, saying he was welcome, most welcome as her husband's friend, and to retire without any apparent emotion to his seat.

He had merely bowed reverentially in reply. In any other person the silence itself would have caused remark; but for the last three years Stanley's reserve and silence in the company of women had been such, that a departure from his general rule even in the present case would have been more noticed than his silence. Thoughts of painful, almost chaotic bewilderment indeed, so chased each other across his mind as to render the scene around him indistinct, the many faces and eager voices like the phantasma of a dream. But the pride of manhood roused him from the sickening trance, and urged him to enter into the details, called for by his companions in arms, of the revolt of the Sicilians, with even more than usual animation.

One timid glance Marie had hazarded toward her husband, and it was met by such a look and smile of love and pride, that she was reassured to perform the duties of the evening unfaltering to the end. Alas! she little knew that her momentary emotion and that of Arthur had alike been seen, commented upon, and welcomed with fiend-like glee, as the connecting link of an until then impalpable plot, by one individual in that courtly crowd, whose presence, hateful as it was, she had forgotten in the new and happier thoughts which Isabella's presence and notice had occasioned.

And who was there, the mere spectator of this glittering pageant, but would have pronounced that there, at least, all was joy, and goodwill, and trust, and love? Who, even did they acknowledge the theory that one human heart, unveiled, would disperse this vain dream of seeming unalloyed enjoyment, would yet have selected the right individual for the proof, or would not have shrunk back awed and saddened had the truth been told! Surely it is well for the young, the hopeful, and the joyous, that in such scenes they see but life's surface—not its depths.

The festive scene lasted some time longer, nor did it conclude with the departure of the King and Queen; many still lingered, wandering

at their own will about the rooms and gardens, and dispersing gradually, as was then the custom, without any set farewell.

Her attendance no longer required by the Queen, and aware that her presence was not needed by her guests, Marie sought the gardens; her fevered spirit and aching head yearning to exchange the dazzling lights and close rooms for the darkness and refreshing breeze of night. Almost unconsciously she had reached some distance from the house, and now stood beside a beautiful statue of a water-nymph, overlooking a deep still pool, so clear and limpid, that when the moon cast her light upon it, it shone like a sheet of silver, reflecting every surrounding object. There were many paths that led to it, concealed one from the other by gigantic trees and overhanging shrubs. It was a favorite spot with Marie, and she now stood leaning against the statue, quite unconscious that tears were falling faster and faster from her eyes, and mingling with the waters at her feet.

"Marie!" exclaimed the voice of Stanley at that moment. "Canst thou be Marie? so false, so—" but his words were checked, for the terror, the tumult of feeling, while it impelled her to start from him, deprived her of all power; and a rapid movement on his part alone prevented her from falling in the deep pool beneath their feet. It was but a moment, she withdrew herself from his supporting arms, and stood erect before him, though words she had none.

"Speak to me!" reiterated Arthur, his voice sounding hollow and changed; "I ask but one word. My very senses seem to play me false, and mock me with thy outward semblance to one I have so loved. Her name, too, was Marie; her voice soft and thrilling as thine own: and yet, yet, I feel that 'tis but semblance—'tis but mockery—the phantasy of a disordered brain. Speak, in mercy! Say it is but semblance—that thou art not the Marie I have so loved."

"It is true—I am that Marie. I have wronged thee most cruelly, most falsely," she answered, in a tone low and collected indeed, but expressive of intense suffering. "It is too late now either to atone or to explain. Leave me, Senor Stanley: I am another's!"

"Too late to explain? By heaven but thou shalt!" burst fiercely and wrathfully from Stanley. "Is it not enough that thou hast changed my whole nature into gall, made truth itself a lie, purity a meaningless word, but thou wilt shroud thyself under the specious hood of duty to another, when, before heaven, thou wast mine alone. Speak!"

"Ay, I will speak—implore thee by the love thou didst once bear me, Arthur, leave me now! I can hear no more to-night."

"On condition thou wilt see me in private once again. Marie, thou darest not refuse me this! Thou canst not have so fallen as to give no reason for this most foul wrong—fancied weak, futile as it may be. We part now, but we meet again!" And with a strong effort at control he strode hastily from her.

The moon at that moment breaking from thick clouds, darted her full light upon the pool, till it shone like an illuminated mirror amidst the surrounding darkness; and though Arthur had disappeared, its clear surface distinctly reflected the outline of another closely shrouded figure. Marie turned in terror, and beheld, gleaming with the triumph of a fiend, the hated countenance of Don Luis Garcia. One look told her that he had seen all, heard all; but she had no power to speak or move. Keeping his basilisk gaze fixed on her, he withdrew backward into the deep shade till he had entirely disappeared.

Summoning all her energy, Marie fled back toward the house, and at the moment she reached it, Don Ferdinand crossed the deserted hall.

"Marie, dearest, here and alone? Pale too, and trembling! In heaven's name, what hath chanced?"

A moment more, and she would have flung herself at his feet and told him all—all, and beseeching his forgiveness, conjure him to shield her from Arthur, from herself; but as she looked up in his face, and met its beaming animation, its manly reflection of the pure gratification that evening had bestowed, how could she, how dared she be the one to dash it with woe? And, overpowered with this fearful contention of feeling, she threw her arms around him as he bent tenderly over her, and burying her head in his bosom, burst into tears.

"Thou art exhausted, mine own love! It has been too exciting, too wearying a scene for thee. Why, what a poor, weak girl thou art! How fortunate for thee that thy Queen demands not thy constant attendance, and that thy husband is not ambitious to behold thee shining in the court, as thy grace and beauty might! I am too glad to feel thee all, all my own. Smile on me, love, and then to thy couch. A few hours' quiet rest, and thou wilt be thyself again." And he bore her himself with caressing gentleness to her apartment.

CHAPTER XI

"Then Roderick from the Douglas broke,
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths long, dark, and low,
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow ;
So the deep anguish of despair
Burst in fierce jealousy to air."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"SURE, now, Pedro, the poor young Senor cannot be entirely in his right mind ; he does nothing but tramp, tramp, tramp, the whole night long, and mutters so fiercely to himself, and such dark words, it would make one tremble were they not belied by his sweet face and sad smile," was the observation of old Juana Lopez to her husband some ten days after Arthur Stanley had been domiciled in their dwelling. The old man muttered something about his being a foreigner from the Wild Island, where they had all been busy cutting one another's throats, and what could she expect otherwise ?"

"Expect ? why that he must have become Spanish born and bred since he has been in King Ferdinand's service so long, and was such a boy when he left England."

"Stuff, woman ; there's no taking the foreign blood out of him, try as you will," growled the old man, who in common with many of his class, was exceedingly annoyed that a foreigner should possess so much of the King's confidence, and not a little displeased that his dwelling should have been fixed on for the young officer's quarters. "It would not have been Isabella, God bless her ! to have chosen such a minion ; she tolerates him for Ferdinand's sake ; but they will find him out one day. Saint Iago forbid the evil don't fall first."

"Now that is all prejudice, Viego Pedro, and you know it. Bless his beautiful face ! there is no thought of evil there, I'd stake my existence. He is tormented in his mind about something, poor youth ; but his eyes are too bright and his smile too sad for any thing evil."

"Hold your foolish tongue : you women think if a man is better looking than his fellows, he is better in every respect—poor fools as ye are ; but as for this Englisher, with such a white skin and glossy curls, and blue eyes—why I'd be ashamed to show myself amongst men—pshaw—the woman's blind."

"Nay, Viego Pedro, prejudice has folded her kerchief round your eyes, not mine," retorted the old dame; and their war of words concerning the merits and demerits of their unconscious lodger continued, till old Pedro grumbled himself off, and his more light-hearted help-mate busied herself in preparing a tempting meal for her guest, which, to her great disappointment, shared the fate of many others, and left his table almost untouched.

To attempt description of Stanley's feelings would be as impossible as tedious; yet some few words must be said. His peculiarly enthusiastic, perhaps romantic disposition, had caused him to cling tenaciously to the memory of Marie, even after the revelation of a secret which to other men would have seemed to place an impassable barrier between them. To Arthur, difficulties in pursuit of an object only rendered its attainment the more intensely desired. Perhaps his hope rested on the conviction not so much of his own faithful love as on the unchangeable nature of hers. He might have doubted himself, but to doubt her was impossible. Conscious himself that, wrong as it might be, he could sacrifice every thing for her—country, rank, faith itself, even the prejudice of centuries, every thing but honor—an ideal stronger in the warrior's mind than even creed—he could not and would not believe that her secret was to her sacred as his honor to him, and that she could no more turn renegade from the fidelity which that secret comprised, than he could from his honor. She had spoken of but one relation, an aged father; and he felt in his strong hopefulness, that it was only for the father's sake she had striven to conquer her love, and had told him they might never wed, and that when that link was broken he might win her yet.

Loving and believing thus, his anguish in beholding her the wife of another may be imagined. The more he tried to think, the more confused and mystifying his thoughts became. Every interview which he had with her, and more especially that in the Vale of Cedars, was written in indelible characters on his heart and brain; and while beholding her as the wife of Morales contradicted their every word, still it could not blot them from his memory; and he would think, and think, in the vain search for but one imaginary reason, however faint, however unsatisfactory, for her conduct, till his brain turned, and his senses reeled. It was not the mere suffering of unrequited love; it was the misery of having been deceived; and then, when racked and tortured by the impossibility of discovering some cause for this deceit, her secret would flash across him, and the wild thought.

arise that both he and Don Ferdinand were victims to the magic and the sorcery, by means of which alone her hated race could ever make themselves beloved.

Compelled as he was to mingle with the court as usual, these powerful emotions were of course always under strong restraint, except when in the solitude of his own quarters. That when there he should give them vent, neither conscious of, nor caring for the remarks they excited from his host and hostess, was not very remarkable; perhaps he was scarcely aware how powerfully dislike towards Don Ferdinand shared his thoughts with his vain suggestions as to the cause of Marie's falsity. The reason for this suddenly aroused dislike he could not indeed have defined, except that Morales had obtained without difficulty a treasure, to obtain which he had offered to sacrifice so much. So fourteen days passed, and though firmly resolved to have one more interview with Marie, no opportunity had presented itself, nor in fact could he feel that he had as yet obtained the self-command necessary for the cold, calm tone which he intended to assume. It happened that once or twice the King had made Arthur his messenger to Don Ferdinand; but since the night of the entertainment he had never penetrated farther than the audience chamber, there performed his mission briefly, and departed. Traversing the principal street of Segovia one morning, he was accosted somewhat too courteously, he thought, for their slight acquaintance, by Don Luis Garcia.

"And whither so early, Senor Stanley?" he inquired so courteously that it could not give offence, particularly as it followed other queries of a graceful greeting, and was not put forth abruptly.

"To the mansion of Don Ferdinand Morales," replied the young Englishman, frankly.

"Indeed! from the King?"

Stanley answered in the affirmative, too deeply engrossed with his own thoughts to attend much to his companion, whose interrogations he would undoubtedly in a more natural mood have felt inclined to resent.

"Don Ferdinand Morales ranks as high in the favor of the people as of the King—a marvellous conjunction of qualities, is it not, Senor Stanley?" continued Garcia, after walking by his side some minutes in silence. "A Monarch's favorite is seldom that of his subjects; but Morales is unusually deserving. I wonder not at the love he wins."

"Neither Ferdinand nor Isabella bestows favors on the undeserving," briefly, almost sternly answered Stanley, with an unconscious tone and manner, which did not escape his companion.

"And he is so singularly fortunate, every thing he touches seems to turn to gold—an universal idol, possessed too of such wealth and splendor, and, above all, with such a being to share them with him. Fortune has marked him favored in all things. Didst ever behold a creature equal in loveliness to Donna Marie, Senor Stanley?"

A momentary, and to any other but Don Luis, incomprehensible emotion, passed over the countenance of Stanley at these words; but though it was instantly recalled, and indifference both in expression of countenance and voice resumed, it passed not unobserved; Don Luis, rejoicing in the pain he saw he was inflicting, continued an eloquent panegyric on the wife of Morales, the intense love she bore her husband, and the beautiful unity and harmony of their wedded life, until they parted within a short distance of the public entrance to Don Ferdinand's mansion, toward which Stanley turned.

Don Luis looked after his retreating form, and folding his arms in his mantle, bent down his head, assuming an attitude which to passers-by expressed the meek humility of his supposed character. There was a wild gleam of triumph in his eyes which he knew, and therefore they were thus bent down, and there were thoughts in his heart which might thus be worded:—"I have it all, all. Waiting has done better for me than acting; but now the watch is over, and the coil is laid. There have been those who, standing on the loftiest pinnacle, have fallen by a touch to earth; none knew the how or wherefore." And shrouding himself closer in his wrapping mantle, he walked rapidly on till he reached a side entrance into the gardens, which stretched for many acres around Don Ferdinand's mansion. Here again he paused, looked cautiously around him, then swiftly entered, and softly closed the door behind him.

Already agitated by the effort to retain calmness during Garcia's artful words, it was no light matter for Stanley to compose himself for his interview with Morales. Vain was the gentle courtesy of the latter, vain his kindly words, vain his confidential reception of the young Englishman, to remove from Arthur's heart the wild torrent of passion called forth by Garcia's allusion to Marie's intense love for her husband. To any one but Morales, his abrupt and unconnected replies, his strange and uncourteous manners, must have excited irritation; but Don Ferdinand only saw that the young man

was disturbed and pained, and for this very reason exerted his utmost kindness of words and manner to draw him from himself. They parted after an interval of about half an hour, Morales to go to the castle as requested ; Arthur to proceed, as he thought, to the environs of the city. But in vain did he strive with himself. The window of the room in which he had met Don Ferdinand looked into the garden, and there, slowly pacing a shaded path, he had recognized the figure of Marie. The intense desire to speak with her once more, and so have the fatal mystery solved, became too powerful to control. Every feeling of honor and delicacy perished before it, and hardly knowing what he did, he retraced his steps, entered unquestioned, passed through the hall to the gardens beyond, and in less than ten minutes after he had parted from her husband, stood in the presence of Marie.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OMNISCIENCE.

Almighty God ! whose will alone
 Sufficed the world to fabricate ;
 Whose comprehensive glance is thrown
 O'er every empire, realm, and state :
 How from Thy ever-searching eye,
 Can man the *heart's* dominion hide ?
 Where passions among virtues lie,
 As reptiles among flowers glide.

Father of mercies ! aid my soul
 Its failings to eradicate ;
 Let truth its every thought control,
 Its every feeling elevate.
 Fearless before Thee let me stand,
 O Lord ! in conscious rectitude ;
 And feel, when human deeds are scanned,
 That mine with favor shall be viewed.

P. M.

THE MOSAIC DISTINCTION OF ANIMALS.

BY JAMES TOWNLEY, D. D.

THE Jewish Legislator, in the eleventh chapter of Leviticus, specifies various Beasts, Birds, Fishes, and Reptiles, which he distinguishes by the terms CLEAN and UNCLEAN: the "clean" are permitted to be eaten, but the "unclean" are forbidden. He also lays down certain rules for distinguishing, generally, those that are "clean" from those that are "unclean."—According to the position so ably defended by Maimonides, these distinctions are not arbitrarily marked, or causelessly enjoined, but originate in sacred wisdom, and are designed to promote the welfare of the nation on whom they are enforced.—It may therefore increase our conviction of the wise and salutary tendency of the Mosaic economy, to glance at the nature of the tests established for ascertaining the legal purity or impurity of animals in general; and to inquire into the reasons for adopting the distinction.

I.—THE SYSTEM OF DISCRIMINATION.

1. With respect to *Quadrupeds*, Moses reduces the rules of distinction to the natural and simple ones of *the form of the foot* and *the chewing of the cud*. All beasts that have their feet completely cloven, above as well as below, and at the same time ruminates or chew the cud, are "clean:" those which have neither, or want one of these distinguishing marks, are "unclean."—But as there are some cases in which doubt may arise whether they do fully divide the hoof or ruminates, as in case of the *hare*, &c., the legislator, in order to prevent difficulties, authoritatively decides the point, by distinctly specifying which of such animals shall be eaten, and which shall be forbidden.—On this system of distinction, Michaelis, in his *Commentaries on the Laws of Moses*, observes, "That, in so early an age of the world, we should find a systematic division of quadrupeds so excellent as never yet, after all the improvements in natural history, to have become obsolete, but, on the contrary, to be still considered as useful by, the greatest masters of the science, cannot but be looked upon as truly wonderful."

2. The systematic distinction of *Fishes*, is equally clear and simple as the former. All that have *scales* and *fins* are "clean"—or lawful to be eaten, all others "unclean" or forbidden.

3. With regard to *Birds*, no particular characters are given for dividing them into classes, as "clean," or "unclean;" but judging from those which are specified, so far as the obsolete nature of the Hebrew names will permit, it will be found, that those which live on grain are not prohibited; and as these are the domesticated kinds, we might almost express it in other words—that birds of prey, generally, are rejected, that is, those with crooked beaks and strong talons; whether they prey on lesser fowls or animals, or on fish: while those which eat vegetables are admitted as lawful. So that the same principle is maintained to a certain degree, among birds as among beasts."

4. With respect to *Serpents, worms, insects, &c.*, it is declared, that "all creatures that creep, going upon all four; and whatsoever goeth upon the belly; or whatsoever hath more feet than four among creeping things, are an abomination." An exception, however, is made with respect to those winged insects, which besides four walking legs, have also two longer springing legs, (*pedes saltatorii*), and under the denomination of *locusts* are accounted clean.

5. Besides the general distinctions already noticed, another is made relating to whatsoever goeth upon his *paws* among all manner of beasts that go upon all four; being therefore pronounced unclean. The literal translation of the Hebrew would be *palms* or *hands*, and therefore probably refers to those animals whose feet resemble the hands or feet of the human being, such as apes, monkeys, &c., and all creatures of that genus; together with bears, lions, cats, dogs, frogs, &c.

II.—REASONS OF THE DISTINCTION OF "CLEAN" AND "UNCLEAN."

Various reasons have been adduced for the legal distinction betwixt *clean* and *unclean* animals, by those learned men, who have made this part of the Jewish polity their peculiar study; and although it must be acknowledged that some of them have been too fanciful in some of the positions which they have advocated, and that others have ramified their inquiries into unnecessary minuteness, and have even weakened their arguments by attempting to prove too much, still it will be found by the candid investigator that there are some great and leading reasons for these dietetic distinctions, in which all the best writers are agreed, and which we may therefore safely consider as sound and scriptural, as well as rational. The sum of these is, that these distinctions were intended *to prevent idolatry,—to promote the*

health and comfort of the people,—and to influence the moral character of the nation.

1.—To PREVENT IDOLATRY.—The Israelites having sojourned in Egypt among gross idolaters for several ages, had become so deeply imbued with the idolatrous principles of the people, and so habituated to their practices, that it required the most solemn and reiterated injunctions and threatenings to check their strong propensity to adopt the idolatrous manners of the Egyptians and other surrounding nations. The distinction of animals into “clean” and “unclean,” aided the accomplishment of this desirable object, since it took away the very foundation of all commerce with other people: For those who can neither eat nor drink together, are never likely to contract an intimacy; nor was it probable that the Israelites would look on those animals as deities worthy of being worshiped, upon which they fed daily. But not only were they permitted to eat such as were usually adored by the Egyptians, they were also taught to look upon others with religious detestation, which were accounted sacred and held in the highest veneration by them. “Most of the creatures,” says the erudite Lewis, “which are pronounced *unclean*, were such as were in high esteem and sacred among the heathen; as a swine was to Venus, the owl to Minerva, the hawk to Apollo, the eagle to Jupiter, and even the dog to Hecate; which gave occasion to Origen justly to fall into admiration of the wisdom of Moses, who so perfectly understood the nature of all animals, and what relation they had to demons, that he declared all those to be unclean which were esteemed by the Egyptians and other nations to be the instruments of divination, and those to be *clean* which were not so: (*Origen contra Celsum*, lib. iv,) and if in the time of Moses such creatures were not sacred to demons, it is a greater wonder that he should mark out those as impure, which proved to be so sacred to after ages; as a great number of birds mentioned in Porphyry, who says, The gods used them as heralds to declare their mind to men, and several other creatures mentioned by other authors, as peculiarly appropriated to other deities.” It is well known, that the lion, wolf, dog, cat, ape, and even frogs, otters, rats, beetles, and flies, as well as serpents and fishes, were held in idolatrous veneration by the Egyptians and other nations, and for which they were thus satirized by Juvenal, a Pagan Roman himself:

"How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
 Make gods of monsters, is but too well known :
 One sect, devotion to Nile's serpent pays ;
 Others to Ibis that on serpent preys.
 Where, Thebus, thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
 And where maim'd Memno's magic harp is heard ;
 Where these are mould'ring, less the sots combine
 With pious care a monkey to enshrine !
 Fish-gods you'll meet with fins and scales o'ergrown ;
 Diana's dogs ador'd in ev'ry town,
 Her dogs have temples, but the goddess none :
 'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour,
 Each clove of garlic is a sacred pow'r.
 Religious nations sure and blest abodes,
 Where ev'ry orchard is o'errun with gods.
 To kill is murder, sacrilege to eat
 A kid or lamb."—

The restrictions, therefore, which were made with respect to diet, especially by the division of animals into "clean" and "unclean," were eminently calculated to prevent intimacies with the Egyptians and Canaanites and other idolaters, and to prevent their table from becoming a snare ; and that which should have been for their welfare becoming a trap." (Psalm lxi, 22.) It has, consequently, been well remarked, that "this statute, above all others, established not only a political and sacred, but a physical separation of the Jews from all other people. It made it next to impossible for the one to mix with the other, either in meals or in marriage, or in any familiar connexion. Their opposite customs in the article of diet not only precluded a comfortable intimacy, but generated mutual contempt and abhorrence. The Jews religiously abhorred the society, manners, and institutions of the Gentiles, because they viewed their abstinence from forbidden meats, as a token of peculiar sanctity, and of course regarded other nations, who wanted this sanctity, as vile and detestable. They considered themselves as secluded by God himself from the profane world, by a peculiar worship, government, law, dress, mode of living, and country. Though this separation from other people, on which the law respecting food was founded, created in the Jews a criminal pride, and hatred of the Gentiles ; yet it forcibly operated as a preservative from heathen idolatry, by precluding all familiarity with idolatrous nations. "Ye shall therefore," said JEHOVAH, "put difference between clean beasts and unclean, and between unclean fowls and clean ; and ye shall not make your souls abominable by beast or by fowl, or by any manner of living thing

that creepeth on the ground, which I have separated from you as unclean : and ye shall be holy unto me ; for I the LORD am holy, and have severed you from other people that ye should be mine.—Levit. xx, 25, 26.

2.—To PROMOTE HEALTH AND COMFORT.—In the distinction of animals into “clean” and “unclean,” particular reference appears to have been made to their suitableness for food, those being accounted “clean” which afforded a considerable proportion of wholesome nutriment, and those being condemned as “unclean,” which were of a gross and unwholesome nature. “While God keeps the eternal interests of man steadily in view,” observes a learned commentator, “he does not forget his earthly comfort; he is at once solicitous both for the health of his body and his soul. He has not forbidden certain aliments because he is a Sovereign, but because he knew they would be injurious to the health and morals of his people. *Solid-footed* animals, such as the *horse*, and *many-toed* animals, such as the *cat*, &c., are here prohibited. Beasts which have *bifid* or cloven-hoofs, such as the *ox*, are considered as proper for food, and therefore commanded. The former are *unclean*, *i. e.*, unwholesome, affording a gross nutriment, often the parent of scorbutic and scrofulous disorders ; the latter *clean*, *i. e.*, affording a copious and wholesome nutriment, and not laying the foundation of any disease. *Ruminating* animals, *i. e.*, those which *chew the cud*, concoct their food better than the others, which swallow it with little mastication, and therefore the flesh contains more of the nutritious juices, and is more easy of digestion, and consequently of assimilation to the solids and fluids of the human body : on this account they are termed clean, *i. e.*, peculiarly wholesome and fit for food. The animals which do not *ruminate* do not concoct their food so well, and hence they abound with gross animal juices, which yield a comparatively unwholesome nutriment to the human system. Even the animals which have *bifid* hoofs, but do not chew the cud, such as the *swine* ; and those who chew the cud, but are not *bifid*, such as the *hare* and *rabbit*, are by Him, who knows all things, forbidden, because He knew them to be, comparatively, innutritive.—On the same ground he forbade all *fish* that have not both *fins* and *scales*, such as the *conger-eel*, &c., which abound in gross juices, and fat, which very few stomachs are able to digest.”

“One of the most distinguishing traits in the character of Moses,

as a legislator," says a celebrated French writer, "and one in which he was the most imitated by those who in after ages gave laws to the Eastern world, was his constant attention to the health of the people. He forbade the use of pork, of the hare, &c., of fish without scales whose flesh is gross and oily, and all kinds of heavy meat, as the fat of the bullock, of the kid, and of the lamb; an inhibition supremely wise in a country where the excessive heat relaxing the fibres of the stomach rendered digestion peculiarly slow and difficult."

"The flesh of the *eel* and some other *fish*," says Larcher, "thickened the blood, and by checking the perspiration excited all those maladies connected with the *leprosy*;" and even goes so far as to suppose that this was the reason why the Egyptian priests proscribed certain kinds of fish and caused them to be accounted *sacred*, the better to preserve the people from eating so unwholesome a kind of food;—and Plutarch gives a similar reason for *swine* being held in general abhorrence by them, notwithstanding they sacrificed them at the full moon, to the Moon and to Bacchus. "The milk of the *sow*," he remarks, "occasioned leprosy, which was the reason why the Egyptians entertained so great an aversion for this animal."—The innutritive qualities of the animals forbidden is also learnedly defended by *Michaelis* in his *Commentaries on the Laws of Moses*, Vol. iii, article 503, pp. 230, 231;—and by *Wagenseil* in his *Tela Ignea Satanae*, in *Carminis R. Lipmanni Confutat.* pp. 555, 556, who observes that the Jews not only considered the eating of *pork* as inducing the *leprosy*, but regarded the very name of *swine* as ominous, and avoided naming it if possible; and that the Talmudists say, "If a child sucks the milk of a sow it will become leprous."

From these and similar views of the dietetic character of the Mosaic distinction of animals into "clean" and "unclean," Lowman judiciously observes, that "the food allowed the Hebrew nation, as an holy people, were the gentler sort of creatures, and of most common use, such as were bred about their houses and in their fields, and were, in a sort, domestic: they were creatures of the cleanest feeding, and which gave the most wholesome nourishment, and were of a better taste, and might be had in greater plenty and perfection by a proper care of their breeding and feeding: they seem, therefore, naturally fit to be chosen as a better kind of food: and if it became the Hebrews as a holy nation to have any ritual distinction of foods, could any thing have been devised more proper than to prefer such foods as were the best foods, most easy to be had, and in the greatest

perfection, most useful and most profitable to the industrious husbandman? Was not this much better than to give encouragement to hunting of wild beasts and following birds of prey, no ways so fit for food nor so easy to be had, and hardly consistent with the innocency and mildness of a pastoral and domestic life? Such a difference as the ritual makes between foods, was wisely appointed to encourage the improvement of their ground, to contribute to the health of their bodies, and to the ease of their employment in life, no inconsiderable part of the blessings of the promised land."

3.—TO INFLUENCE MORAL CHARACTER.—This object was promoted in the Mosaic distinction of animals,—by impressing the minds of the Israelites with the conviction that as they were chosen by God to be "a peculiar people," it was their duty to endeavor to become "a holy nation;"—by prohibiting the eating of those animals, which by their gross and feculent nature as food would induce or increase any vicious propensities;—by symbolizing the dispositions and conduct to be encouraged and cultivated, or to be abhorred and avoided;—and by gradually weaning the mind from the superstitious influence produced by the manners of the Egyptians, and restoring it to soundness and spirituality.

The following extracts will show, that these reasons have received the sanction both of Jewish and Christian writers of different countries and in different ages.—*Levi Barcelona*, a Rabbinical writer, says, "As the body is the seat of the soul, God would have it a fit instrument for its companion, and therefore removes from his people all those obstructions which may hinder the soul in its operations; for which reason all such meats are forbidden as breed ill blood; among which if there may be some whose hurtfulness is neither manifest to us nor to physicians, wonder not at it, for the faithful Physician who forbids them is wiser than any of us.—*Aristeas* in his *History of the Septuagint*, states, that when sent by Ptolemy Philadelphus, to procure translators of the Sacred Books of the Jews into Greek, for the royal library, Eleazer, the high-priest, in answer to his inquiries respecting the Law of Moses, gave the following explanation of the precepts concerning "clean" and "unclean" animals: "Moses," he observes, "hath very well and wisely ordered all things to the honesty of living, having regard to purity and cleanliness, and to the correction and amendment of manners: and as for birds and flying fowls, he hath permitted us to eat ordinarily

of such as are tame, and are different from others in neatness and cleanliness, and that live upon grains and seeds;—and such as he hath forbidden us to eat, are wild and ravenous, living upon flesh and carrion, of proud natures, inclined to rapine and prey, and such as by force set upon others, and seek not their living, but to the damage, hurt, and injury of the other poultry who are gentle and tame. Our law-maker, therefore, noting this by way of similitude, and by a borrowed way of translation, taken from the nature of such fowls, hath pronounced them unclean and infectious, as being willing to reduce and bring all things to the consideration of purity and cleanliness of the soul, to the end that every one being admonished by ordinary and domestic examples may understand how it behoveth us to use equity and justice; and that it is not granted to man, be he never so strong, powerful, proud, bold, and audacious soever, to ravish by force any thing from another, nor to do any injury to any person; but that it is convenient he should order the course of his life in imitation of the fowl I have spoken of, who live by grain, leading a tame and tractable life; and that it is not lawful to vex and trouble any person of our own kind, nor ravish his goods by force, as do those beasts he hath prohibited us to eat; and not to use violence in any case, which is figured by the nature of beasts, not wholly void of sense.” And again, “Where he hath licensed us eating the flesh of four-footed beasts, who have *two*, and the hoofs *cloven*, the import is, that we ought to direct our operations to justice and bounty: by this *cloven hoof* figuring to us the distribution of rewards and punishments. He hath added further, that they should be such as *chew the cud*, by which he manifestly admonisheth us to have this rumination in memory, and in the course of our life; for what signifieth the *chewing of the cud*, but that we ought still to have in our minds a continual revolving of our lives and actions, and so, by a frequent meditation, the duties to which we are obliged, and what we owe to all?”

The early Christian Fathers abound with similar representations of the tropological or figurative nature of these distinctions. *St. Barnabas*, in his *Catholic Epistle*, thus explains the design of these Mosaic precepts: “Why did Moses say, ‘Ye shall not eat of the swine, neither the eagle, nor the hawk, nor the crow; nor any fish that has not a scale upon him?’ I answer, that under this outside figure, he comprehended three spiritual doctrines that were to be gathered from thence. Therefore David took aright the knowledge of his three-fold command,

saying in like manner, (Psalm i,) 'Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly;'—as the fishes, before mentioned, in the bottom of the deep in darkness: 'Nor stood in the way of sinners;'—as they who seem to fear the LORD, but yet sin, as the sow:—'And hath not sat in the seat of the scorers;' as those birds who sit and watch that they may devour." This interpretation of the first Psalm is copied by *Clemens Alexandrinus*, in his *Stromato*, lib. ii, with the addition of many similar expositions of the Mosaic precepts; and Eusebius, in his *Præparatio Evangelica*, lib. viii, has transcribed from *Aristeas*, the interpretations of the high-priest Eleazer. *Origen* observes, "There is scarcely anything more extraordinary in the writings of Moses, than his distinctions in the nature of animals; whether the relations subsisting between the different species and demons be considered as revealed to him by God, or discovered by his own observations. For in these distinctions, he places, in the class of *unclean*, all those which are made use of in their divinations by the Egyptians and other nations; and ranks almost all others among those that are considered *clean*. Thus, the wolf, the fox, the serpent, the eagle, the hawk, and other similar ones, are, according to Moses, unclean; and commonly, both in the Law, and in the Prophets, these animals are designed to represent whatever is most wicked in the world." *Justin Martyr* also says, "He (God) has likewise commanded you to abstain from certain meats, that, even while you eat and drink, you might have God before your eyes. *Tertullian* likewise has the following remarks, with which we shall conclude this article: "If the Law takes away the use of some sorts of meat, and pronounces creatures unclean, that were formerly held quite otherwise, let us consider that the design was to inure them to temperance, and look upon it as a restraint laid upon gluttons, who hankered after the cucumbers and melons of Egypt, while they were eating the food of angels. Let us consider it too as a remedy at the same time against excess and impurity, the usual attendants on gluttony. It was partly likewise, to extinguish the love of money by taking away the pretence of its being necessary for the providing of sustenance. It was, finally, to enable men to fast with less inconvenience upon religious occasions, by using them to a moderate and plain diet."

The reader who wishes to pursue this subject more at large, may consult with advantage Spencer *De Legibus Hebræorum*: Michaelis's *Commentaries on the Laws of Moses*: Young's *Historical Dissertation on Idolatrous Corruptions in religion*: Harris's *Natural History of the Bible*, *Dissertation iii*; and the authors to whom they respectively refer.

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. IV.

MAY, 1874.

No. 5.

DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY LARA.

(SEVENTH ARTICLE CONCLUDED.)

As regards the clerical teachers in France, M. de Sauvestre* observes, that the mass of the brothers are taken chiefly from young men fresh from the plow, or from tending cattle, induced to join the order greatly by the wish to escape military service. They make a promise of which they do not understand the extent, a black robe is thrown over their shoulders, and they become at once teachers. "Are the brutal instincts of these untaught natures surprising?" asks M. de Sauvestre.

In 1863, a report was distributed to the chambers in France which says: During the thirty previous months, out of 34,873 lay public schools, 99 teachers were condemned, 19 for crimes, 80 for misdemeanors; *i. e.*, one in every 352 schools. Out of 3,531 public schools conducted by ecclesiastics, there were 55 condemnations, 23 for crimes, 32 for misdemeanors, *i. e.*, one in every 64 schools. The calculation of crime taken separately, makes the comparison still worse, *i. e.*, one in 1,835 lay teachers, one in 153 ecclesiastics. The species of crime was such that these statistics were no longer allowed to be published after 1865.

Again, a circular from the general superior of the institute of Christian schools, May, 1861, published surreptitiously, contains the following concerning the state of things in his own order: "Until the present time, we have thought it best only to hint at this vice; but the gravity of the circumstances has become such that this delicacy is no longer possible, when we consider the deplorable facts which

* "Sur les Genoux de l'Eglise," published a few years since at Paris.

have successively appeared." He quotes two former circulars in 1854 and 1860, and says: "These warnings have been given in vain."

There is, however, a more outspoken book in existence, written, not by an enemy, but by one of the princes of the Church: Pietro Damiani, Cardinal and Bishop of Ostia; a man celebrated for his piety and zeal, and who had enjoyed the confidence of several sovereigns, and even of more than one or two of the popes. The title of the book is a volume in itself: "*Liber Gomorrianus*." In that book, which, amongst his other works, was published in Paris by Cardinal Gajetano, facts so frightful are divulged, and details painted in such vivid colors, that Alexander II. declared the book too dangerous, though the truth was admitted of every fact recorded.

Not many years ago, discoveries were made in Genoa of a nature sufficient to induce parents to intrust the education of their *sons* to none but married men, or such as are allowed to marry.

In one of the European capitals, with a population of between four and five hundred thousand, there exists, amongst many other excellent public institutes, a foundling hospital, in which above three thousand female foundlings and orphans are cared for on a really magnificent scale, and most liberally educated* at the expense of the government. The establishment is under the management of *ladies of distinction*, but under the superintendence and direction of *gentlemen of distinction*. It is from this very establishment that the directors and their friends, and even personages holding very high positions, are supplied with young *maitresses*, even while continuing to be inmates in the Asylum.

The reader need not be reminded of that post-office of the Virgin Mary, established a few years since at Lima. At that post-office, attached to a monastery, were received letters addressed to that exalted lady by young females. Both these and the Virgin's answers passed through the hands of the holy letter-carriers, the priests or monks. The correspondence was seized and suppressed by the government; so much, at least, has leaked out, however, that some of the answers addressed to the young ladies conveyed the Virgin's command to submit to the embraces (for this it was in substance) of A. or B., a holy priest, of course, "filled with the holy Ghost." This post-office was

*Be it remembered that amongst the foundlings or abandoned children are numbers that have noble, and some even royal blood in their veins. This is well known. Nor is it less so, that many fathers meet their daughters, and many brothers their sisters, in the course of their lives, without knowing them.

not a novel institution. It had its rise in Naples upward of a century ago, and was ere long introduced into Spain. The first of these branch-offices was opened at Barcelona. There is a rather instructive circumstance connected with this post-office affair (at Naples). Two brothers of the illustrious house of V. . . bli found two such letters addressed to their sisters, in whose names they appointed a midnight meeting at their house. At the appointed hour the two priests named in the letter made their appearance. They were admitted in the dark by the brothers, disguised in female apparel. They were, however, seized, gagged, tied, and cudgelled to death, and thrown into the street, where they were found in the morning. The two young men presented themselves before the authorities, and disclosed the whole affair. At the request of the higher ecclesiastical authorities, they were liberated to avoid publicity; but a few days afterward they were found assassinated.

About the year 1344 (according to others in 1363), was established the order of St. Brigitta, and in 1370 confirmed by Pope Urban V. Under the same roof resided both monks and nuns, the whole under the superintendence of the abbess. The order soon spread over every part of Europe; but upon the denunciation of an Augustin friar of the name of Johannes, Pope Martin V. found it necessary to send a cardinal to institute inquiries into the proceedings in these convents. The order was nearly annihilated at the Reformation.

One fact more. When the French entered Spain under the first Napoleon, they found in the dungeons of the Inquisition a number of young ladies, who were rotting their young lives away upon straw, after having served by turns the purpose of the three or four inquisitors for a sufficiently long time to become tired of them.

"But why," it may be asked, "why this accumulation of facts? Why this harping upon the same point?" I answer, Because they are so many proofs in support of the fact that exclusively Catholic education neither can, nor even has the tendency to, produce a condition of society superior to that produced by any non-Catholic education: the fact that parochial establishments, *whether* for *boys* or *girls*, conducted or superintended by those who condemn as corruptive or godless schools not under their superintendence, those who claim the exclusive right to train the youthful mind to virtue and morality; that such educational establishments offer no greater guarantee of safety than the "godless" public schools of Boston, Williamsburg, or elsewhere. This is the question; this the point at issue, to which the reader's attention is to be constantly directed.

The reader will remember what the *Freeman's Journal* said of Protestant ministers. "The Protestant clergy, so called, have neither God, nor religion, nor faith. They are, moreover, destitute of honor, being mere panders, etc." "Those silly ganders (Protestant husbands) permit the * * *, * * *, and dozens of others like them, to exercise a pernicious influence over the minds of their women, called 'wives.' It is not these statéd preachers you need fear in their own personal passions. They hold their offices as false prophets in order to be panders to the lust of others."

I have already alluded elsewhere to the institution of confession and absolution viewed from the *social* stand-point. It may not be out of place here to make a remark on another institution, that of celibacy.

The Council of Trent emphatically declared that "whoever shall assert that a life of celibacy is not better, 'more blessed' (*beatior*) than matrimony, let him be accursed." We are told that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, and whether a bachelor can more easily tread the path of holiness, and force his way through the narrow portal of heaven than a faithful and affectionate husband, with a wife leaning on his arm, is immaterial to the present inquiry; but what influence does *the* institution of celibacy exercise on society *here on earth*?

Is the man or woman who abstains from marriage less, or is he or she more exposed to temptation; less or more liable to give way to it; less or more liable to indulge in pleasures which marriage alone can render legitimate, honorable, safe, and productive of good to society; but which celibacy renders more tempting?

It is certain that so long as men remain *males*, and women *females*, endowed with those passions and inclinations, those natural wants, those provisions made by the wise and good Creator for the propagation of not only the human species, but of all living creatures, from the invisible infusoria upward; so long will men and women, legitimately or illegitimately, whatever be their rank, station, or position, however saintly or saintless, comply with the divine command: "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth." Legitimately, where no wisdom of ecclesiastical or ecumenical councils, superior to the wisdom of the Creator, interferes; illegitimately, where such superior wisdom sets the law of God at naught, and commands its violation; for, however great, however sublime the *religious* merit of a life of celibacy may be, considered from a social stand-point it leads to the

vice of licentiousness, and the crimes of murder and infanticide, of which overwhelming evidence exists and could be produced.

If parents are desirous to do their whole duty by their daughters, their education must be intrusted to female teachers; in schools separate and distinct from those for boys. But even this is by no means sufficient. Their religious training must be intrusted to teachers of their own sex. No interference in any shape or form, or on *any* pretext whatever, must be permitted by the other sex. On this subject "one word is as good as many." But is such an arrangement possible under a system which imposes upon young females, and even upon girls of very tender age, the duty of private secret auricular confession to a man, to whom they are bound, in reply to the most searching inquiry,* to unbosom their most hidden thoughts without any reservation whatever? In the common schools, in any not exclusively Catholic educational establishments, young females are at least not exposed to the danger of placing a confidence which they would scarcely place in their mothers, in men that cannot enter the marriage state, but who do not cease, for all that, to remain men.

A new era may perhaps be before us. It is about to commence in one of the republics of South America, which has just decreed the Roman Catholic religion to be the religion of the State, and forbidden the exercise of every other. This is really a most seasonable event. It will ere long be ascertained whether in that country, where education will of course be purely and rigorously Catholic, and where the social and moral condition of its population will be prepared by education to free itself from all "intellectual pride," will furnish a fair, indeed an infallible test of the superiority of that system—whether it will prove superior to that which obtains in our godless public schools. It will perhaps be the dawn of a golden age of morality of an Eutopian state of purity and virtue similar to that with which Spain, above all other nations on the face of the earth, has been so eminently blessed, ever since she set the laudable example, so wisely followed by her precious, but (after a lapse of three centuries) of course more enlightened offspring. By faithfully following the counsels of the *Wahrheits-Freund*,† and with the aid of a gentle inquisition, that republic may perhaps be an "*inimitable* example for all other (republics) to follow."‡ Heu! Pæan! great is the Diana of Ephesus!

* Read Dent's Theology.

† From which paper an extract will be given hereafter. It should be translated into Spanish!

‡ "*Inimitable* example for all men to follow." See Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History, in his panegyric on Constantine "the Great"—one of the greatest monsters that ever lived.

"Close your public schools," say the advocates of separate Catholic education, "and distribute the school-fund amongst the various denominational schools in proportion to the number of pupils in each school on some such basis. Divide the schools between Catholics and Protestants, and assign to each the amount proportioned to the number of children each has to educate. To the Israelites we would grant separate schools if they demand them. To each Protestant denomination, not at all unless each denomination can put in an honest plea of conscience (*sic*) for such a division. As to what shall be done with the large body of citizens who are neither Catholics nor Protestants—such citizens, we reply, have no religion, and they who have no religion have no conscience, that people who have religion are bound to respect. If they refuse to send their children either to the Hebrew schools or the Catholic schools, let them found schools of their own, at their own expense." *

"Give us the control of National Education. It is our duty to strive for this—'a duty we owe to our religion strenuously and unceasingly to strive for, now that we feel ourselves sufficiently strong to inaugurate that strife, and fully adequate to the task. The issue we leave in the hands of the rising generation.' When the youth of to-day come to be the men of ten years hence, you will find that American and Irish and German Catholics on this question, in this matter, will stand as one man in defense of their rights, in claiming them, in asking for them, and by those means which the Constitution and the laws of the State place in their hands, in obtaining them." †

Nothing is, however, less probable than this. The Germans, though faithful to the religion of their fathers, are too intelligent, too peaceable, too true republicans, and, lastly, too sincerely attached to the institutions of this their adopted country, to sacrifice its interests and its welfare to the designs of foreign intrigue. They, too, are a thinking and calculating race, but too sagacious, too penetrating to be made tools and catpaws. The Germans will never join in a struggle for supremacy—a struggle, indeed, for a religious war would be inevitable—which would set this country in a blaze, from one end to the other. Satisfied with the rights and blessings which they enjoy, in common with the heritors of the founders of the Republic, they will not form "rings," but let well alone. Should they ever be under the necessity of taking sides in a strife of that nature, they

* "Catholic World" for April.

† Lecture by the Rt. Rev. B. J. McQuade, D.D., Bishop of Rochester.

will act as *they* are acting, now and ever have acted, and far from insidiously laboring to reduce this country to an ecclesiastical appanage, to a mere colony of a foreign power, *they* will stand up for the land of their adoption and its free institutions, and if they do take sides, it will be with law, order, right, and civilization.

CHARLES SUMNER.

BY A. WELLINGTON HART.

THE sudden death of this distinguished senator created an intense and wide-spread feeling of sorrow and regret throughout the country, participated in by Great Britain, whose press united in expressions of sadness at the close of a life which held so strong a claim on the respect and admiration of the people.

Mr. Sumner was a close student in early life, and labored strenuously till he reached the bar, to which he was called at the early age of 23. He was but a short time in carving his way to an enviable position there, when he became law lecturer at the law school of Cambridge University. He blended with his avocation the editing of the *American Jurist*, and also reported the decisions of his illustrious preceptor Judge Story, to whom he was indebted for fostering care when his student. He visited Europe after his admission to the bar and was absent three years, and on his return he devoted his attention to the publication of Vesey's Reports in twenty volumes.

In 1845, his speech on "The Grandeur of Nations" first attracted attention to his brilliant qualities of mind which never failed him in after-life, giving promise of his becoming a fluent orator and an attractive debater.

Mr. Sumner's entrance into political life and his subsequent career ran in one groove. He was an Abolitionist, he hated slavery, and he consecrated his life to the emancipation of the negroes from human thralldom. Apart from this, he never exhibited any great breadth of intellect as a statesman; but with his mind bent on the consummation of the wish of his life, he took the lead as a debater, and maintained it to the hour of his death, proving himself the most competent, the bravest, and the most incorruptible champion of anti-slavery. In 1852, he made another brilliant effort on "Freedom national, Slavery sectional." On this speech his fame rested. He held that slavery

was incompatible, as a system, with the American Union ; that it was a direct violation of the Constitution, and offensive to the divine law. In his speeches on the repeal of the " Fugitive Slave Law " he urged that any compromise would be a shame, and bring with it indelible disgrace ; and in all his speeches he never faltered whilst he enchained the Senate with his brilliant oratorical efforts, uttering the following ennobling sentiment : " By the Constitution which I have sworn to obey, I am bound to disobey the ' Fugitive Slave Law,' and never, under any circumstances, can I render voluntary aid to its execution. Pains and penalties I will endure. This great wrong I will not do ! better be the victim than the instrument of wrong." In this strain he continued, and closed his speech with the following peroration, which stamped it as one of the most brilliant and exhaustive addresses he ever delivered. " Repeal this enactment," said he, "and let not its terrors rage through the land, mindful of the lowly it pursues, mindful of the good men whose principles by this law have been violated. In the name of Charity, in the name of the Constitution, repeal the enactment totally and without delay. Be inspired by the example of Washington : he admonished by those words of oriental piety, ' Beware of the groans of wounded souls. Oppress not to the utmost a single heart, for one solitary sigh has power to upset a whole world.' " At this time Mr. Sumner was fighting the good fight almost without support in Congress—his only supporters, Hale and Chase, with himself formed the little band waging war against slavery ; they stood alone, hated and despised by the Southern members, and at that time even Hamlin, Seward, and Wade hesitated to give them their support. In 1854, on the proposition to repeal, " the Missouri Compromise Bill," and thus interfere with the settlement of Kansas—the Democrats had almost absolute power under the leadership of Stephen A. Douglas—Mr. Sumner made another brilliant charge against the Pro-slavery party, commencing his speech in the following words : " I approach the discussion of this subject with awe. It is like a portentous cloud surcharged with storm and rain, that seems to fall with heaviness and makes me painfully conscious how unequal I am to the occasion, and how unequal I am to all I should say and all I can feel." He spoke earnestly, feelingly, his whole soul thrown into the subject. He made an affective appeal for freedom, and then compared the influence of slavery " to the black magnetic mountain of the Arabian story, under whose irresistible attraction the iron bolts which held together the strong timbers of a stately ship, securely floating on the distant wave

were drawn out, till the whole fell apart, and became a disjointed wreck." "Alas!" he exclaimed, "too often those principles, which give consistency, individuality, and form to the Northern character; which render it stanch, strong, and seaworthy; which bind it together as with iron, are sucked out one by one, and like the bolts of the ill-fated ship; and from the miserable, loosened fragments is formed that human anomaly 'a Northern man with Southern principles.'"

In 1855, as Mr. Sumner prophesied, the Republican party was founded on the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, 108 members of the House of Representatives and 15 in the Senate being found to form the nucleus of that great party which since 1861 has governed this country. On the 2d November, 1855, Mr. Sumner delivered an eloquent speech at Boston, where he explained how closely slavery and oligarchy were identified, uttering on that occasion this historical phrase, "It was the sentiment of that great apostle of freedom, Benjamin Franklin, uttered during the trials of the revolution, that 'where liberty is, there is my country.' In a similar strain, I would say, 'where liberty is, there is my party.'" He went on to say, "We found now a new party. Its corner-stone is freedom, its broad, all-sustaining arches are truth, justice, and humanity. Like the ancient Roman capitol, at once a temple and a citadel, it shall be a fit shrine for the genius of American institutions. Such an organization is now happily constituted, in all the free States, under the name of 'the Republican party.'" He looked upon slavery as a "perpetual aloe in the draught of existence," and his mind and soul were bent on its extirpation.

Mr. Sumner, as a matter of course, in the many debates in which he was engaged, was oftentimes the recipient of personal abuse, but he was prone to return a "Roland for an Oliver," and thus to some extent compromised the dignity of his position, by uttering at times language discourteous and unparliamentary.

In the memorable debate on the 26th May, 1856, Mr. Sumner made a speech entitled, "The Crime against Kansas; Apologies for the Crime, and the true Remedy." It was this violent speech which culminated in the personal attack of Preston S. Brooks, the member of Congress for South Carolina, who resented the insult which he felt was offered to his uncle, Senator A. P. Butler, of the same State. Mr. Sumner, in charging upon the Pro-slavery men, denounced them for their efforts to oppress free speech. He compared Senator Butler and Stephen A. Douglas to Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Speak-

ing of the former he said, "The Senator copies the British officer who, with strut and swagger, boasted that with the hilt of his sword he would cram the stamps down the throats of the American people; and he will meet a similar failure." Throughout this speech he was directly personal toward Senator Butler, who was a high-toned gentleman, and one who possessed in the Senate many deeply attached friends and admirers. Among other repulsive remarks in the speech, in comparing Kansas with South Carolina, he said, the former would be admitted as a free State and "ministering angel," while the latter, in the cloak of darkness which she hugs, lies howling. This speech was delivered on the 19th and 20th of May. Mr. Cass, of Michigan, in reply characterized Mr. Sumner's address as "unpatriotic and un-American."

Senator Douglas intimated that the speech as delivered "was committed to memory before a glass, while a negro boy held a candle and watched his contortions." Senator Mason retorted on Mr. Sumner for his allusions to the little giant Douglas, and for his personal style of address. This elicited on the part of Sumner the advice "to avoid expressing himself in gusts of vulgarity, and to remember that the bowie-knife and bludgeon were not elements of Senatorial debate."

The debate closed, and the Senate adjourned. The afternoon of the following day, the Senate had risen after the usual expressions of regret at the death of a member, Mr. Sumner remaining to attend to some correspondence requiring reply. Preston S. Brooks, one of the members from South Carolina, and a nephew of Senator A. P. Butler, approached Mr. Sumner and said: "I have read carefully, deliberately, and dispassionately your speech, in which you have libeled my State and slandered my white-haired old relative who was absent, and I have come to punish you for it." He then struck the Senator a number of heavy blows over the head with a gutta-percha cane of some thickness, which was broken in the assault. Another member Lawrence Keitt, from the same State, accompanied Brooks "as his friend." With pistol cocked and loaded, he threatened any one who dared to interfere. Mr. Sumner sank to the floor in an unconscious state, when Senators Crittenden and others rushed forward and raised him, bloody and bruised, to a sofa. There is no excuse or palliation for the conduct of the assailant; it was a brutal and murderous attack, unbecoming a man who claimed to be brave and chivalric, who could resort to such a step in view of his own position in Congress.

This assault created intense feelings of excitement throughout the

Union. Meetings were called, resolutions passed denouncing the act, which was followed by the resignation of Brooks as a member. A report recommending his expulsion was anticipated by him, and he returned to the Palmetto State to receive her indorsement and approval of his act, and he was immediately re-elected to Congress. In the Senate, the debates were subsequently conducted in a very bitter and hostile manner, and grossly personal. On one occasion Senator Butler called Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, "a liar," and almost daily the community was shocked by such exhibitions. As regards Preston Brooks and Lawrence Keitt, their mission on earth was brought to a sad and premature end; both died within twelve months from the perpetration of the act. This attack gave strength to the Republican party; while, on the other hand, the Democratic party, being held answerable for a ruffianly deed, the act of one of its own members, was much more damaged by it than even by the Fugitive Slave Law.

Mr. Sumner for months suffered intensely, and he was recommended to visit France to obtain surgical assistance, and after a few months returned to America to find himself re-elected to the Senate. His first speech on resuming his seat was "on the Barbarism of Slavery," in which he forgot not the brutal attack prompted by Southern malice. He foresaw that the last act in the grand struggle was fast approaching, and he was the last to shrink from that to which he had devoted the best part of his life. Fort Sumter was fired upon, discussion was at an end. Compromise or concession were unthought of, the hosts were marshaled, and iron and blood on the field of battle were to settle for all time the existence or extirpation of slavery from the land. The results are well known. War was declared, and after a bloody struggle of four years, slavery was at an end. The shackles were removed, and four millions of the colored race were allowed to enjoy every immunity accorded to the white man. To Charles Sumner more than any other man are they indebted for their emancipation. His energy, devotion, and inflexible will as their champion, made him their "pillar of cloud, to lead them the way; and by night a pillar of fire, to give them light: to go by day and night." He lived to see a negro have the honor of being a senator; he lived to see a number of colored men returned as members of the House of Representatives; yet his task was unfinished, and almost his last words were addressed to Mr. Hoar, a friend, and member of Congress from Massachusetts: "Don't let the Civil Rights Bill be lost," a measure to which he had devoted the remainder of a well-spent life.

Mr. Sumner was a pure, single-minded, learned, and eloquent man, and when we say that we say everything. His disposition since 1855 has evinced that he possessed but one infatuation, and he never could drift toward anything that could exhibit his worth in a greater light than that of a hot gospeler fighting for the right, and yielding to no one until that right was attained ; but since 1856 he has exhibited a violence in expressing his opinions that led to constant bickerings between himself and his brother senators who belonged to the Republican party. He could not stand dictation or suggestion. He felt himself superior to his fellow-senators, and soared above them, nor could he place himself on a par with them. He was vain, with a spice of egotism, which led him to become isolated. He was not accessible, and beyond a few friends from his native State, Mr. Sumner may be said to have lived politically and socially *alone*. From his early entrance into political life he made his mark, and during the long period of twenty-three years that he represented Massachusetts in the Senate, he was looked upon as incorruptible. Single-minded, pure, eloquent, educated, and refined, with immense force of character—

“With prospects bright upon the world he came,
Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame;
Men watched the way his lofty mind would take,
And all foretold the progress he would make.”

From no part of the Union came a deeper wail of grief for the nation's loss than from Massachusetts, his native State. She, whom he had represented in the national councils for twenty-three years, mourned the loss of her gifted son ; yet through her State Legislature a shaft was hurled that sank deep into his bosom, and to some extent accelerated that calamity the nation now deploras. As far back as 1862, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill into the Senate, to discard from all regimental flags the names of battles emblazoned thereon. In 1865, he repeated the effort, and at this time the measure was approved by such high military authorities as Winfield Scott, General Thomas, and General Anderson, the hero of Sumter. In 1871, he endeavored to carry this measure, from the purest motive, viz., to obliterate all jealousies, bickerings, and ill will, which would exist as long as the names of battles were perpetuated on regimental colors or on the Army Register. It must be remembered that now, in both the Senate and House of Representatives, the South has returned many confederate officers, and Mr. Sumner's object was one

of generous concession from their bitterest foe, prompted by a frank, generous, and sympathetic feeling in the course he took. "Let us have peace now for all time," was his motto; but his motive was misconstrued. The vials of wrath were poured upon him without stint, but he prophesied "that men might flounder in misconception and misrepresentation, to be regretted in the day of light, as to his hostility to the soldier in the course he pursued." His prophecy was fulfilled twenty-four hours before his noble spirit was wafted from its earthly tenement.

Massachusetts revoked the decree of condemnation, and he was permitted by Providence to listen to its delivery in the Senate, and then to go to his home and die. He had been stabbed in the house of his friends, by them held up to unmerited scorn and obloquy, for an act he was justified in proposing, sanctioned by high military authorities.

The Rev. D. C. Talmage, in allusion to Mr. Sumner's death, thus addresses Massachusetts: "Commonwealth of Massachusetts! who is this that lies to-day sleeping in your public building, under garlands and wrapped in the American flag? Is this the man whom, only a little while ago, you denounced as the foe of American and Democratic institutions? O ye American people, ye cannot, by a week of eulogiums and newspaper leaders, which the dead Senator can neither hear nor read, atone for twenty-five years of caricature and maltreatment. When I see such a man as Charles Sumner pursued for a lifetime by all the hounds of the political kennels, buried under a mountain of flowers and amid a great national requiem, I say what a hypocritical thing is human favor! You take a quarter of a century in trying to pull down his fame, and the next quarter of a century in attempting to build his monument. Either you were wrong then or you are wrong now."

They were wrong, the regiments of this army are only enlisted for three years, and consequently at the end of their term others take their place; then how ridiculous and absurd to emblazon the colors of a regiment's battles in which not one officer, non-commissioned officer, or private was ever engaged; or that they should cling to honors, or accept credit for which they were not participants. Some European armies are permitted to emblazon the names of battles on their colors, and we may cite one nation, the British, that has "Crimea," "Balaklava," "Alma," "Sebastopol," so inscribed; but as revolutions of time bring many changes, we find the second son of the queen marrying

the Grand Duchess of Russia. Now we are sure on review days she will not enjoy the parading of colors emblazoned with names of battles indicating victories over her own native land. Hence we see the folly and absurdity of such a course. It can only lead to embittered feelings in this country, and the sooner the wishes of the dead senator are carried out the better. In the case of Mr. Sumner's condemnation, it is well known that the insult offered to him was not by a few interested politicians, it was a premeditated attack by his own State. Each town has a representative in the Legislature, and their number is legion. The vote was a full one, exhibiting the true feeling of the people whose mourning and sadness may be traced to the conviction of the great wrong they had done their distinguished senator.

As regards the character of Mr. Sumner, no breath of suspicion ever tainted his fair name. He was proof against temptation and irreproachable, consequently he held his own independent opinion, and dared maintain them. Hence arose his hostility to President Johnson on reconstruction measures, which culminated in the impeachment of the president, Mr. Sumner voting on each charge for impeachment, and using all the power and influence he possessed for his conviction. The retirement of the president at the close of his term was succeeded by the advent of General Grant. Among the nominations sent to the Senate for confirmation was the name of Mr. A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince, to be Secretary of the Treasury. As a law interfered with the confirmation of any merchant in active business being made Secretary of the Treasury, the attention of General Grant was called to that fact. He sent a message "desiring the law to be repealed." Mr. Sumner, ever fearless, always consistent, and regardless of the unpleasant feeling which was sure to be excited on such an occasion, arose, independent, and with a thorough knowledge of the law, determined to oppose the proposition.

By the rules of the Senate, unless a Senator objects, any measure of this kind must receive immediate consideration. The President was in the full triumph of election. Behind him was a compact, disciplined, and obedient party, and as soon as his wish was known, the general tendency was to consent to it. When the question arose if any objection would be raised to the consideration of the message there was a long pause. Vice-President Colfax was about to declare the question carried, when Mr. Sumner, looking round the room with astonishment, expecting some Democrat to criticise the mes-

sage, rose and said, "Mr. President, I object," adding that so hasty a thing as suspending a law of the country that had been in operation over seventy years should not be considered, even at the request of the President, without due deliberation. Mr. Stewart's name was withdrawn, and the present colleague of Mr. Sumner in the Senate, Hon. George Bontwell, was nominated and confirmed.

We now come down to a more recent period in the life of Mr. Sumner, when the course he pursued alienated his friends, and led to his deposition or removal from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Much has been said and written on this subject; many thinking that it was a premeditated insult offered by his brother senators, and influenced by President Grant. It must be remembered that the Committee of Foreign Relations is one of the most important under the government. The foreign policy is mapped out in this committee, and its members should be in full accord with the administration of the day. Unfortunately, from the independence of opinion which Mr. Sumner always exhibited when he was leader, he was the last person who would give way either to argument or advice. He acted on his own convictions of what he thought right, and thus was liable to thwart the very objects which the administration was wishful to attain. This was fully exemplified in the differences which existed between this government and that of Great Britain. The latter, anxious to restore the good feeling which had been interrupted by the Alabama's depredations and that of other Confederate Cruisers, appealed to this government to lay aside all bitter feelings, and restore the *entente cordiale* by referring to an arbitration all differences, and submitting to the final decision of such arbitration. The Geneva conference was the result. Mr. Sumner placed himself in hostility to the views of the President and his confidential advisers, by insisting that "consequential damages" should be considered, and a claim made thereon. In 1867, he made a speech on the Alabama claims in executive session, the seal of secrecy being removed. He arraigned the British Government in a violent denunciation of her bad faith and hostility to the North during the Rebellion, and demanded that an award for "consequential," beyond the actual and positive damages done by the confederate privateers, should be submitted. His wishes were disregarded, the Geneva Board giving an award of a fixed sum for the actual damage done.

Mr. Sumner was wanting in that diplomatic adroitness necessary to hold this high position, and whether from the progress of his dis-

ease or the embittered feelings he sometimes entertained toward those who opposed him, he was constantly in collision with the administration, and finally got into opposition with the President on the St. Domingo matters. The Senate was pushed to the alternative of either displacing the intractable chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations or of breaking with the President. They resorted to the first measure, and removed Mr. Sumner. But he had fulfilled his mission, and his remembrance will live and be revered as long as the descendant of a slave remains, or the love of liberty rests in any American's bosom. The colored race have embalmed his memory in the following expressive resolution, that every citizen will subscribe to:

That we, in common with the friends of human rights and civil liberty throughout this country and the whole civilized world, mourn the loss of the fearless champion of the poor and the oppressed, and the brightest ornament of the Senate of the United States.

That the name and noble deeds of Charles Sumner are engraven on the hearts of the emancipated and recently enfranchised citizens of the United States, and that we will teach our children sacredly to cherish his memory in the most ardent affection, and to transmit to generations to come the remembrance of his devotion to justice and the rights of man.

Whatever foibles and weaknesses may be traced in the character of Mr. Sumner, he was a remarkable man, and take him all in all—"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

AN INCIDENT IN MOSES' EARLY LIFE.

THE Midrash has the following allegory concerning the early life of Moses:

It occurred once that the child took Pharaoh's crown off his head, and played with it. The magicians, by whom Pharaoh was surrounded, who noticed it, augured from this that he would one day dethrone the king; and Pharaoh became alarmed. It was therefore resolved to try if the child's act was done playfully or willfully. They set before him two dishes, one of fire, and one of gold, to see which he would touch. Moses stretched out his hand to seize the gold, but the Angel Gabriel pushed his hand away, and Moses touched the fire and scorched his hand, which he put into his mouth, and burning it he retained for his lifetime an impediment in his speech. Having touched the fire instead of the gold, he was declared silly, and the taking off the crown was no more thought to be a dangerous omen.

THE VALE OF CEDARS; OR, THE MARTYR.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

CHAPTER XII.

"If she be false, oh, then Heaven mock itself!
I'll not believe it."

SHAKESPEARE.

DON FERDINAND had scarcely quitted his mansion ere fleet steps resounded behind him, and turning, he beheld Don Luis Garcia, who greeted him with such a marked expression, both in voice and face, of sadness, that Morales involuntarily paused, and with much commiseration inquired what had chanced.

"Nothing of personal misfortune, my friend; but there are times when the spirit is tortured by a doubtful duty. To preserve silence is undoubtedly wrong, and may lead to wrong yet greater; and yet, to speak is so painfully distressing to my peace-loving disposition, that I am tossed forever on conflicting impulses, and would gladly be guided by another."

"If you would be guided by my counsel, my good friend, I must entreat a clearer statement," replied Morales, half smiling. "You have spoken so mysteriously, that I cannot even guess your meaning. I cannot imagine one so straight-forward and strong-minded as yourself, hesitating and doubtful as to duty, of whatever nature."

"Not if it concerned myself: but in this case I must either continue to see wrong done, with the constant dread of its coming to light, without my interference; or inflict anguish where I would gladly give but joy; and very probably, in addition, have my tale disbelieved, and myself condemned, though, for that matter, personal pain is of no consequence, could I but pursue the right."

"But how stands this important case, my good friend?"

"Thus: I have been so unfortunate as to discover that one is false whom her doting husband believes most true—that the lover of her youth has returned, and still holds her imagination chained—that she meets him in secret, and has appointed another clandestine interview, from which who may tell the evil that may ensue? I would prevent this interview—would recall her to her better nature, or put her husband on his guard: but how dare I do this—how interfere thus closely between man and wife? Counsel me, my friend, in pity!"

"If you have good foundation for this charge, Don Luis, it is your duty to speak out," replied Morales, gravely.

"And to whom?"

"To the lawful guardian of this misguided one—her husband."

"But how can I excite the anguish—how turn his present heaven of joy to a very hell of woe, distrust, suspicion?"

"Does the leech heed his patient's anguish when probing a painful wound, or cutting away the mortified flesh? His office is not enviable, but it is necessary, and, if feelingly performed, we love him not the less. Speak out, Don Luis, openly, frankly, yet gently, to the apparently injured husband. Do more: counsel him to act as openly, as gently with his seemingly guilty wife; and that which now appears so dark, may be proved clear, and joy dawn again for both, by a few words of mutual explanation. But there must be no mystery on your part—no either heightening or smoothing what you may have learnt. Speak out the simple truth: insinuate nought, for that love is worthless, that husband false to his sacred charge, if he believes in guilt ere he questions the accused."

Don Luis looked on the open countenance before him for a few minutes without reply, thinking, not if he should spare him, but if his plans might not be foiled, did Morales himself act as he had said. But the pause was not long: never had he read human countenance aright, if Arthur Stanley were not at that moment with Marie. He laid his hand on Don Ferdinand's arm, and so peculiar was the expression on his countenance, so low and plaintively musical the tone in which he said, "God give you strength, my poor friend," that the rich color unconsciously forsook the cheek of the hardy warrior, leaving him pallid as death; and so sharp a thrill passed through his heart, that it was with difficulty he retained his feet; but Morales was not merely physically, he was mentally brave. With a powerful, a mighty effort of will, he called life, energy, courage back, and said, sternly and unfalteringly, "Don Luis Garcia, again I say speak out! I understand you; it is I who am the apparently injured husband. Marie! Great God of heaven! that man should dare couple her pure name with ignominy! Marie! my Marie! the seemingly guilty wife! Well, put forth your tale: I am not the man to shrink from my own words. Speak truth, and I will hear you; and—and, if I can, not spurn you from me as a liar! Speak out!"

Don Luis needed not a second bidding: he had remarked, seen, and heard quite enough the evening of Don Ferdinand's banquet, to require

nothing more than the simple truth, to harrow the heart of his hearer, even while Morales disbelieved his every word. Speciously, indeed, he turned his own mere suspicions as to Marie's unhappiness and her early love for Arthur, into realities, founded on certain information, but with this sole exception—he told but the truth. Without moving a muscle, without change of countenance, or uttering a syllable of rejoinder, Don Ferdinand listened to Garcia's recital, fixing his large piercing eye on his face, with a gaze that none but one so hardened in hypocrisy could have withstood. Once only Morales's features contracted for a single instant, as convulsed by some spasm. It was the recollection of Marie's passionate tears, the night of the festival; and yet she had shed them on *his* bosom. How could she be guilty? And the spasm passed.

"I have heard you, Don Luis," he said, so calmly, as Garcia ceased, that the latter started. "If there be truth in this strange tale, I thank you for imparting it: if it be false—if you have dared pollute my ears with one word that has no foundation, cross not my path again, lest I be tempted to turn and crush you as I would a loathsome reptile, who in very wantonness has stung me."

He turned from him rapidly, traversed the brief space, and disappeared within his house. Don Luis looked after him with a low, fiendish laugh, and plunged once more into the gardens.

"Is the Senora within?" inquired Don Ferdinand, encountering his wife's favorite attendant at the entrance of Marie's private suit of rooms; and though his cheek was somewhat pale, his voice was firm as usual. The reply was in the negative; the Senora was in the gardens. "Alone? Why are you not with her as usual, Manuella?"

"I was with her, my Lord; she only dismissed me ten minutes ago."

Without rejoinder, Don Ferdinand turned in the direction she had pointed out. It was a lovely walk, in the most shaded parts of the extensive grounds, walled by alternate orange and lemon trees; some with the blossom, germ, and fruit all on one tree; others full of the paly fruit; and others, again, as wreathed with snow, from the profusion of odoriferous flowers. An abrupt curve led to a grassy plot, from which a sparkling fountain sent up its glistening showers, before a luxurious bower, which Morales's tender care had formed of large and healthy slips, cut from the trees of the Vale of Cedars, and flowery shrubs and variegated moss from the same spot; and there he had introduced his Marie, calling it by the

fond name of "Home!" As he neared the curve, voices struck on his ear—Marie's and another's. She was not alone! and that other! could it be?—nay, it was—there was neither doubt nor hesitation—it was his—his—against whom Don Luis had warned him. Was it for this Marie had dismissed her attendant? It could not be; it was mere accident, and Don Ferdinand tried to go forward to address them as usual; but the effort even for him was too much, and he sank down on a rustic bench near him, and burying his head in his hands, tried to shut out sight and sound till power and calmness would return. But though he could close his eyes on all outward things, he could not deaden hearing; and words reached him which, while he strove not to hear, seemed to be traced by a dagger's point upon his heart, and from very physical agony deprived him of strength to move.

"And thou wilt give me no reason—idle, weak as it must be—thou wilt refuse me even an excuse for thy perjury?" rung on the still air, in the excited tones of Arthur Stanley. "Wealth, beauty, power—ay, they are said to be omnipotent with thy false sex; but little did I dream that it could be so with thee; and in six short months—nay, less time, thou couldst conquer love, forget past vows, leap over the obstacle thou saidst must part us, and wed another! 'Twas short space to do so much!" And he laughed a bitter, jibing laugh.

"It was short, indeed!" faintly articulated Marie; "but long enough to bear."

"To bear!" he answered; "nay, what hadst thou to bear? The petted minion of two mighty sovereigns, the idol of a nation—came, and sought, and won—how couldst thou resist him? What were my claims to his—an exile and a foreigner, with nought but my good sword, and a love so deep, so faithful (his voice softened), that it formed my very being? But what was love to thee before ambition? Oh, fool, fool that I was, to believe a woman's tongue—to dream that truth could dwell in those sweet-sounding words—those tears, that seemed to tell of grief in parting, bitter as my own—fool, to believe thy specious tale! There could be no cause to part us, else wherefore art thou Morales's wife? Thou didst never love me! From the first deceived, thou calledst forth affection, to triumph in thy power, and wreck the slender joys left to an exile! And yet I love thee—oh, God, how deeply!"

"Arthur!" answered Marie, and her bloodless lips so quivered, they could scarcely frame the word—"wrong I have done thee,

grievous wrong; but oh! blast not my memory with injuries I have not inflicted. Look back; recall our every interview. Had I intended to deceive, to call forth the holiest feelings of the human heart, to make them a mock and scorn, to triumph in a power, of whose very existence till thou breathed love I was unconscious—should I have said our love was vain—was so utterly hopeless, we could never be other than strangers—should I have conjured thee to leave—ay, and to forget me, had I not felt that I loved too well, and trembled for myself yet more than for thee? Oh, Arthur, Arthur, do not add to the bitterness of this moment by unjust reproaches! I have injured thee enough by my ill-fated beauty, and too readily acknowledged love: but more I have not done. From the first I said that there was a fate around us—thine I might never be!”

“Then wherefore wed Morales? Is he not as I am, and therefore equally unmeet mate for thee—if, indeed, thy tale be true? Didst thou not tell me, when I implored thee to say if thy hand was pledged unto another, that such misery was spared thee—thou wert free, and free wouldst remain while thy heart was mine?”

“Ay,” faltered Marie, “thou rememberest all too well.”

“Then didst thou not deceive? Art thou not as perjured now as I once believed thee true—as false as thou art lovely? How couldst thou love, if so soon it was as nought?”

“Then believe me all thou sayest,” replied Marie, more firmly—“believe me thus false and perjured, and forget me, Senor Stanley; crush even my memory from thy heart, and give not a thought to one so worthless! Mystery as there was around me when we first met, there is a double veil around me now, which I may not lift even to clear myself with thee. Turn thy love into the scorn which my perjury deserves, and leave me.”

“I will not!” burst impetuously from Arthur, as he suddenly flung himself at her feet. “Marie, I will not leave thee thus; say but that some unforeseen circumstances, not thine own will, made thee the wife of this proud Spaniard; say but that neither thy will nor thy affections were consulted, that no word of thine could give him hope he was beloved—that thou lovest me still; say but this, and I will bless thee!”

“Ask it not, Senor Stanley. The duty of a wife would be of itself sufficient to forbid such words; with me gratitude and reverence render that duty more sacred still. Wouldst thou indeed sink me so low as, even as a wife, to cease to respect me? Rise, Senor Stanley! such

posture is unsuited to thee or me; rise, and leave me; we must never meet alone again."

Almost overpowered with contending emotions, as he was, there was a dignity, the dignity of truth in that brief appeal, which Arthur vainly struggled to resist. She had not attempted a single word of exoneration, and yet his reproaches rushed back into his own heart as cruel and unjust, and answer he had none. He rose mechanically, and as he turned aside to conceal the weakness, a deep and fearful imprecation suddenly broke from him; and raising her head, Marie beheld her husband.

Every softened feeling fled from Stanley's breast; the passionate anger which Marie's words had calmed toward herself, now burst forth unrestrained toward Morales. His sudden appearance bringing the conviction that he had played the spy upon their interview, roused his native irritation almost into madness. His sword flew from its scabbard, and in fearful passion he exclaimed—"Tyrant and coward! How durst thou play the spy? Is it not enough that thou hast robbed me of a treasure whose value thou canst never know? For her love was mine alone ere thou camest between us, and by base arts and cruel force compelled her to be thine. Ha! wouldst thou avoid me? refuse to cross my sword! Draw, or I will proclaim thee coward in the face of the whole world!"

With a faint cry, Marie had thrown herself between them, but strength failed with the effort, and she would have fallen had not Morales upheld her with his left arm. But she had not fainted; every sense felt wrung into unnatural acuteness. Except to support her, Morales had made no movement; his tall figure was raised to its fullest height, and his right arm calmly uplifted as his sole protection against Arthur. "Put up your sword," he said firmly, and fixing his large dark eyes upon his irritated adversary, with a gaze far more of sorrow than of anger, "I will not fight thee. Proclaim me what thou wilt. I fear neither thy sword nor thee. Go hence, unhappy boy; when this chafed mood is past, thou wilt repent this rashness, and perchance find it harder to forgive thyself than I shall to forgive thee. Go; thou art over-wrought. We are not equals now."

Stanley involuntarily dropped the point of his sword. "I obey thee," he said, in that deep, concentrated tone, which betrays strong passion yet more than violent words; "obey thee, because I would not strike an undefended foe; but we shall meet again in a more fitting place and season. Till then, hear me, Don Ferdinand! We have

hitherto been as companions in arms, and as friends, absent or together; from this moment the tie is broken, and forever. I am thy foe! one who hath sworn to take thy life, or lose his own. I will compel thee to meet me! Ay, shouldst thou shun me, to the confines of the world I will track and find thee. Coward and spy! And yet men think thee noble!"

A bitter laugh of scorn concluded these fatal words. He returned his sword violently to its sheath; the tread of his armed heel was heard for a few seconds, and then all was silent.

Morales neither moved nor spoke, and Marie lifted her head to look on his face in terror. The angry words of Arthur had evidently fallen either wholly unheeded, or perhaps unheard. There was but one feeling expressed on those chiseled features, but one thought, but one conviction; a low, convulsive sob broke from her, and she fainted in his arms.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Why, when my life on that one hope is cast,
Why didst thou chain my future to her past?
Why not a breath to say she loved before?"

BULWER.

"Oh leave me not! or know
Before thou goest, the heart that wronged thee so,
But wrongs no more."

BULWER.

IN the first painful moments of awakening sense, Marie was only conscious of an undefined yet heavy weight on heart and brain; but as strength returned she started up with a faint cry, and looked wildly round her. The absence of Morales, the conviction that he had left her to the care of others, that for the first time he had deserted her couch of pain, lighted up as by an electric flash the marvelous links of memory, and the whole of that morning's anguish, every word spoken, every feeling endured, rushed back upon her with such overwhelming force as for the moment to deprive her of the little strength she had regained. Why could she not die? was the despairing thought that followed. What had she to live for, when it was her ill fate to wreck the happiness of all who loved her? And yet in that moment of agony she never seemed to have loved her

husband more. It was of him she thought far more than of Arthur, whose angry words and fatal threat rung again and again in her ears.

"My Lord had only just left when you recovered consciousness, Senora," gently remarked her principal attendant, whose penetration had discovered the meaning of Marie's imploring look and passive silence, so far at least that it was Don Ferdinand she sought, and that his absence pained her. "He tarried till life seemed returning, and then reluctantly departed for the castle, where he had been summoned, he said, above an hour before."

"To the castle !" repeated Marie internally. "Ay, he will do his duty, though his heart be breaking. He will take his place and act his part, and men will report him calm, wise, collected, active as his wont, and little dream his wife, his treasured wife, has bowed his lofty spirit to the dust, and laid low his light of home. Tell me when he returns," she said aloud, "and bid all leave me but yourself."

Two hours passed, and Marie lay outwardly still and calm, neither speaking nor employed. But at the end of that time she started up hastily, resumed the robe which had been cast aside, and remained standing, as intently listening to some distant sound. Several minutes elapsed, and though she had sunk almost unconsciously on the seat Manuella proffered, it was not till full half an hour that she spoke.

"The Senor has returned," she said calmly ; "bid Alberic hither."

The page came, and she quietly inquired if any strangers had entered with his master.

"No, Senora, he is alone."

"Has he long returned ?"

"Almost half an hour, Senora. He went directly to his closet, desiring that he might not be disturbed."

Ten minutes more, and Marie was standing in her husband's presence, but unobserved. For the first time in his whole life had her light step approached him unheard. For two hours he had borne a degree of mental suffering which would either have crushed or roused any other man into wildest fury—borne it with such an unflinching spirit, that in neither look nor manner, nor even tone, had he departed from his usual self, or given the slightest occasion for remark. But the privacy of his closet obtained, the mighty will gave way, and the stormy waves rolled over him, deadening every

sense and thought and feeling, save the one absorbing truth, that he had never been beloved. Father and child had deceived him; for now every little word, every trifling occurrence before his marriage in the Vale of Cedars rushed back on his mind, and Henriquez' imploring entreaty under all circumstances to love and cherish her was explained.

"Ferdinand!" exclaimed a voice almost inarticulate from sobs; and starting, he beheld his wife kneeling by his side. "Oh! my husband, do not turn from me, do not hate me. I have none but thee."

He tried to withdraw his hand, but the words, the tone, unmanned him, and throwing his arm around her, he clasped her convulsively to his heart, and she felt his slow scalding tears fall one by one, as wrung from the heart's innermost depths, upon her cheek.

For several minutes there was silence. The strong man's emotion is as terrible to witness as terrible to feel. Marie was the first to regain voice; and in low beseeching accents she implored him to listen to her—to hear ere he condemned.

"Not thus," was his sole reply, as he tried to raise her from her kneeling posture to the cushion by his side:

"Yes, thus, my husband. I will not rise till thou say'st thou canst forgive; wilt take the loving and the weak back to thy heart, if not to love as thou hast loved, to strengthen and forgive. I have not wronged thee. Were I false in word or thought I would not kneel to ask forgiveness, but crawl to thy feet and die! If thou couldst but know the many, many times I have longed to confess all; the agony to receive thy fond caress, thy trusting confidence, and know myself deceiving; the terror lest thou shouldst discover aught from other than myself; oh! were it not for thy deep woe, I could bless this moment, bidding me speak Truth once more!"

"And say thou hast never loved me? Wert true from duty, not from love? Marie, can I bear this?"

"Yes—for I do love thee. Oh! my husband, I turn to thee alone, under my God, for rest and peace. If I might not give thee the wild passions of my youth, when my heart was sought, and won ere I was myself conscious of the precipice I neared, I cling to thee now alone—I would be thine alone. Oh, take me to thy heart, and let me lie there. Ferdinand, Ferdinand! forgive me!—love—save me from myself!"

"Ay, now and ever! Come to my heart, beloved one!" answered her husband, rousing himself from all personal suffering to com-

fort her; and he drew her to him till her head rested on his bosom. "Now tell me thy sorrowing tale, to me so wrapt in mystery. Fear not from me. It is enough thou clingest to me in such sweet guileless confidence still."

She obeyed him; and the heavy weight of suffering years seemed lightening as she spoke. From her first meeting Arthur, to that morning's harrowing interview, every feeling, every incident, every throb of reproach and dread were revealed with such touching and childlike truth, that even in his suffering, Morales unconsciously clasped his wife closer and closer to him, as if her very confidence and truth rendered her yet dearer than before, and inexpressibly soothed at the very moment that they pained. Their interview was long, but fraught with mutual comfort. Morales had believed, when he entered his closet that day, that a dense cloud was folded round him, sapping the very elements of life; but though he still felt as if he had received some heavy physical blow, the darkness had fled from his spirit, and light dawned anew for both, beneath the heavenly rays of openness and Truth.

"And Arthur?" Marie said, as that long commune came to a close; and she looked up with the fearless gaze of integrity in her husband's face. "Thou wilt forgive him, Ferdinand? he knew not what he said."

"Trust me, beloved one. I pity and forgive him. He shall learn to love me, despite himself."

Great was the astonishment and terrible the disappointment of Don Luis Garcia at the visible failure of one portion of his nefarious schemes. Though seldom in Don Ferdinand's actual presence, he was perfectly aware that instead of diminishing, Morales' confidence in and love for his wife had both increased, and that Marie was happier and more quietly at rest than she had been since her marriage. But though baffled, Garcia was not foiled. The calm, haughty dignity which, whenever they did chance to meet, now characterized Don Ferdinand's manner toward him; the brief, stern reply, if words were actually needed; or complete silence, betraying as it did the utter contempt and scorn with which his crafty design was regarded, heightened his every revengeful feeling, and hastened on his plans.

Two or three weeks passed; a calm security and peaceful happiness had taken the place of storm and dread in Marie's heart. She felt that it had been a secret consciousness of wrong toward her husband,

the dread of discovery occasioning estrangement, the constant fear of encountering Stanley, which had weighed on her heart far more than former feelings; and now that the ordeal was past, that all was known, and she could meet her husband's eye without one thought concealed; now that despite of all he could love and cherish, ay, trust her still, she clung to him with love as pure and fond and true as ever wife might feel; and her only thought of Stanley was prayer that peace might also dawn for him. It was pain indeed to feel that the real reason for her wedding Ferdinand must forever remain concealed. Could that have been spoken, one little sentence said, all would have been explained, and Stanley's bitter feelings soothed.

It was the custom of Ferdinand and Isabella to gather around them, about once a month, the wisest and the ablest of their realm—sometimes to hold council on public matters, at others merely in friendly discussions on various subjects connected with politics, the church, or war. In these meetings merit constituted rank, and mind nobility. They commenced late, and continued several hours through the night. To one of these meetings Don Ferdinand Morales had received a summons as usual. As the day neared, he became conscious of a strange, indefinable sensation taking possession of heart and mind, as impossible to be explained as to be dismissed. It was as if some impassable and invisible but closely-hovering evil were connected with the day, blinding him—as by a heavy pall—to all beyond. He succeeded in subduing the ascendancy of the sensation, in some measure, till the day itself; when, as the hours waned, it became more and more overpowering. As he entered his wife's apartment, to bid her farewell ere he departed for the castle, it rose almost to suffocation in his throat, and he put his arm round her as she stood by the widely-opened casement, and remained by her side several minutes without speaking.

"Thou art not going to the castle yet, dearest?" she inquired. "Is it not much earlier than usual?"

"Yes, love; but I shall not ride to-night. I feel so strangely oppressed, that I think a quiet walk in the night-air will recover me far more effectually than riding."

Marie looked up anxiously in his face. He was very pale, and his hair was damp with the moisture on his forehead. "Thou art unwell," she exclaimed; "do not go to-night, dearest Ferdinand—stay with me. Thy presence is not so imperatively needed."

He shook his head with a faint smile. "I must go, love, for I have no excuse to stay away. I wish it were any other night, indeed,

for I would so gladly remain with thee ; but the very wish is folly. I never shrank from the call of duty before, and cannot imagine what has come over me to-night ; but I would sacrifice much for permission to stay within. Do not look so alarmed, love, the fresh air will remove this vague oppression, and give me back myself."

"Fresh air there is none," replied his young wife ; "the stillness is actually awful—not a leaf moves, nor a breeze stirs. It seems, too, more than twilight darkness ; as if a heavy storm were brooding."

"It may be ; oppression in the air is often the sole cause of oppression in the mind. I should be almost glad if it came, to explain this sensation."

"But if thou must go, thou wilt not loiter, Ferdinand."

"Why—fearest thou the storm will harm me, love ? Nay, I have frightened thee into foreboding. Banish it, or I shall be still more loth to say farewell !"

He kissed her, as if to depart, but still he lingered though neither spoke ; and then, as with an irresistible and passionate impulse, he clasped her convulsively to his heart, and murmuring hoarsely, "God forever and ever bless thee, my own beloved !" released her, and was gone.

On quitting his mansion and entering the street, the dense weight of the atmosphere became more and more apparent. The heat was so oppressive that the streets were actually deserted—even the artisans had closed their stores ; darkness had fallen suddenly, shrouding the beautiful twilight peculiar to Spain, as with a pall. Morales unconsciously glanced toward the west, where, scarcely half an hour before, the sun had sunk gloriously to rest ; and there all was not black. Resting on the edge of the hill, was a far-spreading crimson cloud, not the rosy glow of sunset, but the color of blood. So remarkable was its appearance, that Don Ferdinand paused in involuntary awe. The blackness closed gradually round it ; but much decreased, and still decreasing in size, it floated onward—preserving its blood-red hue, in appalling contrast with the murky sky. Slowly Morales turned in the direction of the castle, glancing up at times, and unable to suppress a thrill of supernatural horror, as he observed this remarkable appearance floating just before him wherever he turned. Denser and denser became the atmosphere, and blacker the sky, till he could not see a single yard before him ; thunder growled in the distance, and a few vivid flashes of lightning momentarily illumined the gloom, but still the cloud remained. Its course became swifter ; but

it decreased in size, floating onward, till, to Morales' strained gaze, it appeared to remain stationary over one particularly lonely part of the road, known by the name of the Calle Soledad, which he was compelled to pass; becoming smaller and smaller, till, as he reached the spot, it faded into utter darkness, and all around was black.

That same evening, about an hour before sunset, Arthur Stanley, overpowered by the heat, and exhausted with some fatiguing military duties, hastily unbuckled his sword, flung it carelessly from him, and, drinking off a large goblet of wine, which, as usual, stood ready for him on his table, threw himself on his couch, and sunk into a slumber so profound that he scarcely seemed to breathe. How he had passed the interval which had elapsed since his interview with Marie and her husband, he scarcely knew himself. His military duties were performed mechanically, a mission for the king to Toledo successfully accomplished; but he himself was conscious only of one engrossing thought, which no cooling and gentler temper had yet come to subdue. It was a relief to acquit Marie of intentional falsehood—a relief to have some imaginary object on which to vent bitterness and anger; and headstrong and violent without control or guide, when his passions were concerned, he encouraged every angry feeling against Morales, caring neither to define nor subdue them, till the longing to meet him in deadly combat, and the how to do so, became the sole and dangerous occupation of heart and mind.

Stanley's heavy and unnatural sleep had lasted some hours, when he was suddenly and painfully awakened by so loud and long a peal of thunder that the very house seemed to rock and shake with the vibration. He started up on his couch; but darkness was around him so dense that he could not distinguish a single object. This sleep had been unrefreshing, and so heavy an oppression rested on his chest, that he felt as if confined in a close cage of iron. He waved his arms to feel if he were indeed at liberty. He moved in free air, but the darkness seemed to suffocate him; and springing up, he groped his way to the window, and flung it open. Feverish and restless, the very excitement of the night seemed to urge him forth, thus to disperse the oppressive weight within. A flash of lightning playing on the polished sheath of his sword, he secured it to his side and threw his mantle over his shoulders. As he did so his hand came in contact with the upper part of the sheath, from which the hilt should have projected; but, to his astonishment and alarm, no hilt was there—the sheath was empty.

In vain he racked his memory to ascertain whether he had left his sword in its scabbard, or had laid the naked blade, as was his custom, by him while he slept. The more he tried to think the more confused his thoughts became. His forehead felt circled with burning iron, his lips were dry and parched, his step faltering as if under the influence of some potent spell. He called for a light, but his voice sounded in his own ears thick and unnatural, and no one answered. His aged hosts had retired to rest an hour before, and though they had noticed and drew their own conclusions from his agitated movements, his call was unregarded. In five minutes more they heard him rush from the house ; and anxious as she was to justify all the ways and doings of her handsome lodger, old Juanna was this night compelled to lean to her husband's ominously expressed belief, that no one would voluntarily go forth on such an awful night, save for deeds of evil.

His rapid pace and open path were illumined every alternate minute with the vivid lightning, and the very excitement of the storm partially removed the incomprehensible sensations under which Stanley labored. He turned in the direction of the castle, perhaps with the unconfessed hope of meeting some of his companions in arms returning from the royal meeting, and in their society to shake off the spell which chained him. As he neared the Calle Soledad the ground suddenly became slippery, as with some thick fluid, of what nature the dense darkness prevented his discovering, his foot came in contact with some heavy substance lying right across his path. He stumbled and fell, and his dress and hands became literally dyed with the same hue as the ground. He started up in terror ; a long vivid flash lingering more than a minute in the air, disclosed the object against which he had fallen ; and paralyzed with horror, pale, ghastly, as if suddenly turned to stone, he remained. He uttered no word nor cry ; but flash after flash played around him, and still beheld him gazing in stupefied and motionless horror on the appalling sight before him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTERS ON THE READING OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DAVID FRIEDLANDER, BY H. M.
BRESSLAU.

(Continued from page 184.)

THIRD LETTER.

"To search after truth, to delight in the beautiful, to love good, to do the best is the vocation of man." You know to which of our sages we owe this golden saying. And truly, my studious friend, the powers which are required for this vocation remain the most faithful companions of man, and safely lead us through all dangers, adversities, and windings, in the path of earthly life, if—this is an indispensable condition—the spirit of man in early youth is not oppressed, or stupefied, or designedly led astray. Recurring to the innumerable difficulties you encountered in the study of Holy Writ, I could say to you, Who knows? Perhaps it is the will of Providence that we should meet with these obstacles, in order to learn to conquer them. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways," saith the Lord. Who dares penetrate into the innermost sanctuary of the things hidden to eternity, and kindle his spare light from the fiery cloud of an ever-burning Deity! Every existence in inanimate, as well as in animate nature, points to a lesson. We observe how everything is gradually growing, developing, and progressing. First thriving, then blossom, then fructify; not a leaf withers, not the smallest insect finishes its career, without leaving the world more perfect than it arrived. And man—does not he and his whole kind go up step by step in the course of nature's life? All his powers and faculties, physical as well as mental, must be trained, if they are to become perfect. As by falling we learn to walk, when children, so do we by error and fallacy arrive at truth, when men. This truth applies to all our abilities, in the mechanical as well as in the higher and polite arts; this truth applies not less to our acquirements in philosophy and in the grave sciences of natural history and psychology. This truth is indisputable, confirmed by daily experience. Above all attributes by which man is distinguished, rises the one which eclipses all others—his *free agency*. But this freedom of choice he cannot exercise without understanding and power of judgment, a proof suffi-

cient to show how highly we ought to value this mental endowment. The merits which man acquires in the world—the scene of his activity—must therefore be the fruit of his exertions, his diligence, and assiduity, otherwise they are no merits. They must be self-acquired, but not inherited property. The same truth applies to our actions. Have I done a virtuous deed, if I have been compelled by external power to open my purse and spend alms? Have I displayed philanthropy, if I am whipped into the river to save my brother from the flood? Must not free agency, founded upon consciousness of duty, be added to the deed to ennoble it? And should it not be the same in the acquirement of eternal truths? Must they not also be the fruit of deliberation, research, and conviction?

If, then, the Almighty, in His wisdom, deigned to reveal Himself to the people selected for that revelation, through prophets, whose language had not yet reached the height of cultivation, and thus concealed eternal truths under the veil of obscurity—if the laws which He deigned to communicate to Israel by these inspired men, though not all clear to our understanding, not only sufficed for the son of the earth at that age, but were also necessary for his maintenance—if, moreover, these precepts and laws, which were indispensably necessary for the welfare and happiness of the people of that age, in that stage of cultivation and knowledge, are to become objects for the investigation and inquiry of renewed and ever-progressing generations of man—if these generations, from enlarged views of these Scriptures, should learn what means to employ, what provisions to make for arranging their course of life in accordance with these precepts—if, I say, that was the object—what a new, beautiful, and extensive field is spread before the descendant of that “rough and uncultivated race of Jews” for his cultivation! What an infinite number of objects for consideration, for the exercise of his moral faculties, for the polishing of his loftier powers, does this field offer! He is no more, like his ancestors, confined to learn from nature, from the surrounding miracles of creation, through a language not yet cultivated, but he may now study the history of his tribe, and the miraculous fate which befell his people. Happy mortal, read the inspired songs, the sublime sayings of your poets and prophets: inquire into the language and its peculiarities, penetrate into its spirit, prove and try it by all the means which modern inquirers, modern linguists, modern travelers have supplied for your assistance, and you will then perceive the will of God, which you are to do in order to gain His pleasure; or, in

other words, however happy in this world, that you may acquire still greater happiness in a better and eternal world. I dismiss this hypothesis, which may occur to you and your friends as the play of fantasy, or at least, as a bold axiom, and I commit it to your test.

FOURTH LETTER.

You and your friends may sneer and smile at the hypothesis established in my last letter; but you will be bound to admit, that whatever we (Jews) know, teach, and promulgate of God and His attributes, of an eternity after this life, of our vocation on earth, of moral laws and duties in general, flows, and ever will flow, from these inexhaustible sources. The goodly men of all ages have clothed religious instruction, or the essence of all these truths, in the most suitable garb for human conception, in garments adorned with the sublimest simplicity of Nature's gifts; yet now and then decorated natural ingenuity and unsophisticated lore in a shape that even woman, even the maid and the children's nurse, may make practical use thereof in their humble walk of life.* They have left nothing untried by which these doctrines

* Of the efficacy of the sacred Scriptures, of the blissful influence of their doctrine, on the meanest, roughest, and most uneducated portion of the Jews, I have been convinced in many instances, though these doctrines are only disseminated by way of oral conversation, and not published in writing in any existing elementary book. What Jewish father or mother of a family is not acquainted and conversant with the Unity of God, His providence, His judgment; how He rewards the pious and punishes the wicked in another world? The meanest Jew, in the hours of sorrow and distress finds comfort and soothing in the hopes of an immortal future, which will compensate him for undeserved (as he imagines) suffering. Under the scourge of persecution he looks up to heaven, and stays on Providence as upon a never-to-be-shaken pillar. "One must not lose confidence in the Omnipotent," is a very usual expression, which affords consolation to the wretched when dejected by grief and overwhelmed with care. These and similar phrases are continually in their mouths. I have met with uneducated and uncivilized Jews in abundance, who were neglected, and who had neglected themselves, in the widest sense of the word—without knowledge, even without clothing but, not without *God and His sacred promises*, which by oral instruction they had learned from the sacred records, and which they know usefully to apply in the course of their lives. In June, 1807, I happened to alight, in the course of a journey through Poland, at a Jewish town called Knuschin, on the river Bober, three miles from Bialystok. Whilst the change of horses took place, I observed a meanly but cleanly dressed Jewish woman who sold bread and brandy in the street. Opposite to her stall, on the other side of the street, I noticed a lonely house shut up, with beams almost burnt to cinders. "This house," she said to me, when I had entered into a conversation with her, "which you there see, was my whole property; I there had an inn, and lived comfortably. On new year next it will be a year, that I awoke at midnight—the room was full of smoke—some men had set fire to my house to rob me, and I was lucky enough to throw two of my little girls out of the window, through which I also saved myself. Two of the elder children, a boy and a girl in the back room, were suffocated, and burnt to death."

receive the sanction, *that they are words of the living God ; i.e.,* that they originally spring from the SACRED records. This assurance suffices to stamp them with authority and correctness, and to make them impressive and vigorous.

No prohibition, therefore, exists to draw near unto these sanctuaries, and to drink from the well itself, where we hear and see God's own instructions majestically and in divinely rich abundance whisper and flow. The Jew is, moreover, called upon, expressly called upon, to approach these, to him, so accessible wells and springs. But, alas! what insurmountable difficulties are towering up like rocks in the rough passage which the majority of travelers through the ocean of time have to make! Alas! the great majority of men and women, particularly in the present state of cultivation of society, need their time so pressingly for the learning of trades, carrying on of their traffic, need to work for their bread and water, besides the fulfillment of duties toward their fellow-creatures and their country, that to burden them with the study of the Hebrew language appears almost a cruelty. Suppose the youth succeeds in obtaining a pretty fair knowledge of the Hebrew language—how far is he yet from understanding Holy Writ by himself? Does that not require knowledge of history and morals, and altogether a literary education, which requires the leisure of a whole life? Does not the Jew, who will learn and study the Bible in the original language, enter into a new and strange world, where the life is so different to what he sees in his home and surrounding society? Do not, on every page of the sacred records, arise words, phrases, similes, symbolical figures, and narratives, which his head does not comprehend, his heart does not feel, and his mind altogether cannot reach? If it is the object of our religion to ennoble man, to purify his whole being of all selfish inclinations, continually to remind him of the world's Creator and Judge, to rear him as a faithful, honest, obedient, dutiful man and subject, can this be effected by the study of the Hebrew Bible, *i.e.,* of the five books of Moses, to which, and no further, the majority, I grieve to say it, succeed? What amount of time, pains,

Here she began to weep bitterly, and after a pause continued in her Jewish Hebrew-German, "Das Jüngele (the lad) was a fine Bachurle (in Hebrew a youth, but it signifies also 'selected,' probably for the military service. But the lads who study the Talmud receive the honorary title 'Bachur,' *select*. The affix *le* is the diminutive of the Swiss dialect). He could already learn (*study*) the Talmud beautifully. Now he is with God, and learns in heaven. He will no doubt learn there why he and his little sister so early and so miserably"—tears choked her voice, she could not finish the sentence, but covered her face.

and work, might be saved; if we were to place into the hands of our youths a history of their ancestors, an elementary book of morals, both founded on sacred Scripture, in a language at once comprehensible and impressive, and to leave the study of sacred antiquities to those whose vocation it is to instruct our youths? These instructors of our youth may vie with each other to prove whose delivery of the eternal truths of our religion is the most pure and concise, the most clear and connected, the most impressive and eloquent; for, I repeat it—is the object of our education any other—is the aim of a godly religion any other—than to make man better, nobler, and readier for mutual services and sacrifices? And is not the consequence of the injudicious education which is generally prevailing among us, that the Jewish youth, after having arrived at maturer understanding and conception, has for years and years to waste endless exertions in a struggle to forget again the obscure, ambiguous, and false notions which his early instructors have crammed into his head, and which his youthful mind has imbibed? But I forget that this subject, however important, carries me away from the original theme, and that I am speaking to you and your friends who are devoted to learning; who are, indeed, steering in that direction where they can make themselves most useful as instructors of our youth, and superintendents of public and national educational establishments. As you, therefore, my worthy friend, cannot dispense with a thorough knowledge of sacred Scripture in the original language, I will communicate to you the little which I have myself gathered but in fragments from the most able writings of German theologians concerning these matters. And should these gleanings again lead me into the field of reflections and suggestions which absorb my mind and my existence, I pray you, my studious friend, grant me the same indulgence as hitherto, and oblige yours forever,

D. F.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EXCELLENCE OF WIT

BY ANHALT.

IN Gaspard Lavater's book, there is a representation of Satan, executed to illustrate the author's theory of physiognomy. The malignity of the face is not expressed by any conspicuous glare of the eye, or by a general aspect of ferocious wickedness ; on the contrary, a careless observer might very reasonably prefer the countenance to that of the Apollo, and, like many of our modern lovers of art, could only recognize the subject by seeing its name written beneath. By an apparently thoughtless stroke, the artist has caused the face to frown, to frown slightly, but visibly and fixedly ; and the frown does not strike one as the involuntary manifestation of some sudden and transitory anger, but as a proclamation by the Medes and Persians, of flagrant and incorrigible iniquity, wherein it is declared, that the utter incapacity of relaxing into mirth, makes any face a demon's, and any heart a stone. We regret that the unhappy education of a great majority of men sanctions, by a lifetime of frowns and pouts, the diabolical custom of doing everything in a solemn and serious style ; wearing the same rueful melancholy to the opera as to their father's funeral ; shuddering to hear a man of business or of letters laugh, and always preserving that inflexible austerity which can only rob them of pleasure without repaying them for the theft.

"The last perfection of our faculties," says Schiller, with a truth far deeper than it seems, "is that their activity, without ceasing to be sure and earnest, becomes *sport*." There is nothing wonderful in this when a German poet writes it ; but for Americans to tolerate for an instant such a principle is, we have heard, as great and as impossible an imposition on their credulity as was the attempt of Galileo to preach his system of astronomy into the dull pates of his cruel inquisitors. To our people, there is nothing so incongruous as the union of mirth with intellectual strength, and our fathers have taught us to condemn a man pretending to ability, yet so far forgetting the dignity of his prominence as to indulge in sport or pleasantry. Many of our public men are jolly jokers, and can tell an anecdote with as much true genius as Boccaccio or La Fontaine ; but, unfortunately for them, their humor does not grow out of the last perfection of their faculties, being, in fact, only the fungous growth of a morbidly diseased intellect. If a person is precocious,

and before he has acquired a sufficiency of knowledge to warrant a continuous process of thought, strides ahead of his maturity and develops the energy of his brain at the expense of his physical vitality, his power is not that effective force which results from the mutual elaboration of muscle and mind, but rather that of a dying man, whose every effort weakens, and at last curbs his impotent struggles in death. So with our witty men, as well the polished civilian as the bucolic tiller of the soil; their humor is to their intellects what the pearl, iridescent with all the beauty of the spectrum, is to the life of the animal on which it feeds, the fatal symbol of disease and decay. The facetiousness of which we speak, is only indulged in to provoke a laugh, but with the same unconscious though awful rapidity with which the love of liquor fastens its fatal clutches on a man, does this design of provoking merriment generate itself into a necessity, whose ravenous cravings must often be appeased at a most grievous sacrifice of firmness and pride. Powerful stimulants only leave the system under a more helpless prostration; and when the intellectual nature is against her will forced to sustain a condition abhorrent to her express inclinations, she finally avenges, like Samson, by making the masters she serves a memorable mausoleum to their blind fatuity.

Wit is such a fickle, eccentric, and sometimes terribly exasperating little busybody, that frequently it exhibits not the least concern in tampering with the most serious occasions of fortune, and claims its right to sparkle in an epigram on the marble monuments of the dead, as well as to flash like the sword of Damocles over the fated head of a well-fed alderman. But malice is the soul of such wit, and money and the love of fame are its progenitors. Innocence is a stranger to it, and harmless fun is chased away, like a school-boy whom his comrades call "chicken-hearted." Nothing can ever be malignant which is born out of true genius; for genius is charitable, and charity is foreign to wicked intentions. Genial humor then, that cordial and hearty gayety that beams from every corner of the eye, and is felt in every pressure of the hand; that fashions every idea, and clothes them in the most attractive colors; that is so gentle that children can sport with it, and yet sometimes strong and fearless as the lion's might, such humor is the crowning excellence of elevated thought. Its essence is love, and from its tender sensibilities spring all the higher and more ethereal enjoyments of our nature, which are so delicately perfumed with the purest effluence of the soul. And in

the hearts of men it lives but rarely; yet when the heart is ripe, the fruits are spontaneous, and spring from the fertility thereof with the gorgeous exuberance of the tropics.

In art, no less than in literature and in life, is this principle of perfection terminating in sport, patent in every cut of the sculptor and every stroke of the painter. If the Laocoon is admired, the admiration is wrenched from us by the strenuous exertions which the vividness of the representation have animated, and not by any appeal to the beautiful in us. We do feel a joy, but it is a selfish passion, a human base joy, that we are free ourselves from that terrible serpent, and that we are not suffering the nameless agonies bursting from the corded muscles of the wretched priest and his children. And that joy grows proportionately intense with the skill of the artist and the unhappiness of his selection. And if the same degree of ability was applied to the representation of a hangman performing his duty, or the executioner striking the head from the block, the same principles would be involved, and the sympathy and horror excited would be similar. For, as Goethe says, "The group of the Laocoon, in addition to its other acknowledged merits, is at once a model of symmetry and variety—of repose and action—of contrast and gradation—which produce an impression partly sensible, partly spiritual, agreeably stimulate the imagination by the deep pathos of the representation, and by their grace and beauty temper the storm of passion and suffering." Following this critique, let the legs of the hangman in the scene we have just suggested be perfectly symmetrical, rivaling those of the Queen of the Ballet; let his countenance present an appearance of sullen stolidity painfully contrasting with the earnest anxiety at work in the mind of the condemned, and then, in our group, we shall have the most felicitous combination of symmetry and variety, of repose and action. Inscribe under the statue a famous title, and copious draughts of delight will be poured out as a libation to the immortal sculptor. But with the Apollo, with the Venus de Medici, and with Susannah at the Bath, we can enjoy those finer and those higher sentiments, which are quickened into glorious life and activity by the play of ingenuous passion in every jot and tittle of the marble. In them is repose; but not that lifeless stillness that tells of weariness following some painful exertion of mind or body; it is the calm quietude of conscious freedom from trouble and care, that lives in sportive joy and humor.

In the most fearful of tragedies, and in the most sublime scene of

that tragedy, we find an old, time-stricken, careworn man, standing on a bleak and barren heath, furiously expostulating with the storm which is roaring and raging about him. He has been antagonized, estranged from his children; he has been driven from his castle to wander an outcast and an alien; disrobed of his former splendor, and well-nigh crazed by the outrageous indignities which have been heaped upon him, he now appears like some mournful relic of what was once imposing and magnificent. If he stood alone, the heart of the reader would suffer emotions too painful to be endured; the fool who stands at his elbow, and calls him "nuncle," restores a passing sanity to the royal Bedlamite, and thus affords a passage by which the soul is relieved, and thus the intense agony of the scene is tempered and softened into regret and pity. There was never any man of culture but felt himself borne irresistibly away, not by distress, not by delight, neither by pleasure nor by pain, but by the nameless power which springs from the harmonious combination of the two, when he reads the parting of Hector and Andromache; when just as his heart is swelling with unutterable woe, and the hot tear of impassioned sympathy is falling as a free-will offering to the poet, the "*dakruon gelesasa*" waves its magic wand, the fountain of his sorrow closes, and the mournful smile of the affectionate wife plays involuntarily upon his own lips:

"The warrior spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.
 The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear."

De Quincey says: "No dignity is perfect, which does not at some time ally itself with the mysterious and indeterminate." But for men to solicit the influence of dignity by assuming mystery without merit, is as preposterous as to term a fancy dinner in a modern restaurant a feast of Lucullus in the hall of Apollo. Gravity is somewhat invulnerable to analysis as long as silence is its Mentor; but when that guardian fails to keep vigil, traitorous ignorance opens the gates, and truth marches in, crushing her foes and triumphing in glory. The dreamy mind of De Quincey enjoyed that indefinite existence, that dual life, which was lived out in region midway between reality and idea. Man may be deluded by the vigor of his imagination into a confirmation of his philosophy; the whirlwind of his passion sweeps through the heart like the terrible sirocco of the desert,

and like that terrible scourge of wrath, leaves a bleak and barren waste in its wake ; no pillar of fire leads the bewildered groper through the mystic darkness of his visions, and no refreshing shades mitigate the blazing intensity of his intuitions. Closeted with the people of his own fancy, the idealist may live superior to other creatures ; but he never knows the value of his life or his power, till a merry sound breaks the spell that binds him, and gives to the vitality of his being a rosy coloring of joy. Mystery is stern and pitiless as all spectres are, and its shadowy garments speak of death rather than of life. Feudal ruins, haunted abbeys, and crumbling castles fostered the mysterious and the unapproachable grandeur which swayed the times that are gone ; but to life, to high and busy life, the offspring of fear and terror can no longer cling, and now they must be buried—buried in some mouldering monastery, where solitary and alone the deathless spirit of the past forever dwells.

The results of faculties which have never been perfected, though belonging to different men of different ages, are always the same. The mediocrity of the Greek philosophers is also that of the moderns ; and the dull wit of the Roman comedians finds its exact counterpart in the numberless effusions of American imbecility. "War and conquest suggest no novelties ; the triumphant chariot of the victorious warrior can only be decked with those ornaments which have graced his predecessors." The march of mind, when led by commanders who draw their powers from imperfection, like the monotonous path of the earth, treads only in a circle. Applied sciences are satisfied with visible success, and desert their work, like the Magi of old, when they were about to secure the perfection of their systems. Discontented by failure, men become peevish, because they discover their confidence more capacious than their powers are able—their disturbed organizations writhe under exhausting misfortunes—the wrinkles on the face are but the likeness of the soul ; and austerity, that Briareus of the human heart, holds in his hundred hands every noble emotion, panting and crushed. On the other hand, the calm dignity which distinguishes the highest orders of ability, forbids not the innocent pleasures of a sportive temperament, but recognizes in every smile the outgoings of a nature which has attained the highest development of which humanity is capable. There is something solemn in the mirth of greatness. It makes one mournful to see a man who has suffered the vicissitudes of an eventful career, who has drunk the dregs of bitterness that he might quaff with more delight the beaker of success ; who has battled with grim

giant despair that he might the more tenaciously grasp the standard of victory, at last hide all under a jest, and leave a transient joy the grave mark of his cares.

Not only in the higher walks of life does wit crown exalted power ; but also in the humbler occupations of men, where one might suppose that nothing is heard but the "Song of the Shirt," sport speaks in a voice that is not altogether unheeded. The dull noddle of a Yorkshireman is sometimes keenly alive to a practical joke, and the story of the dog and the turbot can never fail to draw a hearty laugh. When black-eyed Susan had been performed for more than three hundred consecutive nights, and Mr. Ellitson, the manager, had cleared an immense fortune from the profits, he said to Douglass Jerrold, the author of the play, who had received the miserable pittance of seventy pounds for his work : "My dear boy, why don't you get some of your friends to give you a piece of plate?" As the humor of which we spoke before was the perfection of the noblest emotions, so this manager's smartness is the very climax of all that is mean and niggardly.

Jogrum Brown was the keeper of a stable in Sheerness. When the stable was changed to a theatre, Jogrum Brown still held his position, but his title was doorkeeper ; and finally, when the theatre became a church, Jogrum Brown was there as sexton ; and as he formerly showed the spectators to their seats, he now conducted them to their graves. Here, also, we see a grim wit, that claims origin from the most humble walks of life. An emotion, then, which is so universal, and in some instances national and even provincial, admits of various degrees of cultivation ; but in every instance proves itself the near kinsman of perfection, whether the perfection of the high, the low, or the intermediate. A French writer has divided mankind into two classes, those who have more appetites than dinners, and those who have more dinners than appetites. In the former, we may place that lean and hungry Cassius race of men, who always wear a sardonic grin, but yet enjoy what they can get, and think with pleasure of what is to come. In the latter class, we may arrange those unfortunate individuals, who, though they are pampered with all the delicacies the intellectual market can afford, suffer the tortures of indigestion, and are afflicted with that most terrible of diseases, mental dyspepsia.

When we reflect on the great intellects of the world, we shall find that, at the pinnacle of their power, they all loved wit. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson cracked many good jokes over their ale ; and Aubrey says of the former, "He was a handsome, well-shaped man, verie good

company, and of a verie ready and smooth wit." The race of great men who flourished during the reign of Charles the Second, and after the Revolution of '88, were men whose highest happiness it was to laugh and make others do so. After them comes Dr. Johnson, whose wit, though somewhat clumsy, was always pervaded with a delicacy of affection that charmed even those who were the objects of his attacks. With him are associated the greatest men of Britain, whether in the legislative halls or in the literary world. They were all men of humor, and all history may be searched; Cæsar, Alexander, Descartes, and Lord Bacon were witty men; Cicero, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Cowley, Solon, and Socrates, they were all men of pleasantry and mirth. They may have perverted the original good feeling of wit and soured it into sarcasms and ridicule. But theirs is the blame. And virtue must not suffer when crimes are done in her name. But when wit is leavened with kindness, and rigorously checked by conscience; when it is the power of a man who is not only great in intellect, but great in honor and and justice, in morality and religion; wit is then the most delightful part of our nature. Says Sydney Smith, "There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness; teaching age and care and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. Genuine and innocent wit is surely the flavor of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason and tasteless food; but God has given us wit and flavor and brightness and laughter and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage and to charm his pained steps over the burning waste.

ADVICE TO THE TEMPERANCE SENSATIONALISTS.

GIVE up the nasal tone; give up the pious distortion of eyes; give up sanctimoniousness; give up affectation; cease to look upon this world as on a valley of tears; allow us to have our legitimate share in the joys of this world, which God grants us so plentifully, and we shall be better prepared for the world to come than by abstemious self-delusion or self-torture. In one word, try not to bend the straight line of nature; it is an elastic steel band that finally will rebound and strike you in your face, if you curve it violently.—*From a recent lecture on Temperance by Rev. Dr. Jastrow.*

HYMN FOR PENTECOST.

AGAIN we now before Thee stand,
O God of old ! with festal glee ;
Free children of a glorious land
The covenant renew with Thee.
For though deep error's heavy guilt
Rests yet upon our heart and soul,
Thy word's inheritance Thou wilt
That we should guard to life's last goal.

And when religion's victory
Will all the earth have sanctified,
The heav'nly rule of charity
The hearts of mankind purified :—
Then will all o'er the world resound
Again that holy, awful word,
Proclaimed to us on Sinai's mount :
" I am th' Eternal God, thy Lord !"

And into ONE great brotherhood
That call the human race will turn ;
To know Thee, to be just and good,
And love each other, they will learn.
The patient lamb and quiet sheep,
With wolves and lions strong will play ;
And heav'nly peace, serene and deep,
Will shed on earth its blissful ray.

And all will worship Thee alone,
Our sole Redeemer, God, and Lord !
Contention will no more be known
On earth enlightened by Thy word.
All men, inspired by truth and love,
With one accord will then exclaim :
" The Lord is ONE in heav'n above,
And ONE on earth His glorious Name !"

M. M.

GEORGIA COTTON MILLS.

A VISITOR to the South should always make it a point to visit Georgia, for she is certainly the Empire State of the South, and is far distancing her sister States in her onward march. In nothing has Georgia so progressed as in cotton manufacturing. Columbus, situated on the east bank of the Chattahoochee River, has more money invested in this branch of manufacturing than any other city in the State. This place is beautifully located, and Nature has been most lavish in making her *par excellence* a manufacturing centre.

The river affords ample power, and the falls extend from this point up the river for over twenty miles. So easily controlled is this immense power that there have been actually no repairs to the dams and walls in four years.

The Eagle and Phenix Mills, situated directly in the city, are the largest mills in the South. The company owning these mills have left the old worn rut so long followed by Southern Manufacturing companies and are a progressive concern, making a great variety of cotton and woolen goods of beautiful styles and designs. As these mills make almost altogether colored goods, they have an immense dye-house attached, something unusual in Southern mills, which generally confine themselves to brown or unbleached, undyed goods. These mills are splendid exponents of the vim and energy of their founder, Wm. H. Young, a man of rare energy and sagacity, and whose acumen and labor have been rewarded by great success. It was with much pleasure we made a careful survey of this whole property, and give below some of our observations and conclusions.

When it is remembered that the South possesses the grandest climate in the known world for manufacturing; a climate genial and pleasant, which forever forbids the great difficulties of frosts and extreme cold; when we consider that the transportation on the raw material, the middle-men's charges, and re-shipment of the goods themselves, are all saved, some idea can be formed of the advantages of manufacturing in the South. Labor is fast becoming plentiful and skilled, and nothing is needed to give wonderful impetus to the great industry but *capital*, and this the Southern people are saving and creating. The Eagle and Phenix Co. are running at present three mills, and are this year enlarging their operations, at the same time reserving a portion of their yearly profits to erect still another larger mill. They have now in constant employ twenty-two thousand spindles and six



COTTON MILLS OF THE EAGLE AND PHOENIX MANUFACTURING COMPANY OF COLUMBUS, OH.

hundred and fifty looms; eight hundred and seventy operators are employed, who look contented and happy. The company's village of one hundred and thirty houses, besides churches and school-houses, located just across the river, is a cheerful, picturesque sight—the houses all having gardens attached, the streets wide and clean. The company have a capital stock of \$1,250,000, and a reserve surplus fund of \$313,000. The profits of the last year were 18 per cent.

The fabrics manufactured embrace a great variety of checks, plaids, stripes, tickings, gingham, cottonades, doeskins, jeans, rope, thread, and cordage. We never saw handsomer colors and more perfect goods than the ceaseless looms of these mills are constantly turning out. This company have no agents, but sell all their production direct from the office, selling to merchants only. The *chef d'œuvre* of this establishment is their celebrated cotton blanket, a marvel of beauty and cheapness, made entirely of cotton, but soft, warm, and pleasant. A practical amelioration of the poverty and dependence of the poorer classes is offered in the Eagle and Phenix Savings Department, which has gathered already, in less than a year from its organization, from the idle sums which would have been wasted or hoarded without interest, over \$200,000. The establishment of this Savings Institution has had a happy effect upon the hard-fisted, honest working people, causing them to start that habit which alone can ever make men independent, viz., economy. N. J. Bussey, Esq., whom we remember with pleasure, is the capable president of this company. To G. Gunby Jordan, treasurer, we are indebted for valuable statistics and a personal inspection of the mills, water power, and the company's various departments.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

WHERE spades grow bright and idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty and where barns are full;
Where church-paths are with frequent feet out-worn,
Law courtyards weedy, silent, and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well govern'd state.

THE ERA OF ACCIDENTS.

IN the hygienic history of every country, epidemics have depleted populations. The United States are not excepted from the rule. Virulent diseases, such as small-pox, spotted fever, Asiatic cholera, and in the Southern States yellow fever, have successively made havoc among our people. In our large cities, especially in New York, at certain seasons of each year, and from apparently local causes, a large mortality is noticed, affecting us to an alarming extent; yet, as we reflect upon it, we seldom direct our attention to the fearful increase of mortality resulting from *accidents*. The present is indeed a very *epoch* of accidents. Never was known such terrible fatality from sudden causes—such maiming, bruising, scalding, burning, crushing, and mutilation. It is difficult for us to comprehend the multiplicity of accidents until they are gathered, if we may thus speak, into an aggregate mass and placed before us. Let us take, for example, the deaths resulting from loss at sea of *six* ocean steamers in twelve months, and we are horror-stricken as we enumerate *eight hundred*.

But deaths under such circumstances, though mentally horrible, are physically painless, unless accompanied by a boiler explosion or fire. Who does not shudder at the loss of twenty-one poor fellows from the explosion on the *Tigress*? The most terrible calamities are those attended with physical suffering as well as mental agony, such as occur upon our rivers by steamboat explosions, and on land by terrible collisions upon railways, midnight holocausts by sudden fire, explosions at mills and in mines, and even of boilers under sidewalks, over which we walk unconscious of even the possibility of accident—huge stones and missiles from buildings elevated or in process of erection; falling signs, chimneys, shutters, runaway horses, careless driving, careless carrying and use of firearms and working tools, to say nothing of numerous other agencies by which limbs and life are forfeited. Men leave their homes in the morning, and it is many chances of accident or death to one of safe return. A large measure of criminal carelessness is necessarily comprehended in such a condition of affairs. When will we, as a people, become more regardful of human life? Surely the principle of self-preservation, or at least the thought of family and social responsibilities, should contribute to greater care over our own, and less recklessness as to the lives of others.

QUALITY ABOVE QUANTITY.

FROM THE TALMUD.

THE Talmud Jerushalmi (Treatise Berachoth) relates, that when Rabbi Abbun, the son of Rabbi Cheeya, fell into the sleep of death, Rabbi Zeira, who had first entered the chamber of the departed Rabbi, quoted the following text: Sweet is sleep of a laboring man, whether he eat little or much." (Ecc. v. 2.) "Indeed," he exclaimed, "the departed Rabbi Abbun, the son of Rabbi Cheeya, has achieved more during the twenty-eight years of a studious life than many eminent scholars in a hundred years." The Rabbi continued to illustrate his remarks by the following parable:

A king once engaged several artists, amongst whom there was one who distinguished himself by peculiar abilities and skill, far superior to any of his fellow-laborers. The king, attracted by the masterly display of his art, was greatly delighted, associated and conversed, with him, and held him in high regard. Evening arrived, and the respective artists demanded their pay, which they were ordered to receive in full, without any distinction. This gave rise to complaint. "Why shall he," exclaimed the other artists, "who worked only a few hours in the day, receive an equal reward as we who worked unremittingly during the whole day?"

"Silly creatures," replied the king, "because he accomplished more in two hours than you have during the whole day."

"And this," the Rabbi continued, "is the meaning of the text, Sweet is the sleep of the assiduous and diligent laborer, however few his years; he will be recompensed, yea, even more than he who has lived for a hundred years."

A PRAYER FOR FAITH.

God of my fathers! merciful and just,
Who into being shaped this breathing dust,
Teach me its rebel passions to control,—
Pour Thy influence o'er my restless soul.

Teach me to look beyond the gloomy grave;
For Thou, O Father! still art nigh to save,
When rising from the dark and cheerless tomb,
I'll walk with Thee in renovated bloom.

C. D. L. H.

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1874.

No. 6.

THE GREAT JEWISH CHARITIES OF AMERICA.

III.

THE TOURO INFIRMARY OF NEW ORLEANS.

THIS excellent institution, as its name implies, is situated in New Orleans, and owes its origin to the benevolence of the late Judah Touro of that city. Always foremost in good works during his lifetime, this noble philanthropist has immortalized his name by the number of bequests left to public charities and institutions, not the least worthy of which is the one which forms the subject of the present sketch. Within a few months after his death, his executors, Rezin Davis Shepherd, Aaron Keppel Josephs, Gershom Kursheedt, and Pierre A. D. Cazenave, together with Messrs. George Jonas and Benjamin Florance and Rev. James K. Gutheim, proceeded to carry out the will of the venerable founder, by taking possession of the buildings and lots on the corner of Calliope and New Levee streets, which had been bequeathed for that purpose, and organizing a society for "affording surgical and medical aid, comfort and protection to deserving and needy Israelites." Obtaining a charter of incorporation on May 1st, 1854, the new society commenced its existence on May 15, under the following board of administration: George Jonas, President; R. D. Shepherd, Vice-President; B. Florance, Treasurer; Rev. J. K. Gutheim, Secretary; P. Cazenave, A. K. Josephs, and G. Kursheedt, Directors.

There being no fund provided for the management of the institution, the directors, desirous of commencing operations forthwith, leased the property for five years to Dr. J. Bensadon, a resident physician of New Orleans, to be used by him for his own purposes and benefit as a hospital, on the condition that he would receive and treat free of all charge, and at all times during the continuance of his lease, all the sick Jewish poor who may apply or be sent to him. In this way the

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by RAPHAEL D'C. LEWIN, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

infirmary was opened on May 27, 1854, from which time until May 10, 1855, sixty-two patients were received. From that date until November 15, of the same year, thirty-nine patients were treated, thus showing a total of one hundred and one patients who received the benefits of the charity during a term of eighteen months. Of this number, seventy-nine were cured and twenty-two died. The directors during this time, and for three years afterward, personally defrayed all the extra expenses incurred which did not come within the agreement with Dr. Bensadon.

For over four years, the society consisted only of the members of the board—the original incorporators. On February 22, 1858, however, it was proposed to elect additional members, and Messrs. N. M. Simpson, L. B. Cain, Joseph Simon, Isaac Hart, and Abraham Haber joined the society. Mr. Joseph Simon then entered the board in place of Mr. A. K. Josephs.

On May 15, 1859, Dr. Bensadon's contract expired, and was renewed for two years, with the understanding that he was to pay a certain fixed rent for the buildings, in addition to the previous arrangement of receiving the poor. On July 6th of the same year a constitution and by-laws were adopted.

On June 19, 1860, Messrs. S. Friedlander, M. Goldman, H. Kaufman, Joseph Wagner, L. Regensberger, B. Da Silva, L. H. Joseph, and Wm. Davis were elected members. At the annual meeting in this year a new board of officers was formed, and the following gentlemen were elected: George Jonas, President; Rev. James K. Gutheim, Vice-President; Isaac Hart, Treasurer; L. H. Joseph, Secretary; N. M. Simpson, Joseph Simon, and B. Florance, Directors.

On October 15, 1861, Dr. Bensadon's second contract expired. It was then thought advisable, in consequence of the war and other considerations, to suspend for a time the working of the institution, so far as related to the hospital benefits. A resolution was therefore passed to the effect "that the Touro Infirmary be used for the accommodation of needy and deserving Israelites, at the discretion and under the special supervision of Rev. James K. Gutheim." This placed a heavy responsibility on the shoulders of Mr. Gutheim, but it is only just to say, that, as usual with that excellent gentleman, he fulfilled his duty conscientiously and zealously. Under his auspices the institute continued until March, 1865, when the buildings were placed in charge of the Hebrew Benevolent Association, to be used as almshouses, until again required for their legitimate object.

In 1866, a change occurred in the board of management, Mr. L. B. Cain being elected treasurer in place of Mr. Hart, and Messrs. Ab. Haber and B. Da Silva becoming directors, in the places of Messrs. N. M. Simpson and B. Florance.

Two years later, the constitution was revised and the charter altered so as to increase the sphere of usefulness of the institution, and as one of the clauses of the new constitution provided for the general admission of members, a large accession to the list was the immediate result. Among other provisions for the good and welfare of the society, the board was increased to nine members, and at the general meeting in July, 1868, the following gentlemen were elected: L. B. Cain, President; Rev. James K. Gutheim, Vice-president; Simon Haber, Treasurer; Joseph Magner, Secretary; Joseph Simon, E. J. Kursheedt, J. Gugenheim, S. Marx, and B. Florance, Directors.

On July 29, 1868, it was resolved to effect a thorough repair of the buildings in order to re-open them for the reception of patients, and thereby carry into proper execution the intention of Mr. Touro. Accordingly work was commenced forthwith. In October of the same year, Rev. Mr. Gutheim resigned his office of vice-president, in consequence of his intended change of residence to New York. Mr. Joseph Simon was chosen to succeed him, and Mr. Leon Godcheaux elected to the vacant seat on the board. On December 6, 1868, the dedication of the building took place with appropriate ceremonies. Rev. I. L. Leucht delivered a German address, and L. L. Levy, Esq., spoke the English oration. Between five and six thousand dollars were collected on this occasion.

The Hospital was formally opened for the reception of the sick on January 3, 1869. The medical department consisted of Dr. F. Geutebruck, House Surgeon and Resident Physician; Drs. I. L. Crawford and J. O. Aufoux, Attending Physicians; and Dr. Jules Homberger, Oculist. Mr. Ph. Geiger was elected Superintendent and Steward, and Jacob Schmidt, Nurse.

From the date of opening to May 9, 1869, the date of the Secretary's report, it appears that fourteen patients were treated, of whom ten were cured and two discharged in an improved condition. The total receipts during that time amounted to \$13,526.17, and disbursements, including expense of repairs and refitting, to \$13,063.93.

On November 1, 1869, Dr. Geutebruck resigned his office of Resident Physician and was succeeded by Dr. F. Loeber. On the 19th of the same month, a ball was given in aid of the funds, and

resulted in a net gain of \$1,605.40. During the year 1869-70, one hundred and one cases were treated; the receipts were \$6,693.55; and disbursements \$6,414.26.

From May, 1870, to May, 1871, two hundred and forty-three patients were treated, of whom two hundred and thirty-six were discharged cured or improved, and twenty-four died. This great increase in the number of cases treated was due to the yellow fever which in 1870 was raging as an epidemic. During the two months of its active prevalence, from 25 to 30 beds were daily occupied in the wards. The receipts for that fiscal year were \$6,650.35, and disbursements \$9,522.08.

For the year ending May, 1872, there were one hundred and fifty-seven cases, of which one hundred and forty-two were discharged cured or improved, and ten died; the receipts showed a total of \$4,867.00, against an actual cash expenditure of \$6,807.34. To provide the money to pay the indebtedness which had been accumulating in consequence of the expenses being greater than the income, the Board availed themselves of an authorization previously granted to mortgage the buildings. This was done to the extent of \$5,000. In this year Mr. Isaac Levi became Vice-president, Mr. Henry Stern, Treasurer, and Messrs. Ben Gerson, Charles Simon, and Joseph Dreyfus, Directors in the places of the retiring members.

During the following year 1872-3, one hundred and fifteen patients were treated, of whom one hundred and five were discharged cured or improved, five died, and five remained under treatment. The receipts amounted to \$8,726.60; the disbursements to \$7,100.31, the total number of members on the roll 358.

In his able report presented at the annual meeting, held on May 11, 1873, the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Joseph Magnier, who for many years has served the institution with marked efficiency and zeal, took occasion to urge on the members the paramount necessity of using every exertion toward bringing about a consolidation of the several benevolent societies in the city. His words on the occasion were so full of good sense and sound judgment, and are indeed so applicable to other large cities as well as to New Orleans, that we cannot refrain from quoting them:

"The evil," said he, "that paralyzes this Institution is the same that lies like an incubus upon all other charitable institutions of our faith in this city, the Home alone excepted; and that evil, that sickness is—too many societies; too many divided counsels. Not count-

ing the Home, there are six charitable associations in our midst, all with noble aims and purposes—it is true, and yet inefficacious, as all they aim at doing separately, can be better done jointly.

“What is the effect of their separate endeavors? Encouragement of pauperism, continual appeals to an impoverished and impatient community, until this impatience eventuates in complete indifference and a determination to abstain from giving to any. And yet, how strange the anomaly in our city! Magnificent places of worship are erected to the honor and glory of the Most High, the community show their delight and admiration, even the most retentive purses are opened for the sacred purpose, but yet the object for which places of worship are really built: the cultivation and encouragement of the virtue of charity, is lost sight of. Why? Not because charity is extinct amongst our people; for every day's occurrences testify to their benevolence, and to their readiness to make sacrifices, but merely because they see the uselessness of giving to divided efforts, and are tired of being bored every day by another collector.

“All feel this to be the truth, all know that the remedy is in their own hands, all desire the accomplishment of something better and more practical. But the moral courage is wanting to speak out in plain words the wishes, the wants, and necessities of the community. Let the men of influence amongst us speak plainly, let them come together and take counsel how to concentrate the efforts of the community into one great benevolent body, instead of seeing the means and energies of the separate bodies frittered away upon shadows. It does not require the gift of prophecy to predict, that the condition of the Infirmary to-day will also be that of the other charitable bodies, unless that magic word which is to work a radical cure, is pronounced and practically demonstrated; and that word is: Consolidation!”

The Secretary has indeed sounded the right key-note, and it is to be hoped that his good advice will be heeded by those in whose hands lies the welfare of the institution. It has already been productive of much good, and it is capable of further increasing its sphere of usefulness and thereby accomplishing all the desires of its noble founder. But to accomplish this requires time, patience, and perseverance, and the united efforts of the entire Jewish community of New Orleans. Wishing the institute every possible success in the future, we conclude this sketch by appending the names of the present Board of Officers:

L. B. Cain, President; Isaac Levi, Vice-president; Henry Stern,

Treasurer; Joseph Magner, Secretary; Rev. J. K. Gutheim, Ben Gerson, Charles Simon, B. Florance, and Joseph Dreyfus, Managers; Dr. F. Loeber, House Surgeon and Resident Physician; Drs. I. L. Crawcour, B. Maas, Howard Smith, and Oscar Laang, Visiting Physicians; Joseph Levy, Superintendent.

DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY D. E. DE LARA.

(EIGHTH ARTICLE.)

WE will suppose that the plan suggested by the *Catholic World*, and insisted upon at the recent meeting of the Irish Immigration Society* be adopted and carried into effect; that is to say, that the school fund be divided between Catholics and non-Catholics only in proportion to the number of children in these two bodies respectively, thus virtually establishing sectarian schools as substitutes for the present schools, though retaining the latter for the benefit of such parents as may choose to avail themselves of the present national system of education, what will be the *least* evil results?

Let us suppose, farther, that in *all* the schools the rising generation receive theoretically that religious instruction which is required, demanded, and appreciated by each and every religious body according to its respective views on this subject, namely, the duty each owes to God, and by all in common; also, those duties which they owe to their fellow-men; and, lastly, those which they owe to their country in common, as citizens; and in order that the children in all the schools be constantly reminded of these duties, we will imagine the walls of all the different school-rooms to be decorated with the following inscriptions:

“Love God above all, and thy neighbor as thyself.”†

*Resolution of the Irish Benevolent Society, as reported in the “Herald” of 22d October, 1873.

† As thyself: this rendering of the word כַּמֶּנֶּךָ is incorrect. The meaning is, as thy equal, thy fellow-man. To love others as we love ourselves is contrary to nature and reason, and indeed to experience. Such a law cannot have been given by God, who does not command an impossibility. The prefix כ does not mean “as,” but “like,” “because” (“he is” being understood). See Exod. xv. 11, and many other passages.

"He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now. He that hateth his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

"God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted by Him."

"Love your enemies. Bless them that curse you. Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

"What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

In all the non-Catholic schools we may also meet with the following teachings from the lips and pens of "benighted" heathen, which *may* (perhaps), notwithstanding this, be admissible also in the Catholic schools.

THE PRAYER OF SIMPLICIUS.

"O Thou, whose pow'r o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!
'Tis thine alone, to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest.
From Thee, great God, we spring; to Thee we tend;
Path, Motive, Guide, Original and End."

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

Self-examination.

"Let not soft slumber close thine eyes,
Before thou recollectest thrice
Thy train of action through the day.
'Where have my feet found out their way?
What have I learn'd where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more, that's worth the knowing;
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought, that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?'
These self-inquiries are the road,
That leads to virtue and to God."*

We will also imagine that, in addition to all the preceding inscriptions, we find (in the Catholic schools exclusively) the following "extracts from the Catholic Press."

"The God of Protestantism is one of the Devils. . . . a dirty Devil."†

* The Church condemns the classics as models, but recommends the writings of the fathers both for style and matter.

† "Freeman's Journal."

"Before God, no man has any right to be of any religion but the Catholic."*

"They who have no religion, have no conscience that people who have religion are bound to respect."* (Note the teachings of the Inquisition.)

"Before God, or in the spiritual order, we recognize no equality between Protestantism and Catholicity."*

"Protestantism is American heathenish superstition and politico-animal religionism." (A Catholic letter in *Herald*.)

"The prelates assembled at the Council of Trent closed their deliberations by pronouncing the following curse. At the suggestion of the presiding officer, the Cardinal de Lorraine, who cried out 'Curse all heretics,' all the Bishops responded with one voice, 'Curse, curse, curse.'"

In both schools we may find inscribed on the walls, the following divine command :

"Honor thy father and thy mother."

"He that curseth his father or mother let him die the death."

In the Catholic schools, we shall or may find the following oath taken by converts :

"We confess that the doctrine of the Church of Rome is the Catholic, pure, divine, saving, old, and true doctrine; but the Protestant is false, erroneous, blasphemous, accursed, heretical, damning, seditious, ungodly, etc. Hence, we *curse* (*maledictos pronunciamus*) *our parents*, who educated us in the heretical faith; we curse also those who raised in our minds any doubts of the Roman Catholic faith. We curse the books which we have read, and which contain those heretical and blasphemous doctrines. We curse, also, all the works we read, whilst we lived in the heretical faith; that we may not be answerable for them before God at the last day. We moreover swear, as long as a drop of blood remains in our veins, to pursue the accursed Protestant faith, in every way, secretly and openly, with force and fraud (*clam et aperte, violenter et fraudulenter*), with word and deed, yea, even with the sword." (See "Authentic History of the Professio Fidei Tridentinæ," by G. F. Mohnike.)

Lastly, in both the Catholic and non-Catholic schools we may see the following supplication addressed to the Deity both by the Prophet and the Psalmist.

* "Catholic World."

"Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in." (Isaiah xxvi. 2.)

"Do good, O Lord ! unto those that be good and to them that are upright in their hearts." (Ps. cxxv. 4.)

In the non-Catholic schools, this will be accompanied by the following comments thereon :

"I call heaven and earth to witness, that by 'the good' is to be understood all good men, all good women, whether free or bondmen, whether Israelite or non-Israelite, whether worshipers of God or heathen ; for, according to the deeds of each, so will the spirit of holiness descend upon him. *The love of our fellow-men has no restriction.* We are bound to love even idolaters." (Talmud.)

In the Catholic schools, we may find, by way of comment, the following extract :

"*We excommunicate and curse, in the name of Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and in the name of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and our own, all Lutherans, Zwinglians, Calvinists, Huguenots, Anabaptists, etc., all apostates from the Christian faith, as well as all other heretics, whatever they may call themselves, and also those who believe them, receive them, patronize and defend them ; all those who read their books without our permission, or keep, print, and defend them, for whatever reason it may be ; publicly or privately, whatever may be the pretext or design ; also, all schismatics, and those who through obstinacy withdraw their allegiance from us*" (the reigning pontiff). (See the Bull in *Cæna Domini*, publicly read at Rome on Holy Thursday.)

Be it remembered that I view the question of "exclusively Catholic education" not from a religious, but from a social and political stand-point. I therefore do not inquire into the propriety of all these declarations, confessions, curses, etc., but call attention to the tendency of such teachings, the influence they must exercise on the docile and impressionable mind of youth. Let us then further imagine two schools located in the same street or contiguously, and I now invite the reader to accompany me on a visit to both. It is the hour at which the children leave their respective schools. They issue forth gleefully to seek their respective homes. The children from the "godless" schools or "barracks" recognize some of their former schoolmates just dismissed from the "God-fearing" schools. The latter are of course the children of Roman Catholic parents, who had left the national schools, not only because these public national

educational institutions had by the clergy been denounced as "nurseries of immorality and corruption," but they had been withdrawn because their parents were declared guilty of sin if they continued to permit their children to attend them, and had been threatened with "deprivation of the benefits of the mission of the Redemptorist Fathers," which means that they would not be absolved from their sins. Among the pupils are also some that had by this time become "thoroughly indoctrinated" and "deprotestantized." The children from both schools, though of different religious denominations, live in the same neighborhood. The "godlessly" educated children approach their former but now "thoroughly indoctrinated" school-mates in the spirit of boyish or girlish friendship and open-heartedness. The "thoroughly indoctrinated" draw back—some in sorrow, others in fear, others again in scorn. "We cannot reciprocate your greetings," say they. "It is our duty to avoid as much as possible all intercourse with you in future."

"Why?"

"Because you are heretics, enemies of God and men. You are under the anathema of the Councils of Trent and Lateran: and, though unconsciously, you are in your school working the downfall of your country and its damnation. You are, moreover, descended from the serpent that seduced our first mother. No wonder, therefore, that you will ere long, as our teachers tell us, 'degenerate into brute beasts.'"

"Descended from a serpent! How absurd! What do you mean?"

"It is no absurdity, but holy truth. There! Read what is said even now in this the nineteenth century; even here in this enlightened country, in this 'your boasted enlightened age,' with your 'new-fangled system of education;' yes, read what is said by one of our best advocates, in his periodical entitled 'The Friend of Truth.'

"'What is Heresy, and who is a heretic?' 'Heretics are sprung from that serpent, who already in Paradise pretended to know everything better than the Lord God Himself.'

"'No Catholic who has not altogether lost both head and heart can be blind to the fact, that unrestricted intercourse with Heretics cannot by any possibility contribute toward strengthening his own faith; nor is it less true, that a person is but rarely under the necessity of, or so circumstanced as to be compelled to hold unrestricted intercourse with heretics.'

"'It is easy and in many cases perfectly so, to shun heretics; he

can do so without the slightest difficulty and select those with whom he has to come in contact. What ought he to do ?

“ ‘In many cases the Catholic can, *in obedience to the command*, change his connections and intercourse. He can do so without any loss or injury. Is he not bound to do so ?’ ‘But it will be objected, that the Catholic cannot everywhere or at all times *avoid* coming in contact with anti-Catholics without making some sacrifice.’ ‘But is the purity of his faith not entitled to some sacrifice ?’

“Again : ‘Circumstances over which he has no control’ (can he then really not control them ?) ‘often render intercourse with non-Catholics unavoidable.’ ‘*But does he endeavor to the utmost of his power to avoid such intercourse ?*’” (“The Friend of Truth” of 23d May, 1864.)

I need not make any more extracts ; enough has been shown to exhibit the tenor and spirit of the whole article on the subject of intercourse or non-intercourse with non-Catholics.

One of the great advantages derived by the community from the public schools as at present established and constituted—schools wherein children of all religious denominations meet in good fellowship, is the smoothing of the path of fellow-citizenship. Children are brought into contact with each other, associate together without inquiring to what denomination a schoolmate belongs. But whilst the children of all denominations associate in the common schools for all, and grow up together, and in after-life form those useful associations that are so often cemented at school ; if the Catholic children are educated in separate schools, apart from all others, what will be the result, especially with such counsel as that given by the “Friend of Truth”—the consummation of the wish expressed and duty inculcated upon Catholics, to avoid and shun the society, intercourse, and if possible, even business relations with non-Catholics ? The result will be the revival of the hatred of the past ages against all non-Catholics, as a duty on the part of all good Catholics. If that duty be held as sacred *now* as it was three centuries ago ; if a hatred, not less intense now than it was then,* though its manifestation is kept in check by the suppressing power of surrounding counteracting influences of the

* A case in point : The recent murder and mutilation in Mexico, of Mr. Stevens, the Protestant missionary, and the sacking of his dwelling. The apology, that the perpetrators were “ignorant semi-savages,” is simply ridiculous. I have shown elsewhere that race has nothing to do with these religious outrages ; but that everywhere the same effect is produced by one and the same cause.

irresistible march of enlightenment; if such hatred be kept alive, then, with foreign Catholicism steadily laboring for the mastery in this country, in religion, politics, education, and population;* Protestantism, jealously on watch and ward but inactive; with Irish interests opposed to native American interests; German interests wavering between fidelity and attachment to the faith of their fathers, and fealty and attachment to the land of their adoption, yet divided between Old and New Catholicism, and non-Catholics; then I say, in the words already quoted elsewhere—but very differently and wrongly applied—“it does not require the ken of a prophet to foresee the downfall of this great and glorious Republic of the West.” A religious war in this country at some future period is not an impossibility.

Great stress is laid upon the imaginary right of parents to give to their children such an education as *they* deem best for them. “Parents,” we are told, “have the natural and divine *right* to educate their children, and this right implies a duty, to provide for their offspring the best education they can;” and again: “Parents, and not the State, are the judges of what ought to be the education suitable for their children.”

This is one of those sophisms by which the unthinking are so easily caught. Tell a man what he likes to hear, and he will believe and applaud. The *duty* on the parts of parents to give a good education to their children is very different from the *right* to give them such an education as *they* deem best. However hackneyed the latter part of this statement may be, it is a mere *argumentum ad hominem*, in plain English, clap-trap.

If parents are the proper judges as to which is the best education for their children, then, *a fortiori*, non-Catholics are as good and proper judges of this matter as Catholic parents. Is this admitted by the Right Rev. Lecturer? I can hardly think so, when I read the statement of the most esteemed Catholic authority, and which has been asserted to be “the only intelligent periodical published in this country,” namely, the *Catholic World*: that “no man has a right before God to be of any religion but the Catholic;”† that “people who

* Resolution of the Irish Benevolent Society as reported in the New York “Herald” of 22d October, 1873.

† Three thousand years were permitted by God to elapse before the Catholic religion appeared. Six hundred years after its appearance, God permitted the Mohammedan religion to appear and to make three hundred millions of converts. Eleven hundred

have no religion, have no conscience which people who have religion are bound to respect;" and that the "children of Protestant parents must be unmade of their Protestantism."

Who will be so bold as to assert that, for instance, parents who train up their children to the lowest vices and the greatest crimes, have the right and possess the proper judgment to give their offspring such an education? This may be an extreme supposition, and if such cases exist, they may be exceptional; yet *such parents do, and are known to the public authorities to exist.* Is not the example furnished in their own lives by parents education? We have seen the condition of the sovereigns of the shanties on the rocks, as described in a preceding paper. Are not these shanties so many schools? Yet *the worst has not been told*, and cannot be told in a family paper like the present. I shall confine myself to the male part of the juvenile population.

In accordance with the plan pursued in these papers, to make no statement that is not borne out and illustrated by fact, and not to state any fact unsupported by evidence, I shall quote the following :

"A police officer's attention was called yesterday to the existence of a sad case of destitution, the result of drunkenness, in a tenement house No. 42 Gold street, Brooklyn ; an inspection resulting in the discovery of Alexander Bailey, a workman forty-two years of age, reduced to a dying condition from the excessive use of stimulants, and two children who were suffering for want of food. The little ones are three and six years of age respectively. . . . The mother of the children is a prisoner in the penitentiary, to which she was consigned several days ago for intoxication."*

"Coroner Whitehill . . . was summoned to hold an inquest over the body of John Kelcher, aged fourteen years, the son of a widow of Irish nativity, who died suddenly in the shanty No. 171 Butler street ('Darby's Patch,' Tenth Ward). The coroner, on entering the abode, which was one of squalor and misery, was struck with the

years later, Protestantism appeared. The number of professors of Judaism has doubled since their dispersion, notwithstanding the havoc made among them for centuries by the Catholic Church. And in addition to all this, there exist yet 600 millions of pagans. How is it that a God of justice, who could in an instant open the eyes of the "blind," permits after six thousand years nearly five-sixths of the human race to continue in their blindness? Which is on the side of right, a God of *truth* or the Catholic press? For at this moment, six thousand years after the creation of the world, of the 1,300 millions of the human race, not above 250 or 200 millions are Roman Catholics.

*"Herald" of August 12th, 1878.

strong, nauseating odor of vile whisky that permeated the atmosphere. He found the body of the boy on a broken-down bedstead in the rear of the shanty. The place was devoid of furniture, save a broken table and chair, the floor being bare. The unfortunate mother of deceased sat in a state of stupor beside the body. . . . The mother admitted that Johnny took a drop sometimes. 'I took a little myself, and gave him some.' People living in the vicinity said they had seen the boy drink, and at times suffering from delirium tremens. . . . At the post-mortem, it appeared that the organs of the body were absolutely eaten away by ardent spirits. . . . The mother stated, that the boy could do nothing but drink. Death, in the opinion of the doctors, was caused from drinking bad spirits to excess."*

"A YOUNG GENERATION OF CUTTHROATS.

"There is something the matter with our boys. They either see or read too much for their good. They are becoming as skillful in the use of such weapons as the pistol and the knife as the grown-up rowdies who serve as models for them. It was only on Friday that a New York lad of eleven years was stabbed in the back by a truculent monster of ten; and Brooklyn, eager to follow suit, showed on the same day an infant Hercules of six years, trying to make an incision in the neck of a rival of eight. The frequency of these affrays between boys, and the ease with which a weapon is whipped out and used with the clearest intentions to do harm, are a depressing element in the swift progress of our children toward the vices of adults. We have already suggested that a strong example should be made of some flagrant type of this class, so that these lads may be convinced that their tender age will not in the least protect them from the legitimate consequences of their acts. In a few years, under the hot-house growth which a criminal career affords, these boys will be men. It needs no prophet to predict what sort of men they will make, and how the dangers to life in this city will become indefinitely increased by means precisely of those who, taken at the time, might easily by timely precautions be transformed into reputable citizens."†

"Read too much?" Ay. What sort of books? "A strong example?" What sort of an example? Imprisonment? No. Education. COMPULSORY EDUCATION! *At the national schools, and*

* "Herald" of 22d February, 1874.

† New York "Daily News" of August 11th, 1873.

moreover as at present constituted,* and—withdrawal of such children from all parental or other foreign interference, and absolute control on the part of the state.

Which are in danger of being changed into “brute beasts,” the three hundred thousand children instructed and disciplined in the public schools, or the thirty thousand that roam about the streets and never set their foot in a school? Yet there are persons foolish or perverse enough to deny to the state the right to withdraw such children from the custody of their parents, and take their training into its own hands!

The cases cited of youthful corruption and depravity are not exceptional. There are scattered over the length and breadth of the land, hundreds of boys between the ages of eight and fifteen, ready at the slightest provocation, often without any provocation, and from a mere wantonness or a spirit of evil, to use the knife or pistol. Leave these boys under home influence of those parents who, we are told by the Right Rev. Bishop McQuade, have the right to train their children in the manner they deem best for them; drill them well in all the dogmas peculiar to exclusively Catholic education; put Liguori's book into their hands; teach them that the Church has through its ministers the power to absolve from the punishment of sin; remind them of the assurance given to Nixon, that the scaffold is attached to heaven by a few feet-lengths of rope; prepare them for that heaven; and then too, in the words of W. C. D., “a man does not need the ken of a prophet, to tell what will happen, at some *no* distant day, to this” (then no longer) “free and” (then no longer) “glorious Republic of the West.”

This demand for exclusively Catholic education, and consequently for separate schools, seems to have arisen professedly from anxiety for the spiritual welfare of the rising generation, but in reality from a professed or affected apprehension of the extinction of Catholicism in this country, as will be shown hereafter.

* This was written upward of two years ago, although the first of these papers did not appear till June, 1873. Since then, and indeed quite recently, education has been made compulsory by law. I have not seen the act; but unless this condition “in the public schools and in accordance with the system hitherto pursued,” the law will prove of no, or at best of very limited benefit. Free education under the superintendence of sectarianism will defeat the end which ought always and above all others to be kept in view. You might as well attempt to fill with liquid a bottomless cask as to tolerate free parochial schools by the side of the public schools.

But are these fears, though ever so sincere, not groundless? What religious system or what faith has perished by the spread of education, of enlightenment? Not one. Nor do we live in the times of the Waldenses and Albigenses. Their church indeed did perish, but then it was the employment on the part of the Catholic Church of the sword, the axe, the gibbet, and the faggot. Has Protestantism, has Judaism perished, notwithstanding the burnings by the Roman Catholic Inquisition and the Roman Catholic St. Bartholomew, and the Dragoonades in France, and the massacres in the Netherlands and in Ireland, and the terribly long and cruel wars in Germany? Even Obiism exists in the midst of us, here in this and other cities. But has Catholicism itself perished in Ireland, notwithstanding all the penal laws and unjust persecution of its professors by England?

Equally groundless—if sincere—is the fear that Catholic children attending the public schools will be diverted from their faith. No attempt even the most distant or indirect ever is or has been made to that effect in these establishments. There is not a single instance on record of any such result. Not a single Protestant publication has issued its decree that the children of Catholic parents must be unmade of their Catholicism; not one has hitherto asserted that unless reared in the Protestant faith in exclusively Protestant schools, these children, when attaining the age of manhood or womanhood, “will have become brute beasts, whose matricidal hands will be ready to put the knife to their country’s throat.” Has ever any attempt been made in the schools to christianize the children of non-Christian parents? Not one. In fact, changes in religion cannot be effected at school. These are guarded against at home, unless effected surreptitiously, “*clam si non aperte*,” by corrupting and corrupted influences, as shown in a preceding paper.

The battle is in reality and avowedly one for supremacy in Church and state, and moreover in nationality; it is neither more nor less. If such supremacy tend to the welfare of the country, let it come. Let it exist as it is in the South of Europe and of America.

With this apprehension—which we are bound in charity to believe real and sincere—is coupled a hatred of the national system of education which manifests itself in a manner so singular as to incline to the belief that it is a hatred of science, of knowledge, of education altogether.

“The present public-school system,” says the Rev. Father Lake, “will prove the ruination of the country. . . . I say that unless

we suppress the public-school system, as it is at present constituted, it will prove the damnation of the country."

The *Freeman's Journal* of 19th February, 1874, has the following article "copied from the New York *Evening Express*," which the editor of the former paper introduces with the following words: "We copy the following without comment—it needs none."

"The school of Natural History which Prof. Agassiz has established, through the generosity of Mr. John Anderson, of this city, who gave not only Penikese Island, but an additional \$50,000—is destined to form a notable educational feature in the United States. . . . Eminent professors will deliver free lectures, and the charges for board are to be at cost. The professor announces that the school will be opened without ceremony. Penikese Island affords no accommodation for strangers, and nobody can be invited to visit the island during the session of the school. Prof. Agassiz says:

"I have provided rooms and board for all, but made no allowance for supernumeraries. All the arrangements have been made upon the most economical plan. The dormitories have been built at the expense of the school, and no rent will be charged beyond a percentage on the bed-room furniture. A caterer has been engaged, who will provide for the table and keep the rooms in order, superintend washing, etc., and the expense thus incurred will determine the charge."

"It is believed that the new school will become a popular summer resort for students and teachers."

This extract from the New York *Evening Express* is headed in the *Freeman's Journal* "without comment," thus:

"Paganism Rampant."

The study of natural history paganism!

The hatred of the national system of education exhibits itself in "more ways than one." For instance:

In St. Louis, the Catholic Benevolent Societies expel all members who permit their children to attend the public schools. This is not surprising, for in Father Farrel's pulpit in this city, the Redemptorist Fathers, after denouncing the public schools in no measured terms, and designating them as nurseries of immorality, have told all the parents who would not withdraw their children from such schools that they should be deprived of the benefits of the mission—in other words, that a compliance with this pronunciamiento was a condition of absolution. Father Preston in a recent sermon declared

it a sin of Catholic parents to send their children to the public schools. The Pope, the infallible head of the Church, had, he said, in general terms pronounced against them, as was illustrated in the syllabus, published in 1864.*

"JACKSONVILLE, Ill., March 4 (1874).

"Some villain or villains entered the First Ward school-house in this city last night, and burned up about all the books, maps, and desks, after which they prepared kindling and set fire to the building. Fortunately the flames died out, preventing the destruction of the large and commodious brick edifice."†

"ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1874.

"This forenoon a fire was started by an unknown man under the second story stairs in Public School-house No. 12, on Howell street. The flames were discovered in time to permit of their suppression before any injury was done; and before there was any panic among the three hundred children in the upper rooms, which would have been cut off from escape except by the windows, if the flames had progressed far. No. 5 Public School-house was set on fire on Tuesday, but no damage was done."‡

Three school-houses set on fire! Two in one city! The lives of three hundred children in imminent peril! And peril of such a nature! In connection with this agitation for private denominational schools, these coinciding events are remarkable. I am, however, thoroughly convinced that the Catholic leaders in this agitation condemn with feelings of horror and indignation measures so atrocious to induce parents to keep their children away from the public schools. The times are past when crimes and cruelties were committed boldly, openly in the name of religion, and their perpetrators claimed, as the reward of merit, and received all but divine honors. Men think and act differently nowadays. Such are, however, the first-fruits of this agitation in the pulpit, and by that part of the press which brands the public educational institutions of the country as "barracks" and nurseries of "immorality," and the study of natural history "Rampant Paganism."

* Extract from the "Sun," October, 1873.

† Chicago "Times," March 5th, 1874.

‡ "Herald" of 27th February, 1874.

THE VALE OF CEDARS; OR, THE MARTYR.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

CHAPTER XIV.

1ST MONK.—The storm increases; hark! how dismally
It sounds along the cloisters!

* * * * *

BERNARD.—As on I hastened, bearing thus my light,
Across my path, not fifty paces off,
I saw a murdered corse, stretched on its back,
Smeared with new blood, as though but freshly slain.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE apartment adjoining the council-room of the castle, and selected this night as the scene of King Ferdinand's banquet, was at the commencement of the storm filled with the expected guests. From forty to fifty were there assembled, chosen indiscriminately from the Castilians and Arragonese, the first statesmen and bravest warriors of the age. But the usual animated discussion, the easy converse, and eager council, had strangely, and almost unconsciously, sunk into a gloomy depression, so universal and profound, that every effort to break from it, and resume the general topics of interest, was fruitless. The king himself was grave almost to melancholy, though more than once he endeavored to shake it off, and speak as usual. Men found themselves whispering to each other, as if they feared to speak aloud—as if some impalpable and invisible horror were hovering round them. It might have been that the raging storm without affected all within, with a species of awe, to which even the wisest and the bravest are liable when the Almighty utters His voice in the tempest, and the utter nothingness of men comes home to the proudest heart. But there was another cause. One was missing from the council and the board; the seat of Don Ferdinand Morales was vacant, and unuttered but absorbing anxiety occupied every mind. It was full two hours, rather more, from the given hour of meeting; the council itself had been delayed, and was at length held without him, but so unsatisfactory did it prove, that many subjects were postponed. They adjourned to the banquet-room; but the wine circled but slowly, and the king leant back on his chair, disinclined apparently for either food or drink.

"The storm increases fearfully," observed the aged Duke of Murcia, a kinsman of the king, as a flash of lightning blazed through the casements, of such extraordinary length and brilliance, that even the numerous lustres, with which the room was lighted, looked dark when it disappeared. It was followed by a peal of thunder, loud as if a hundred cannons had been discharged above their heads, and causing several glasses to be shivered on the board. "Unhappy those compelled to brave it."

"Nay, better out than in," observed another. "There is excitement in witnessing its fury, and gloom most depressing in listening to it thus."

"Perchance 'tis the shadow of the coming evil," rejoined Don Felix d'Estaban. "Old legends say, there is never a storm like this, without bringing some national evil on its wings."

"Ha! say they so?" demanded the king, suddenly, that his guests started. "And is there truth in it?"

"The lovers of such marvels would bring your Grace many proofs that some calamity always followed such a tempest," replied Don Felix. "It may or may not be. For my own part, I credit not such things. We are ourselves the workers of evil—no fatality lurking in storms."

"Fated or casual, if evil has occurred to Don Ferdinand Morales, monarch and subject will alike have cause to associate this tempest with national calamity," answered the king, betraying at once the unspoken, but engrossing subject of his thoughts. "Who saw him last?"

Don Felix d'Estaban replied that he had seen him that day two hours before sunset.

"And where, my Lord—at home or abroad?"

"In his own mansion, which he said he had not quitted that day," was the rejoinder.

"And how seemed he? In health as usual?"

"Ay, my liege, save that he complained of a strange oppressiveness, disinclining him for all exertion."

"Did he allude to the council of to-night?"

"He did, my Lord, rejoicing that he should be compelled to rouse himself from his most unwonted mood of idleness."

"Then some evil has befallen him," rejoined the king; and the contraction of his brow denied the calmness implied by his unmoved tone. "We have done wrong in losing all this time, Don Alonzo,"

he added, turning to the Senor of Aguilar, "give orders that a band of picked men scour every path leading hence to Morales' mansion : head them thyself, an thou wilt, we shall the more speedily receive tidings. Thine eyes have been more fixed on Don Ferdinand's vacant seat, than on the board this last hour ; so hence, and speed thee, man. It may be he is ill : we have seen men stricken unto death from one hour to the other. If there be no trace of him in either path, hie thee to his mansion ; but return not without news. Impalpable evil is ever worse than the tangible and real."

Don Alonzo scarcely waited the conclusion of the king's speech, so eager was he to depart ; and the longing looks cast after him betrayed how many would have willingly joined him in his search.

"His wife ?" repeated the king, in answer to some suggestions of his kinsman's. "Nay, man ; hast thou yet to learn, that Morales' heart would break ere he would neglect his duty ? No : physical incapacity would alone have sufficient power to keep him from us—no mental ill."

If the effort to continue indifferent conversation had been difficult before, it now became impossible. The very silence felt ominous. What evil could have befallen ? was asked internally by each individual ; but the vague dread, the undefined horror of something terrible impending, prevented all reply ; and so nearly an hour passed, when, far removed as was the council-room from the main body of the castle, a confusion as of the entrance of many feet, and the tumultuary sound of eager voices, was distinguished, seeming to proceed from the great hall.

"It cannot be Don Alonzo so soon returned," remarked the Duke of Murcia ; but even as he spoke, and before the king had time to make an impatient sign for silence, so intently was he listening, the Lord of Aguilar himself re-entered the apartment.

"Saints of heaven !" ejaculated the king, and his exclamation was echoed involuntarily by all around. The cheek of the warrior, never known to blanch before, was white as death ; his eye haggard and wild ; his step so faltering, that his whole frame reeled. He sunk on the nearest seat, and, with a shuddering groan, pressed both hands before his eyes.

"Wine ! wine ! give him wine !" cried Ferdinand impetuously, pushing a brimming goblet toward him. "Drink, man, and speak, in Heaven's name. What frightful object hast thou seen, to bid thee quail, who never quailed before ? Where is Morales ? Hast thou found him ?"

"Ay," muttered Don Alonzo, evidently struggling to recall his energies, while the peculiar tone of the single monosyllable caused every heart to shudder.

"And where is he? Why came he not hither? Why neglect our royal summons?" continued the king, hurrying question after question with such an utter disregard of his usual calm, imperturbable cautiousness, that it betrayed far more than words how much he dreaded the senor's reply. "Speak, man; what has detained him?"

"*Death!*" answered the warrior, his suppressed grief and horror breathing in his hollow voice; and rising, he approached the king's seat, and kneeling down, said in that low, concentrated tone, which reaches every ear, though scarce louder than a whisper, "Sire, he is murdered!"

"Murdered!" reiterated the king, as the word was echoed in all the various intonations of horror, grief, and indignation from all around; and he laid his hand heavily on Aguilar's shoulder—"Man, man, how can this be? Who would dare lift up the assassin's hand against him—him, the favorite of our subjects as of ourselves? Who had cause of enmity—of even rivalry with him? Thou art mistaken, man; it *cannot* be! Thou art scared with the sight of murder, and no marvel: but it cannot be Morales thou hast seen."

"Alas! my liege, I too believed it not; but the murdered corpse now lying in the hall will be too bloody witness of my truth."

The king released his hold, and without a word of rejoinder, strode from the apartment, and hastily traversing the long galleries, and many stairs, neither paused nor spoke, till, followed by all his nobles, he reached the hall. It was filled with soldiers, who, with loud and furious voices, mingled execrations deep and fearful on the murderer; with bitter lamentations on the victim. A sudden and respectful hush acknowledged the presence of the sovereign; Ferdinand's brows were darkly knit, his lip compressed, his eyes flashing sternly over the dense crowd; but he asked no question, nor relaxed his hasty stride till he stood beside the litter on which, covered with a mantle, the murdered one was lying. For a single minute he evidently paused, and his countenance, usually so controlled as never to betray emotion, visibly worked with some strong feeling, which seemed to prevent the confirmation of his fears, by the trifling movement of lifting up the mantle. But at length, and with a hurried movement, it was cast aside; and there lay that noble form, cold, rigid in death! The king pushed the long, jetty hair, now clotted

with gore, from the cheek on which it had fallen ; and he recognized, too well, the high, thoughtful brow, now white, cold as marble ; the large, dark eye, whose fixed and glassy stare had so horribly replaced the bright intelligence, the sparkling lustre so lately there. The clayey, sluggish white of death was already on his cheek ; his lip, convulsively compressed, and the left hand tightly clenched, as if the soul had not been thus violently reft from the body, without a strong pang of mortal agony. His right hand had stiffened round the hilt of his unsheathed sword, for the murderous blow had been dealt from behind, and with such fatal aim, that death must have been almost instantaneous, and the tight grasp of his sword the mere instinctive movement of expiring nature. Awe-struck, chilled to the heart, did the noble friends of the departed gather round him. On the first removal of the mantle, an irresistible yell of curses on the murderer burst forth from the soldiery, wrought into fury at thus beholding their almost idolized commander ; but the stern woe on the sovereign's face hushed them into silence ; and the groan of grief and horror which escaped involuntarily from Ferdinand's lips, was heard throughout the hall.

"The murderer ?" at length demanded many of the nobles at the same moment. "Who has dared do this awful deed ? Don Alonzo, is there no clue to his person—no trace of his path ?"

"There is trace and clue enough," was the brief and stern reply. "The murderer is secured !"

"Ha !" exclaimed the king, roused at once ; "secured, sayest thou ? In our bitter grief we had well-nigh forgotten justice. Bring forth the dastardly craven ; we would demand the reason of this cowardly blow ere we condemn him to the death of torture which his crime demands. Let him confront his victim. Why do you pause, my Lord ? Produce the murderer."

Still Don Alonzo stood irresolute, and a full minute passed ere he signed to the men who had accompanied him. A figure was instantly led forward, his arms strongly secured in his own mantle, and his hat so slouched over his face, that not a feature could be distinguished. Still there was something in his appearance that struck a cold chill of doubt to the heart of the king, and in a voice strangely expressive of emotion, he commanded—"Remove his hat and mantle : we should know that form."

He was obeyed, for there was no resistance on the part of the prisoner, whose inner dress was also stained with blood, as were his

hands. His cheek was ashy pale; his eye bloodshot and pale; and his whole appearance denoting such excessive agitation, that it would have gone far to condemn him, even had there been no other proof.

"Stanley!" burst from the astonished king, as a wild cry ran round the hall, and "Death to the ungrateful foreigner!"—"Death to the base-born Englishman!"—"Tortures and death!" escaped, in every variety of intonation, from the fierce soldiery, who, regardless even of their sovereign's presence, drew closer and closer round, clashing their weapons, and with difficulty restrained from tearing him to pieces where he stood.

"He was my foe," muttered the prisoner, almost unconscious of the import of his words, or how far they would confirm the suspicions against him. "He robbed me of happiness—he destined me to misery. I hated him; but I did not murder him. I swore to take his life or lose my own; but not thus—not thus. Great God! to see him lying there, and feel it might have been my hand. Men, men! would ye quench hatred, behold its object stricken before you by a dastard blow like this, and ye will feel its enormity and horror. I did not slay him; I would give my life to the murderer's dagger to call him back, and ask his forgiveness for the thoughts of blood I entertained against him; but I touched him not—my sword is stainless."

"Thou liest, false traitor!" exclaimed Don Felix, fiercely, and he held up the hilt and about four inches of a sword, the remainder of which was still in the body. "Behold the evidence to thy black lie! My liege, this fragment was found beside the body deluged in gore. We know the hilt too well to doubt, one moment, the name of its possessor; there is not another like it throughout Spain. It snapt in the blow, as if more honorable than its master, it could not survive so foul a stain. What arm should wield it save his own?"

A universal murmur of execration acknowledged this convincing evidence; doubly confirmed, as it seemed to be by the fearful start and muttered exclamation, on the part of the prisoner the moment it was produced. The nobles thronged round the king, some entreating him to sentence the midnight assassin to instant execution; others, to retain him in severest imprisonment till the proofs of his guilt could be legally examined, and the whole European World hear of the crime, and its chastisement; lest they should say that, as a foreigner, justice was refused to him. To this opinion the king leaned.

"Ye counsel well and wisely, my lords," he said. "It shall not be said, because the murdered was our subject, and the murderer an

alien, that he was condemned without examination of proofs against him, or being heard in his own defense. Seven suns hence we will ourselves examine every evidence for or against him, which your penetration, my lords, can collect. Till then, Don Felix, the prisoner is your charge, to be produced when summoned; and now away with the midnight assassin—he has polluted our presence too long. Away with the base ingrate, who has thus requited our trust and love; we would look on him no more.”

With a rapid movement the unfortunate young man broke from the guard, which, at Don Felix’s sign, closed round and sought to drag him from the hall, and flung himself impetuously at Ferdinand’s feet.

“I am no murderer!” he exclaimed, in a tone of such passionate agony, that to any less prejudiced than those around, it must at least have raised doubt as to his guilt. “I am not the base ingrate you would deem me. Condemn me to death an thou wilt, I kneel not to sue for life; for, dishonored and suspected, I would not accept it were it offered. Let them bring forward what they will, I am innocent. Here, before ye all, in presence of the murdered victim, by all held sacred in Heaven or on Earth, I swear I slew him not! If I am guilty I call upon the dead himself to rise, and blast me with his gaze!”

Involuntarily every eye turned toward the corpse; for, vague as such an appeal might seem now, the age was then but barely past, when the assistance of the murdered was often required in the discovery of the murderer. Many a brave heart grew chill, and brown cheeks blanched, in anticipation of the unearthly sign, so fully were they convinced of Stanley’s guilt, but none came. The stagnated blood did not flow forth again—the eye did not glare with more consciousness than before—the cold hand did not move to point its finger at the prisoner; and Don Felix, fearing the effect of Stanley’s appeal upon the King, signed to the guards, who rudely raised and bore him from the hall.

The tumults of these events had naturally spread far and wide over the castle, reaching the apartments of the queen, who, perceiving the awe and terror which the raging tempest had excited in her attendants, though incapable of aught like fear herself, had refrained from dismissing them as usual. The confusion below seeming to increase with every moment, naturally excited her surprise; and she commanded one of her attendants to learn its cause. Already terrified, none seemed inclined to obey, till a young girl, high-spirited, and daunt-

less almost as Isabella herself, departed of her own free will, and in a few minutes returned, pale and trembling, with the dread intelligence, that Don Ferdinand Morales lay murdered in the hall, and that Arthur Stanley was his murderer.

Isabella paused not a moment, though the shock was so terrible that for the minute she became faint and sick, and hastily quitting her apartments, she entered the great hall at the moment the prisoner was being borne from it. Stupefied with contending feelings, Ferdinand did not perceive her entrance. The nobles, drawn together in little knots, were conversing in low eager tones, or endeavoring to reduce the tumultuary soldiery to more order; and the queen moved on unperceived, till she stood beside the corpse. She neither shrank from it nor paled; but bending over him, murmured in a tone, that from its startling indication of her unexpected presence, reached the ear of all—"His poor, *poor* Marie!"

The effect was electric. Until that moment horror and indignation had been the predominant feeling; but with those words came the thought of his young, his beautiful, his treasured wife—the utter, utter desolation which that fearful death would bring to her; the contrast between her present position, and that in which they had so lately beheld her; and there was scarcely a manly spirit there, that did not feel unwonted moisture gather in his eyes, or his heart swell with an emotion never felt before.

"Now blessings on thy true woman's heart, my Isabel!" exclaimed the king, tenderly drawing her from the couch of the dead. "I dare vouch not one of us, mourning the noble dead, has, till now, cast a thought upon the living. And who shall breathe these fearful tidings? Who prepare the unfortunate Marie for the loss awaiting her, and yet tarry to behold and soothe her anguish?"

"That will I do," replied the queen, instantly. "None else will prepare her so gently, so kindly; for none knew her husband's worth so well, or can mourn his loss more deeply. She shall come hither. And the murderer," she continued after a brief pause, and the change was almost startling from the tender sympathy of the Woman to the indignant majesty of the Queen—"Ferdinand, have they told me true as to his person—is he secured?"

"Ay," answered the king, briefly and bitterly: and from respect to his feelings, Isabella asked no more. Orders were issued for the body to be laid in one of the state apartments: a guard to be stationed at the entrance of the chamber, and measures taken to keep the events

of that fatal night profoundly secret, lest confusion should be aroused in the easily excited populace, or her terrible loss too rudely reach the ears of the most painfully bereaved. These orders were punctually obeyed.

CHAPTER XV.

“Yet again methinks
Some unknown sorrow, ripe in Future's womb,
Is coming toward me ; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles. At something it grieves
More than the parting with my lord.”

SHAKESPEARE.

LONG did Marie Morales linger where her husband had left her after his strangely passionate farewell. His tone, his look, his embrace haunted her almost to pain—all were so unlike his wonted calmness ; her full heart so yearned toward him that she would have given worlds, if she had had them, to call him to her side once more—to conjure him again to forgive and assure her of his continued trust—to tell him she was happy, and asked no other love than his. Why had he left her so early, when she felt as if she had so much to say—so much to confide ? And then her eye caught the same ominous cloud which had so strangely riveted Don Ferdinand's gaze, and a sensation of awe stole over her, retaining her by the casement as by some spell which she vainly strove to resist ; until the forked lightnings began to illumine the murky gloom, and the thunder rolled awfully along. Determined not to give way to the heavy depression creeping over her, Marie summoned her attendants, and strenuously sought to keep up an animated conversation as they worked. Not expecting to see her husband till the ensuing morning, she retired to rest at the first partial lull of the storm, and slept calmly for many hours. A morning of transcendent loveliness followed the awful horrors of the night. The sun seemed higher in the heavens than usual, when Marie started from a profound sleep, with a vague sensation that something terrible had occurred ; every pulse was throbbing, though her heart felt stagnant within her. For some minutes she could not frame a distinct thought, and then her husband's fond farewell flashed back ; but what had that to do with gloom ? Ringing a little silver bell beside her, Mannella answered the summons, and Marie anxiously inquired for

Don Ferdinand. Had he not yet returned? A sensation of sickness—the deadly sickness of indefinable dread—seemed to stupefy every faculty, as Mannella answered in the negative, adding it was much beyond his usual hour.

“Send to the castle, and inquire if aught has detained him,” she exclaimed; hastily rising as she spoke, and commencing a rapid toilet. She was scarcely attired before Alberic, with a pale cheek and voice of alarm, brought information that a messenger and litter from the palace were in the court, bringing the queen’s mandate for the instant attendance of Donna Marie.

“Oh! lady, dearest lady, let me go with thee,” continued the boy, suddenly clasping her robe and bursting into tears. “My master—my good, noble master—something horrible has occurred, and they will not tell me what. Every face I see is full of horror—every voice seems suppressed—every—”

“Hush!” angrily interposed Manuella, as she beheld Marie’s very lips lose their glowing tint, and her eyes gaze on vacancy. “For God’s sake, still thine impudent tongue; thou’lt kill her with thy rashness.”

“Kill! who is killed?” gasped Marie. “What did he say? Where is my husband?”

“Detained at the palace, dearest lady,” readily answered Manuella. “This foolish boy is terrified at shadows. My lord is detained, and her Grace has sent a litter requiring thine attendance. We must haste, for she wills no delay. Carlotta, my lady’s mantilla; quick, girl! Alberic, go if thou wilt: my Lord may be glad of thee! Ay, go,” she continued some little time afterward, as her rapid movements speedily placed her passive, almost senseless mistress in the litter; and she caught hold of the page’s hand with a sudden change of tone, “go; and return speedily, in mercy, Alberic. Some horror is impending; better know it than this terrible suspense.”

How long an interval elapsed ere she stood in Isabella’s presence, Marie knew not. The most incongruous thoughts floated, one after another, through her bewildered brain—most vivid amongst them all, hers and her husband’s fatal secret: had it transpired? Was he sentenced, and she thus summoned to share his fate? And then, when partially relieved by the thought, that such a discovery had never taken place in Spanish annals—why should she dread an impossibility?—flashed back, clear, ringing, as if that moment spoken, Stanley’s fatal threat; and the cold shuddering of every limb

betrayed the aggravated agony of the thought. With her husband she could speak of Arthur calmly; to herself she would not even think his name: not merely lest he should unwittingly deceive again, but that the recollection of *his* suffering—and caused by her—ever created anew thoughts and feelings which she had vowed unto herself to bury, and forever.

Gloom was on every face she encountered in the castle. The very soldiers, as they saluted her as the wife of their general, appeared to gaze upon her with rude, yet earnest commiseration; but neither word nor rumor reached her ear. Several times she essayed to ask of her husband, but the words died in a soundless quiver on her lip. Yet if it were what she dreaded, that Stanley had fulfilled his threat, and they had fought, and one had fallen—why was she thus summoned? And had not Morales resolved to avoid him; for her sake not to avenge Arthur's insulting words? And again the thought of their fatal secret obtained ascendancy. Five minutes more, and she stood alone in the presence of her sovereign.

* * * * *

It was told; and with such deep sympathy, so gently, so cautiously, that all of rude and stunning shock was averted; but, alas! who could breathe of consolation at such a moment? Isabella did not attempt it; but permitted the burst of agony full vent. She had so completely merged all of dignity, all of the sovereign into the woman and the friend, that Marie neither felt nor exercised restraint; and words mingled with her broken sobs and wild lament, utterly incomprehensible to the noble heart that heard. The awful nature of Don Ferdinand's death, Isabella had still in some measure concealed; but it seemed as if Marie had strangely connected it with violence and blood, and, in fearful and disjointed words, accused herself as its miserable cause.

"Why did not death come to me?" she reiterated; "why take him, my husband—my noble husband? Oh, Ferdinand, Ferdinand! to go now, when I have so learnt to love thee! now, when I looked to years of faithful devotion to prove how wholly the past was banished—how wholly I was thine alone! to atone for hours of suffering by years of love! Oh, how couldst thou leave me friendless—desolate?"

"Not friendless, not desolate, whilst Isabella lives," replied the queen, painfully affected, and drawing Marie closer to her, till her throbbing brow rested on her bosom. "Weep, my poor girl, tears

must flow for a loss like this ; and long, long weeks must pass ere we may hope for resignation ; but harrow not thyself by thoughts of more fearful ill than the reality, my child. Do not look on what might be, but what has been ; on the comfort, the treasure thou wert to the beloved one we have lost. How devotedly he loved thee, and thou—”

“ And I so treasured, so loved. O gracious Sovereign !” And Marie sunk down at her feet, clasping her robe in supplication. “ Say but I may see him in life once more ; that life still lingers, if it be but to tell me once more he forgives me. Oh, let me but hear his voice ; but once, only once, and I will be calm—quite calm ; I will try to bear this bitter agony. Only let me see him, hear him speak again. Thou knowest not, thou canst not know, how my heart yearns for this.”

“ See him thou shalt, my poor girl, if it will give thee aught of comfort ; but hear him, alas ! alas ! my child, would that it might be ! Would for Spain and her sovereign’s sake, then how much more for thine, that voice could be recalled ; and life, if but for the briefest space, return ! Alas ! the blow was but too well aimed.”

“ The blow ! what blow ? How did he die ? Who slew him ?” gasped Marie ; her look of wild and tearless agony terrifying Isabella, whose last words had escaped unintentionally. “ Speak, speak, in mercy ; let me know the truth !”

“ Hast thou not thyself alluded to violence, and wrath, and hatred, Marie ! Answer me, my child ; didst thou know any one regarding the generous Morales with such feelings ? Could there be one to regard him as his foe ?”

Crouching lower and lower at Isabella’s feet, her face half buried in her robe, Marie’s reply was scarcely audible ; but the queen’s brow contracted.

“ None ?” she repeated almost sternly ; “ wouldst thou deceive at such a moment ? contradict thyself ? And yet I am wrong to be thus harsh. Poor sufferer !” she added, tenderly, as she vainly tried to raise Marie from the ground ; “ thou hast all enough so bear ; and if, indeed, the base wretch who has dared thus to trample on the laws alike of God and man, stain his own soul with the foul blot of midnight assassination, be him whom we have secured, thou couldst not know him as thy husband’s foe. It is all mystery—thine own words not least ; but his murder shall be avenged. Ay, had my own kinsman’s been the hand to do the dastard deed.”

"Murder ! who was his murderer ?" repeated Marie, the horror of such a fate apparently lost in other and more terrible emotion ; "who could have raised his sword against my husband ? Said I he had no foe ? Had he not one, and I, O God ! did not I create that enmity ? But he would not have murdered him ; oh, no—no : my liege, my gracious liege, tell me in mercy—my brain feels reeling—who was the murderer ?"

"One thou hast known but little space, poor sufferer," replied the queen, soothingly ; "one whom of all others we could not suspect of such a deed. And even now, though appearances are strong against him, we can scarce believe it ; that young foreign favorite of my royal husband, Arthur Stanley."

"STANLEY !" repeated Marie, in a tone so shrill, so piercing, that the wild shriek which it formed rung for many and many a day in the ears of the queen. And as the word passed her lips she started to her feet, stood for a second erect, gazed madly on her royal mistress, and then, without one groan or struggle, dropped perfectly lifeless at her feet.

A SABBATH HYMN.

PREPARE and purify my heart,
 Thou who receivest mortal prayer !
 Its sabbath-thoughts to set apart
 From every worldly hope and fear.

Oh ! lead my spirit far away,
 From evil haunts of human-kind ;
 Withdraw it from the fragile clay,
 In which Thou hast its light enshrined.

Let not thy servant pass unblest,
 From mercy's hallowed dwelling-place ;
 There, when my frailties are confest,
 Give me assurance of Thy grace.

P. M.

TALISMANS AND TALISMANIC FIGURES.

BY JAMES TOWNLEY, D.D.

THE almost universal prevalence of idolatry in the early ages of the world, was accompanied in most countries by the dedication of representative images to the deities they worshiped. The sun and the moon and the stars, the first objects of idolatrous veneration, had their representative idols, supposed to be under the special influence of the planetary bodies to which they were dedicated, and possessing through that influence a prophetic and powerful character. The astronomical pursuits of Chaldeans, and other oriental nations, aided the influence of idolatry, and soon introduced the science of *astrology* in all its ramifications, and induced the construction of horoscopical and talismanical images and figures. Figures of this description are termed מַגֵּן (*magan*) by the Hebrews; צֶלְמֵנְיָא (*tzelmenia*), image or figure, by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Persians; תְּלַצְמָם (*talizmam*) or צֶלְמָם (*tzalimam*) by the Arabians; and στοικεία (*stoikeia*) by the Greeks. The Hebrew term *magan* properly signifies a paper, or other material, drawn or engraved with the letters composing the sacred name *Jehovah* or with other characters, and improperly applied to astrological representations, because, like the letters composing the Incommunicable Name, they were supposed to serve as a buckler or defense against sickness, lightning, and tempest.

A Persian writer, quoted by Dr. Hyde, defines the *Telesm* or *Talisman* to be "a piece of art compounded of the celestial powers and elementary bodies, appropriated to certain figures and positions and purposes, and times contrary to the usual manner;" and Maimonides remarks, *images* or *idols* were called *Tzelamim*, not from their figure or form, but from the power or influence which was supposed to reside in them.

The first construction of astrological or talismanic images most probably arose from the wish of the idolaters to represent the planets during their absence from the horizon, that they might at all time have the opportunity of worshiping either the planetary body itself or its representative. Their astrologers, therefore, who appropriated particular colors, metals, stones, trees, etc., to the respective planets, formed images of such materials as were appropriated to the planets they were designed to represent, and constructed them when

the planets were in their exaltation, and in a happy conjunction with other heavenly bodies ; after which they attempted, by incantatory rites, to inspire the fabricated symbols with the power and influence of the planets themselves. Manilius, a Latin poet, who lived in the reign of Augustus, wrote an astrological poem, still extant, explaining and defending the science and votaries of astrology. He supposes *Mercurius Trismegistus* to have been the inventor of astronomy, and that the science, being afterward cultivated by the oriental princes and priests, they introduced astrology, as the result and perfection of their studies :

Such were those wondrous men who first from far
Look'd up, and saw fates hanging at each star :
Their thoughts extended did at once comprise
Ten thousand revolutions of the skies ;
They mark'd the influence, and observ'd the power
Of every sign, and every fatal hour ;
What tempers they bestow'd, what fortunes gave,
And who was doom'd a king, who born a slave ;
How aspects vary, and their change creates,
Though little, great variety in fates.
Thus when the stars their mighty round had run
And all were fix'd whence first their race begun,
What hints experience did to search impart
They join'd, and *observation* grew to art ;
Thus rules were fram'd, for by example shown,
They knew what *would be*, from what had been done ;
They saw the stars their constant round maintain,
Perform their course, and then return again :
They on their *aspects* saw the Fates attend,
Their change on their *variety* depend,
And thence they fix'd unalterable laws,
Settling the *same effect* on the *same cause*.

* * * * *
The God or reason which the orbs doth move,
Makes things below depend on signs above ,
Though far remov'd, though hid in shades of night,
And scarce to be descried by their own light
Yet nations own, and men their influence feel ;
They rule the public and the private will.

Landseer (*Sabæan Researches*, pp. 54, 60) supposes that many of the ancient engraved Babylonian or Chaldean signets, still preserved in the cabinets of the curious, were originally designed as horoscopical representations of the heavens at the time of the birth of the original possessor, though destitute of any astral or magical influence. But although Landseer and some others suppose that the ancient Chaldeans or Babylonians attributed no special or amuletic influence to these

signets, it is certain that extraordinary power or influence was attributed, generally, to images or figures formed or fabricated according to astrological principles. Tradition states that Terah, the father of Abraham, was a maker of "Talismans, or little images framed in some planetary hour;" and to which were attributed certain occult and mysterious influences, as is evidenced by the tale connected with this tradition, and frequently related by writers on Hebrew antiquities, from the *Beresith Rabba*, and other collections of Rabbinical traditions.

The learned Gregory supposes that *Telisms* or magical images owed their origin to the false views entertained by the Gentile nations respecting the Brazen Serpent erected in the wilderness:—"The astrologers," says he, "had perceived that this God" (*i.e.*, the God of the Jews) "had been pleased with the Brazen Serpent, which Moses the *Talisman* (so they would account him) set up upon a pole in the wilderness (Numbers xxi. 8), and I need not stick to affirm that the *Brazen Serpent* against the *Fiery Serpents* was the first occasion (I say not given, but) taken of all these Talismanical practices." But whether this erudite writer be correct or not in his conjectures as to the origin of *Telesms* or *Talismans*, it is certain such images, constructed under certain positions of the heavens, were very generally used amongst the ancient nations, as the means of protection and safety, both to cities and persons. The Rabbis affirm that the *blind* and the *lame* mentioned 2 Sam. v. 6-8, were images written upon with the oath which Abraham and Isaac made to Abimelech, and that they were called "blind" and "lame," because "they had eyes and saw not, they had feet and walked not." They were, therefore, most probably "*stoichiodæ* or constellated *images of brass*, set up in the recess of the fort, called in scorn (as they were hated by David's soul) the *blind* and the *lame*; yet so surely intrusted with the keeping of the place, that if they did not hold it out, the Jebusites said they should not come into the house, that is, they would never again commit the safety of the fort to such palladiums as these." The images of *emerods* and *mice*, sent with the Ark of *JEHOVAH* by the Philistines (1 Sam. vi. 4, 5, 11, 17, 18), appeared to have been such telesms or talismanic figures, formed according to astrological rules. Gregory details many instances of a similar nature (*Works*, c. vii., viii.). Dr. Adam Clarke observes, "It was a very common usage, when a plague or other calamity infested a country, city, &c., for the magicians to form an image of the *destroyer*, or of the *things* on which the plague

particularly rested, in gold, silver, ivory, wax, clay, &c., under certain configurations of the heavens; and set this up in some proper place, that the evil thus represented might be driven away. These consecrated images were the same that are called *talismans*, or rather *telesms*, among the Asiatics. Mr. Locke" (and he might have added Gregory) "calls the diviners *talismans*! but this is a pitiful mistake: the *image*, not the *fabricator*, was called by this name. I have seen several of these *talismans* of different countries; and such images were probably the origin of all the forms of gods which, in after-times, were the objects of religious worship. It is well known that Ireland is not infested with any venomous creatures; no serpent of any kind is found in it:—

"No poison there infects, no scaly snake
Lurks in the grass, nor toad annoys the lake.

"This has been attributed to a *telesm*, formed with certain rites, under the sign *scorpio*. Such opinions have been drawn from very ancient Pagan sources: *e. g.*, a stone engraved with the figure of a *scorpion*, while the moon is in the sign *Scorpio*, is said to cure those who are stung by this animal. *Apollonius Tyanæus* is said to have prevented *flies* from infesting Antioch, and *storks* from appearing in Byzantium, by figures of those animals formed under certain constellations. A *brazen scorpion*, placed on a pillar in the city of Antioch, is said to have expelled all such animals from that country: and a *crocodile* of lead is also said to have preserved *Cairo* from the depredations of those monsters. *Virgil* refers to this custom (Eclogue viii. p. 80), where he represents a person making two images, or *telesms*, one of *wax*, another of *clay*; which were to represent an absent person, who was to be alternately *softened* or *hardened* as the *wax* or *clay* image was exposed to the fire.

"Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit
Uno et eodem igni; sic nostro Daphnis amore.

"As this clay hardens, and this wax softens, by one and the same fire, so may Daphnis, by my love.

"A beautiful marble figure of *Osiris*, about four inches and a quarter high, now stands before me, all covered over with hieroglyphics: he is *standing*, and holds in each hand a *scorpion* and a *snake* by the tails, and with each foot he stands on the neck of a *crocodile*. This, I have no doubt, was a *telesm*, formed under some peculiar *configuration* of the heavens, intended to drive away both scorpions and crocodiles. This image is of the highest antiquity, and was formed probably long before the Christian æra."

"Pliny notices the figures of *eagles* and *beetles* carved on emeralds, and *Marcellus Empiricus* the virtue of these *beetles*, especially for diseases of the *eye*. The most revered sort were those made according to the Samothracian mysteries. They were pieces of metal, with certain figures of stars, commonly set in rings, but not always. The Arabians in Spain spread them all over Europe, though the use of them had never become obsolete." *Talismans* or *telesms* have been divided into different kinds or classes, which have been thus distinguished by the indefatigable *Fosbrooke* (*Encyclop. of Antiq.*): 1. The *Astronomical*, with celestial signs and intelligible characters; 2. The *Magical*, with extraordinary figures, superstitious words, and names of unknown angels; 3. The *Mixed*, of celestial signs and barbarous words, but not superstitious, or with names of angels; 4. *Sigilla Planetarum*, composed of Hebrew numeral letters, used by astrologers and fortune-tellers; 5. *Hebrew Names and Characters*. Of this last kind were those formed according to the cabalistic art. Such, for instance, appears to be the hexagonal one termed the *Shield of David* or *Seal of Solomon*, which was said to be a security against wounds, would extinguish fires, and perform many other wonders; and by which Solomon was said to have accomplished the most extraordinary objects. This figure had one or other of the names of God disposed within it according to the principles and rules of Jewish Cabala: the name most frequently inserted was the barbarous term אגלא (*AGLA*) contracted from the Hebrew words—אחה גבר לעלם אדני: "Thou art strong in the eternal God." According to R. Solomon, the *theraphim* of the Scriptures were "images which spoke by the influence of magical art;" and R. Eliezer, in *Perke Eliezer*, says, they were statues in the form of a man, constructed under certain constellations, which, from the influence they received, spoke at certain hours, giving answers to whatever questions were asked; and adds, that the reason why Rachel stole the *theraphim* from her father Laban was, for fear he should learn from them the route of Jacob and his family.

It is highly probable, that the prohibitory injunctions of the *Second Commandment* were directed, not only against idols or images actually formed in order to be venerated or worshiped, but also against all such talismanic figures and hieroglyphical characters as might lead the people into idolatry in any of its varied forms. *Michaelis* observes that, "in order to preserve their treasures of knowledge, and their discoveries in natural science, the Egyptian priests made use, not

of common writing, but of *Hieroglyphics*. With these they inscribed obelisks and walls, even those of subterraneous vaults and galleries; and also square stones which very much resemble our grave-stones. With these hieroglyphic stones, idolatry was practiced. In Egypt they were regarded as the god *Thoth*, the god of sciences; and, as late as the time of Ezekiel, we find an imitation of this species of idolatry common among the Jews, and described in chap. viii. 8-11, of his prophecy. According, therefore, to that fundamental principle of the Mosaic polity, which dictated the prevention of idolatry, it became absolutely necessary to prohibit stones with hieroglyphic inscriptions. Besides, in an age where so great a propensity to superstition prevailed, stones with figures upon them, which the people could not understand, would have been a temptation to idolatry, even although the Egyptians had not deified them as they actually did." To these observations we may add the remarks of the ingenious *Landseer* in his "*Sabæan Researches*:"

"The prime cause," he observes, "of the postdiluvian apostasies from the purer deism of Noah and of Job, appears to have been the ignorant confounding, by a superstitious people, of SIGNS, with CAUSES. From this source proceeded the idolatry which is at once disclaimed and reprov'd by the latter, in a sublime and often-cited text, and which it also appears was in his time and country cognizable by the magistracy. 'If (says the venerable sufferer) I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon progressive in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand: this (also) were an iniquity to be punished by the Judge: for I should have denied the God that is above.' (Job xxxi. 26, 27, 28.) And on account of this prevailing heresy, Moses expressly prohibited their making unto themselves 'graven images,' the likeness of things in heaven above, &c.; and this at the very time that cherubim were permitted, and even ordained, to be exhibited in the tabernacle, and on the ark of the covenant. Now, to have been made to *themselves*; that is, for each man to keep in his possession whilst sojourning in the desert, these prohibited articles must have been small; to have been termed *likenesses of things in heaven above*—objects of worship too!—they must—at least, bearing in mind the pervading astronomy of this remote period, I find it impossible to come to any other conclusion—have born some real or fancied resemblance to planets and constellations; and to have been *graven* images, they must have been sculptured on hard and durable substances, and

sculptured in intaglio: we should recollect, too, that such works are, in the Bible, expressly and repeatedly distinguished from cast figures, or '*molten images*,' as well as from such as were overlaid with beaten gold: in short, these Chaldean engravings, and the portable part of the hieroglyphical engravings of Egypt, are the only productions that have descended to our knowledge, which at all accord with what is described and prohibited in the Second Commandment."

Divination by *precious stones* was likewise very extensively practiced by heathen nations, in almost every part of the world. Of this mode of divination, Warton offers the following conjecture as to its origin. "The nations bordering upon the Jews," says he, "attributed the miraculous events of that people to those external means and material instruments, such as symbols, ceremonies, and other visible signs or circumstances, which, by God's special appointment, under their mysterious dispensation, they were directed to use. Among the observations which the oriental Gentiles made on the history of the Jews, they found that the Divine will was to be known by certain appearances in precious stones. The Magi of the East, believing that the preternatural discoveries obtained by means of the Urim and Thummim, a contexture of gems in the breast-plate of the Mosaic priests, were owing to some virtue inherent in those stones, adopted the knowledge of the occult properties of gems as a branch of their magical system. Hence it became the peculiar profession of one class of their sages to investigate and interpret the various shades and coruscations; and to explain, to a moral purpose, the different colors, the dews, clouds, and imageries, which gems differently exposed to the sun, moon, stars, fire, or air, at particular seasons, and inspected by persons particularly qualified, were seen to exhibit. This notion being once established, a thousand extravagancies rose, of healing diseases, of procuring victory, and of seeing future events, by means of precious stones, and other lucid substances. (See *Plin. Nat. Hist.* xxxvii. 9, 10.) These superstitions were soon ingrafted into the Arabian philosophy, from which they were propagated all over Europe, and continued to operate, even so late as the visionary experiments of Dee and Kelly. It is not in the mean time at all improbable, that the Druidical doctrines concerning the virtues of stones were derived from these lessons of the Magi; and they are still to be traced among the traditions of the vulgar, in those parts of Britain and Ireland where Druidism retained its latest establish-

ments. See Martin's *West Isles*, p. 167, 225 ; and Aubrey's *Miscell.* p. 128, London 8vo."

Amulets or charms, also, were similar in nature to the oriental telemes or talismans, except that they were not always regarded as connected with astral influence. The term *amulet* was probably derived either from *amula*, a small vase for containing lustral-waters, among the ancient Romans, for purification and expiation, sometimes carried in the pocket ; or from *amoliri*, to remove, from its supposed power of *removing* or *preventing* evil. The amulets of the Persians or Greeks were small cylinders, ornamented with figures and hieroglyphics. The erudite "Sabæan Researches" of Landseer exhibit unequivocal proof that the ancient Chaldeans and Zabian idolaters constructed and wore astrological cylinders, either as the horoscopes of their birth, or as instruments of preservation or prosperity. The amulets of the Greeks or Romans were gems of almost every kind, crowns of pearls, necklaces of shells, gems, coral, heads and figures of divinities, heroes, horses, dogs, rats, birds, fish, &c., and grotesque and obscene images. These they placed around their neck, especially of children, or hung them on the jambs of doors, so that, in opening them, they caused the amulets to move and ring the bells attached to them ; in some cases, they were placed at the entry of shops, or even of forges. All nations, indeed, have been fond of amulets or charms : the Jews were extremely superstitious in the use of them to drive away diseases ; and the Mishna forbids them, unless received from an *approved* man, who had cured, at least, three persons before by the same means. After the Christian era, we hear of charms, made of the hair of she-bears, or toys tied to them, as remedies against witchcraft ; parts of St. John's Gospel worn round the neck ; verses of the Old or New Testaments, put even upon horses ; magical characters written upon slips of parchment ; remedies wrapped up in scarlet cloth ; ear-rings and common rings made of ostrich bones. Reginald Scot states, that if a jasper be set in silver, and worn as a ring on the finger, its virtues are reported to be great and various, of which he gives the following summary, in a quaint translation from Marbodeus, by Abraham Fleming.

Seven kinds and ten of jasper-stones
Reported are to be ;
Of many colors this is known,
Which noted is by me,
And said in many places of
The world for to be seen

Where it is bred ; but yet the best
 Is through the shining *green*,
 And that which proved is to have
 In it more virtue plac'd ;
 For being borne about of such
 As are of living chaste,
 It drives away their ague fits;
 The dropsy thirsting dry,
 And put upon a woman weak
 In travail which doth lie,
 It helps, assists, and comforts her
 In pangs, when she doth cry.
 Again it is believ'd to be
 A safeguard frank and free,
 To such as wear and bear the same ;
 And if it hallow'd be,
 It makes the parties gracious,
 And mighty too that have it ;
 And noisome fancies (as they write
 That meant not to deprave it)
 It doth displace out of the mind :
 The force therof is stronger,
 In silver if the same be set,
 And will endure the longer.

In the sixteenth century, we have amulets worn round the neck against pestilence, made of *arsenic* ; and warehoused in large quantities. One item says, "A hundryth wight of amletts for the neke, xxx^s. iiij^d." The author of the "Vulgar Errors" tells us, that hollow stones, called in the North *holy stones*, are hung up in stables to prevent the night-mare, or *ephaltes* ; and the Rev. Mr. Shaw, in his account of Elgin, &c. (see Appendix to *Pennant's Tour*), informs us that at the full moon in March, they cut *withes* of the mistletoe, or ivy, make circles of them, keep them all the year, and pretend to cure *hectics* and other disorders by them. The reader who wishes to pursue the subject, may find ample opportunity in perusing old Reginald Scot's rare and curious work, entitled, *The Discovery of Witchcraft*, London, 1665, folio, in which, whilst he acknowledges the existence of witches and the influence of many kinds of divination, of which he gives, what he regards, incontrovertible instances, he also endeavors to expose the fallacy and fraud in the practices of many pretenders to the arts of divination, necromancy, and witchcraft, and warns the magistrates to be cautious in receiving the evidence preferred against persons accused of witchcraft and similar arts ; and to exercise mercy in their judicial sentences. "Surely their *charms*," saith he, "can no more reach to the hurting or killing of men or women, than their ima-

ginations can extend to the stealing and carrying away of horses and mares. Neither hath God given remedies to sickness or griefs, by words or charms, but by herbs and medicines, which He himself hath created upon earth, and given men knowledge of the same; that he might be glorified for that therewith He doth vouchsafe that the maladies of men and cattle should be cured: and if there be no affliction nor calamity, but is brought to pass by Him; then let us defy the devil, renounce all his works, and not so much as once think or dream upon the supernatural power of witches. Neither," adds he, writing at a period when persons suspected of witchcraft were frequently put to death, "let us prosecute them with such despatch, whom our fancy condemneth, and our reason acquitteth: our evidence against them consisting in impossibilities, our proofs in unwritten verities, and our whole proceedings in doubts and difficulties." (*Address to the Readers.*)

LETTERS ON THE READING OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

BY DAVID FRIEDLANDER.

(Continued from page 251.)

FIFTH LETTER.

OF Micah, the contemporary of Isaiah, and who came forward some time after that prophet and orator, we possess only three addresses to the nation. That he composed many others, which were lost, is not at all improbable; and we are also justified in concluding, from the import of his prophecies, that he did not deliver them *verbally*, but composed them in writing, and promulgated them in the two sister states Judah and Israel. His language is pure; and in the art of political delineation, in all-affecting fervor, as well as in nobleness or sentiment, he may almost be ranked in the same degree with the great Isaiah. We should have been able to judge him still more correctly and precisely, if, as we mentioned before, more of his rhetorical effusions had come down to us. The 6th and 7th chapters have evidently the form of a dialogue, which has not escaped the notice of our Jewish commentators. To clear up the obscurity which necessarily must arise, if the verses are not appropriated to their respective

speakers, I have in the following translation, according to Eichhorn, adopted this appropriate division, which materially contributes to the clearness of their sense. True, there are yet many obscurities left. Whole passages, as well as single words, still appear partly strange and unsatisfactory to our taste, and partly undeciphered. But were we to demand the utmost distinctiveness, the closest connection, and everything else belonging to a perfect modern oration, we might as well resign altogether the enjoyment of the sacred records in this respect; for these difficulties we shall encounter everywhere in the prose, as well as in the poetic writing of the sacred records, for well-known reasons. We must, therefore, content ourselves with the reading of the whole to enjoy the concord and harmony of the divine composition, which we will now more nearly examine. The Prophecy is addressed to *Judah*, the Ten Tribes of *Israel* being already carried captives by the Assyrians to Babylon. Micah appears and tells Judah that if she also perseveres in her lawless career, she must share the same fate—a sad and dreadful one! The orator, however, concludes his prophecy (in accordance with the then prevalent custom) with a graphic description of the golden age, which he vouchsafes will be sure to follow, provided the worship of the only true God be re-established in her midst; but then heathens and the Gentiles will also participate in the happiness which is to follow.

The following may be called the passage which forms the basis of the oracle. God commands his confidant the prophet to assemble Judah, and to summon them before the divine tribunal of justice. The tribunal is under the open canopy of heaven. The whole nation is assembled. The manifestation of God's revelation is visible on the mountains. In poetic language mountain and hill are the seats of the Deity, whenever the Lord in his mercy deigns to reveal Himself to mankind. And now we listen to the speakers, the Lord, the Prophet, and the people.

THE PROPHET.

1. Hear ye now what Jehovah saith.

THE LORD to THE PROPHET.

Arise, arise, contend thou before the mountains,
And over yonder hills thy voice shall resound.

In obedience to this call THE PEOPLE appear, and THE PROPHET proclaims the Divine message.

2. Hear ye, O mountains, Jehovah's controversy,
Ye firm and rocky pillars of the earth;
Jehovah has a controversy with his people,
The Lord himself will plead with Israel!

THE PROPHET *pauses*, and THE DEITY *appears*.

3. O my people, what have I done unto thee?
Wherein have I wearied thee, my beloved?
Testify against me!
4. That I led thee forth from Egypt's land,
And burst the fetters of cruel bondage;
That I sent before thee as thy guides
Moses, Aaron, and Miriam?
5. O my people, remember whom Balak, Moab's king, consulted;
What Balaam, Peor's son, to him made answer;
What eventful things from Shittim unto Gilgal did happen;
'Then wilt thou be mindful of Jehovah's loving-kindness.

THE PEOPLE, *silenced by this incontrovertible rebuke, imagine in their erroneous notions of atonement, to appease the Divine wrath by adding sacrifice to sacrifice, offering to offering.*

6. Alas, wherewith shall I come before the Lord?
How am I to humble myself before Him on high?
Shall I appease Him with burnt-offerings?
With the blood of tender calves of a year old?
7. Will Jehovah be pleased with thousands of mighty rams?
Or with ten thousands of rivers overflowing with oil?
Shall my first-born suffer for my transgressions?
Or the fruit of my body exonerate the sins of my soul?

THE PROPHET *interposes with the expression of purer religious sentiments.*

8. O son of earth, how long since hast thou been told
What is good, and what Jehovah of thee requireth:
"But justice to practice, but mercy to love,
And *humbly* to walk with thy Maker above!"
9. Thus thy voice, O Jehovah, unto the city crieth,
That virtue may behold thy name and revere.
Hear ye now the punishment
And *who* hath appointed it!

THE PROPHET *pauses*, THE DEITY *appears* and *proclaims the cause of the evil decree, and the vindication of justice.*

10. Do not ill-gotten treasures fill the wicked's houses,
Heaped up by abominably scant measure?
11. Can I count *them* pure with the wicked balances,
Or *them* with the bag of deceitful weights?
12. Shall I tolerate the rich fattened with plunder?
The inhabitants of a city immersed in lies?
Whose tongue is deceitful in their mouth?
13. Therefore do I humble thee with heavy affliction.
Thine own sinfulness engenders thy desolation!
14. Thou shalt eat, but shalt not be satisfied;
Devastation in the midst of thee shall rage;
Thou shalt acquire much, but save naught:
What thou savest I give up to the sword.
15. Thou shalt sow, but thou shalt not reap;
Tread thy olives, but not anoint thee with oil;
Press thy grape, but not drink the wine.
16. As long as Omir's statutes are thy guides,
And the deeds of Ahab's house thy example;
As long as in *their* counsels thou walkest,
So long shall I give thee up to desolation,
And thy inhabitants to mock-laughter and hissing:
Thus shall ye bear the reproach of my people.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CARL SCHURZ.

BY A WELLINGTON HART.

IF we look back to the history of our Government, we will find that in the Senate of the United States, filled as it has been by men of scholarly attainments, refinement, and knowledge, none have entered that distinguished body and made their mark so rapidly and effectively as Hon. Carl Schurz. To trace his early history, it was about the year 1855-6 Mr. Schurz was a resident at Watertown, Wisconsin. He had not been long in the country, and was comparatively unknown unless to the German element of the State.

He had barely found a spot suitable for his home, when he immersed himself in politics, attending public meetings, agitating Republican doctrines as set forth by the platform of that party, and finally taking the stump for its nominees. Here the first favorable impression was formed of Mr. Schurz's qualities of mind, and his claims as an orator and debater. He traveled over the Eastern, Western, and Midland States, and became finally one of the most brilliant and attractive lights of the Republican party. His anterior history before coming to America was eminently patriotic and republican, in our acceptance of the term. The reforms that the people demanded were ignored by the German government, and revolutionary sentiments were instilled into their minds. In this Mr. Schurz aided and assisted his patriotic brethren, feeling and believing that the time was not far distant when concessions would be forced from their royal ruler; but the government crushed out all elements of revolution, and among others who fled the country, Mr. Schurz sought in the United States, a spot where he was safe from persecution, and where every man was his own sovereign.

As we have said, he was a politician and sought office. Although much desired by him, he was oftentimes disappointed, and after a residence of a few years in Wisconsin, he moved to Detroit, and assumed the editorial chair of the leading Republican paper of that city. Circumstances caused him to sever his relation with it, and after a year or two he removed to St. Louis, Missouri, and took an interest in the German Republican organ of that city.

The war breaking out, he patriotically tendered his services to Mr. Lincoln—who always had a high regard for Mr. Schurz—and

he appointed him a Brigadier-General in the volunteer army. He commanded the Eleventh Army Corps, and in every position and relation of military life he always exhibited throughout the entire conflict, prudence, energy, and bravery, concomitants to make an acceptable military man. Although the press of the day arraigned Mr. Schurz severely for the unfortunate panic which seized upon the regiments under his command, no blame was attached to him. Panics occur in most armies, and there is no accounting for the sudden and electrical frights which seize whole regiments. At the first battle of Bull Run, a remarkable feature of this character occurred toward the close of the battle. The Federals or Union party had won the day. Patterson, of Pennsylvania, was expected with reinforcements. It was known that Johnston had reinforced General Beauregard, when both armies were seized with panic. The former thought the fortune of war was against them, scattered, and fled, and some of the most gallant regiments sought security at the forts of Arlington, Virginia, and the opposing army simultaneously retreated toward Richmond. The profession of arms requires deep thought and study, more so than any other profession, for the lives of the men are confided to their commander, and in the case of Mr. Schurz, he was not educated in the arts of war, therefore is he deserving of the fullest meed of praise for the manner in which he handled the army confided to him. The Germans did yeoman service during the war, and preserved that traditionary claim for bravery, endurance, and subordination, which their people have enjoyed for centuries. At the close of the war, Mr. Schurz was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Spain. He did not appreciate much the office, and returned to America to find himself the most popular favorite for the United States senatorship, to which he was elected for the term ending in 1875.

Here, in that body, where the voices of Benton, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Silas Wright, and Douglas, have so often thrilled the nation in animated debates, Mr. Schurz was received with the greatest cordiality and respect; but he possessed an opinion of his own, and his speeches on subjects which affected the administration of the government alienated some of the leading Republicans from him. He could afford to receive the shafts of those who were chained to party, and he still pursued the even tenor of his way. On the Samana Bay purchase his voice was heard in opposition, and when the Government was making sales of arms and munition of war to the

French government, his denunciations partook of inspiration. This country was at peace with Germany, yet, instead of acting in a strictly neutral manner, our government was aiding and abetting another power with whom we were at peace, to wage war. He denounced the act as one of duplicity, and dishonorable in its character. His speeches made him many friends, and it was conceded that as the debater, orator, and scholar he had not his equal in the Senate. His suavity of manner, and the calm and intelligent way in which he discusses the subject, grappling with every thread of the argument, never fails somehow to exhibit the weak points of his opponents, and although indisposed to recede from the views he has formed, he never forgets the amenities of life and never indulges in personalities; consequently he maintains the dignity of a United States Senator, while, we regret to say, many senators lower it.

For the last four years, the late Mr. Sumner had a supporter who rendered yeoman service in exposing wrongs and endeavoring to lay bare the monstrous corruptions which have infested the Government. Carl Schurz was the Pythias, who stood shoulder to shoulder with the distinguished Damon who has passed away.

He is the only man in the Senate on whom the mantle of Charles Sumner has fallen. He has not his equal there: his deep studies, the easy grace with which he delivers his sentiments, his words flowing from his lips like •

“Orient pearls at random strung,”

he stands before the people to-day as the frank, ingenuous statesman gifted with intellect, high-toned, and honorable; the foe of corruption, the friend of freedom in its widest sense. Politicians, generally speaking, are not always to be relied on, yet Mr. Schurz has been tested, he has been preferred to positions of great distinction, and whether filling the editorial chair or commanding a *corps d'armée*; whether representing his adopted country abroad or filling the distinguished position as a United States Senator, he has fulfilled all that was expected, all that was required of him, and yet rumor says his position is menaced, and an opposition has been manifested to his reelection. We hope, most earnestly hope, that the petty machinations of frivolous politicians will not prevent the rise and further progress of this accomplished man. He is, however, young, and can bide his time. He is but one in a thousand who has been selected for high places, and fulfilled all that was required of him, and yet in his meridian

has secured the admiration of those who have watched his career. He possesses

"A gigantic mind, fit to grapple with whole libraries."

When expressing his views in the Senate, Mr. Schurz invariably has studied the question, and having weighed well the subject in his mind, he delivers his sentiments with an earnestness that rivets the attention of his listeners, and he never fails to leave a deep impression.

On the financial question of inflation or contraction, although the entire western and southern portion of the United States were in favor of expansion, Mr. Schurz consistently stood in opposition, with a calmness, that even his opponents were forced to credit him with a sincerity of purpose that characterized all his public acts. When the Liberal movement was inaugurated, Mr. Schurz ranged himself under that banner. The great popularity which the late Mr. Greeley enjoyed, the purity of his character, together with that deep study of the wants and wishes of the people, his love of country and her institutions, awakened a sympathy for him who was one of the most devoted and distinguished sons of this republic. Mr. Schurz was in sympathy with Mr. Greeley, and when the nomination took place he had the honor to lead, and give him all the moral support he could. The results are well known, a bitter campaign—in which the grossest personalities were indulged in and hurled at this estimable gentleman and those who supported him—resulted in the re-election of the present incumbent, and his worthy adversary closed his days in a lunatic asylum. Mr. Schurz, the still consistent and patriotic statesman, never deserted Mr. Greeley, and in a very short time he has lost by death two friends whom the entire nation mourned.

"Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave."

Within a month after the demise of Charles Sumner, Senator Schurz was invited by the citizens of Boston to deliver the funeral oration. His acceptance of that mournful duty allowed him, without much rhetorical display of sentiment, to utter in the manliest spirit his estimate of the character of the dead statesman to whom he was so much attached. He was frank in the opinions he stated, and he laid before the people of Massachusetts the foibles as well as the noble traits which formed the character of the anti-slavery champion. He mournfully portrayed the grief and sadness of the people who congregated in the streets to meet "no pageant, no military parade with gay banners, or pompous array of dignitaries in civic robes—noth-

ing but a hearse with a coffin, and in it the corpse of Charles Sumner." He proceeded to examine the character of him "who had stood aloof from the multitude, giving his friendship to the few, while to the many he appeared distant, self-satisfied, and cold." How truthful was this picture! Mr. Sumner had apparently no sympathy for the world; he was an anchorite who preferred the seclusion of his chaste and classic home to all the gayeties and allurements of society. His thoughts drifted into but one channel, and they created that bitter fire of antagonism in his breast which led to the stormy and acrimonious debates in the Senate, resulting in his gross personalities toward the South and subsequently his punishment by Congressman Brooks. He was a man of no concessions or compromises, but possessed of great moral courage, and alas! somewhat impracticable. The frankness of Mr. Schurz in delineating the character of Mr. Sumner without bias, pleads in a forgiving spirit to those who disliked him.

"Let those love now who never lov'd before,
Let those who always loved now love the more."

The presence in the Senate at the same time of Sumner, Chase, and Seward gave Mr. Schurz the opportunity of comparing the actors who hastened on the "irrepressible conflict." The two latter were differently schooled as statesmen—they were politicians, Sumner was not. Although he possessed a studious mind, vast learning, and great legal attainments, with powerful eloquence, he was only an idealist, to deal terrible blows at an institution he viewed as a blot upon the escutcheon of America. He devoted his life to that duty, and he lived to see slavery obliterated from the soil. We need not go further into the merits of this beautiful eulogium. Mr. Schurz, animated by pure regard, esteem, and affection for a departed friend, laid his tribute of laurel mournfully and gracefully on his tomb, feeling throughout his speech—

"Let others hail the rising sun,
I bow to that whose course is run."

We have thus imperfectly sketched the career of this eminent statesman, the limits of a magazine article forbidding our having gone too deeply into detail. From the evidence of his past it will be safe to predict that all the future actions of Mr. Schurz will redound to his own honor and to the credit of his adopted country.

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1874.

No. 7.

DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY D. E. DE LARA.

(NINTH ARTICLE.)

"THE state," say the advocates of separate or exclusively Catholic schools, "inflicts great injustice upon those parents, who are hindered by its interference from providing for their children the description of religious training which best enables them to satisfy the dictates of conscience." This would be true, provided the state did so interfere. But it does not. It is they who demand such separate schools, who interfere with the educational system of the state, of the country; and who by so doing keep alive an agitation that can never lead to any results favorable to the country, to society. The state does not deprive parents of the right to have their children instructed in any educational establishment these parents may select, but it does not choose to pay for such exclusive education. It does not choose to tax the whole population to please one sect—no matter which. Nor has it the right to do either one or the other; and yet, if the state should find that even the religious training of its future citizens, in any particular sect, is injurious to society, or may become so hereafter, it has the *right* to interfere, and it is its *duty* to do so.

Of two Thugs who had been taken prisoners (if I remember rightly, some forty or fifty years ago), one expressed his regret that he could not live long enough to complete the full number of assassinations (five hundred) which it was his *religious duty* to commit, he being nearly one hundred short; which shortcoming prevented him from entering heaven at once. The other, having been asked whether he felt no repentance at the murders he had committed, replied in astonishment: "Repentance? Far from it! But I regret having violated

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by RAPHAEL D'C. LEWIN, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. IV.—21

my faith and duty—though only once—through sheer pusillanimity, having spared the life which it was my duty to take.” The British government in India, the law, cared nothing about the religious duty of these men, but ignoring their qualms of conscience, in the interests of society, condemned them to death. Was the law bound to respect the scruples of these men, though they were undoubtedly as scrupulously pious and conscientious as were Torquemada and the members of the Inquisition, and even not so merciless as those holy murderers?

Now we will imagine an immigration of five or six millions of Thugs. We all know that it is a duty, a *religious* duty with every Thug, to assassinate all who are not Thugs. Let these parent Thugs have the right to give their children an education in which the sacred duty of Thuggism is inculcated as paramount; would the state not have the right to dispossess the parent Thug of his “right” to provide for his child “the description of religious training which best enables him to satisfy the dictates of his conscience”? Would it not be a duty incumbent on the state to *close* schools in which the religious duty is inculcated that no man has a right to be of any religion but that of the Thugs? That all intercourse with anti-Thugs was sinful, because they were accursed of the Bona Dea* worshiped by the Thugs. Or suppose as many millions of Chinese establishing schools, in which the doctrine was inculcated that the decrees of the emperor of China are paramount all over the world, and that no allegiance is due to any country, no obedience to any laws without the approval of that foreign potentate, would the state not have the right to close such schools? Would it not be its duty to do so, provided it be desirous to preserve the free, the sacred institutions bequeathed by the fathers of the Republic? In what light are held the inoffensive Chinese, whose evidence is not even admitted in certain courts of justice, merely because they are as conscientiously polytheists as we are Protestants or Catholics or Jews or Mohammedans or Monotheists or Deists?

It is the duty of the state to provide for the rising generation, not “the best education parents can give,” but, to the utmost of its power, the best education *youth ought to receive*. Upon this correct, but misapplied view is founded the system pursued in all countries claiming to be exclusively or pre-eminently Catholic, such as Spain, Portu-

* The object of their worship is a female deity, whose name I cannot remember just now.

gal, the States (formerly) of the Church, some of the South American Republics, etc. Political theory to the contrary notwithstanding, *this country is essentially Protestant*, though the United States eschews the *title* of Protestant. The best system of education is here deemed to be that which limits "the instruction in the public schools to that ordinarily included under the head of intellectual culture, and in the propagation of those principles of morality in which all sects and good men belonging to no sect can equally agree."* What more can or could the state do amidst the strife of parties about "the Bible" or "no Bible," "the Bible with comments" or "the Bible without comments," the Douay edition, the Vulgate, the English version, the Unitarian version, "too much or too little Protestantism," or "no Protestantism at all, but Catholicity must be all in all or nothing"?†

The wisdom and sound policy exhibited in the construction of the American national system of education, as well as its superior advantages, are frankly, honorably, and evidently conscientiously admitted by a distinguished Roman Catholic ecclesiastic.‡ Having been asked whether he believed in the public schools, he gave the following answer.

"I do emphatically. Having ample means, they can procure better talent, and they do not interfere with the religious belief of their pupils. This cry of proselytism and perverting faith and morals has no foundation. Suppose our children are taken from the schools, where shall we place them? We have no place. They will roam the streets and fast learn to become young thieves and outlaws, and will acquire many other accomplishments to fit them for the state prison. *Children do not take their religious belief from the schools. This they acquire from their parents in the home circle, and from their clergy in churches*, and in the schools they learn habits of industry, order, obedience, and discipline which will make them good citizens." . . . And again: "There are some people so constituted that they think their every act a sin. I hold that *the real sin consists in impressing ignorant minds with the belief that the schools are mediums for the perversion of our people, and in seeking to perpetuate ignorance, instead of grappling with and crushing it out.*"

* Henry S. Randall's Report to the Legislature in 1854.

† "Catholic World" for April, 1871.

‡ The Rev. Father Farrel. See report of an interview with the Rev. gentleman in the "Sun" of 18th Oct., 1873.

Truth *will* force an entrance into the mind. Those who have honesty and courage enough will avow it openly; those who have either not the one or the other, will admit it too, but lock it up and circulate a counterfeit.

That this demand for separate schools for the education of Catholic children is not universal or unanimous on the part of Catholic parents is evidenced by the fact that it meets with direct opposition from the enlightened and honest part of the Catholic population.

"It is *not* true," said a member * of the Constitutional Convention of Ohio, on the 25th of March, 1874, "that our public schools are essentially immoral in tendency. . . . That there should be Catholic schools especially, to teach Catholic doctrine, every Catholic will accept. There will never be hesitation to assist in building or maintaining them, but let them rest at that where other creeds rest their chances of temporal success. . . . We (Catholics) need no special interposition of law or constitution in our favor. . . . Trusting to my constituency as a fair representative—and I represent as large a proportionate Catholic constituency as any man on this floor—I do not believe even a minority in numbers of Catholics want such a change, or any special privilege under law or constitution. . . . That the adoption and result of the project would divide and destroy the common schools everywhere outside of the towns and cities, it is needless to deny. That it would result in any good is beyond my estimate." . . . In conclusion the speaker said: "I trust that no change will be made from the former constitution. I hope that no creed may ever be permitted to interfere with our common-school system—the crowning glory of our State. And I hope that this is the last time that the name of Catholic will be misused in an attempt to break down a system of public instruction that is as dear to our people as the stars upon our flag. . . . From my earliest observation in the charges, and suspicions against the Church, they too often were awakened *by foolish assumptions of its advocates*. From my earliest perception of history I have known that *it has suffered more from the errors of its friends than the hostility of its enemies*."

The action on the part of the state in preserving the system of education as at present constituted, has in a recent publication been met with the sneering remark, that "the state offers to be the father of its

* The Hon. Mr. Jackson, a Catholic.

children, and it ought to do its duty to all;" but how many a truth is said in jest!

This doctrine (it is well worth repeating here), "that the state inflicts great injustice upon those parents who are hindered by interference from providing for their children the description of religious training which best enables them to satisfy the dictates of conscience," this sentiment is most startling by its novelty, coming as it does from a high dignitary of the Church.

The claim set up is a claim in behalf of Catholic, not of non-Catholic parents. In fact it is directly opposed, not only to the teachings, but to the practice of the Church. The learned prelate cannot but be aware that *the Church has never conceded to parents the right to judge of the proper education for their children*, but has, on the contrary, at all times claimed to be the sole and competent judge in this matter. Nor has it ever relinquished a tittle of that right up to this day, even in this free country. It would be the duty of that Church to enforce its claim, if it had the power, *clam et aperte, violenter et fraudulenter*.*

The claim is opposed to its teachings, in theory, for we are told:

"The children of Protestant parents must be unmade of their Protestantism and thoroughly indoctrinated."

"Before God no man has any right to be of any religion but the Catholic."

"In order to be a good republican, (!) a good citizen, a man must be a Roman Catholic, and must be made such."

"No equality is to be recognized between Protestantism and Catholicism."

"They who have no religion have no conscience that people who have religion are bound to respect."

The claim is opposed also in practice—in harmony with its theory—and founded upon it, as for instance:

When Ferdinand V., surnamed the Catholic, after the capitulation and surrender of Grenada, violating his oath and tarnishing his royal and knightly honor, robbed the Mahometans and Jews of their children, and had the boys confined in monasteries and the girls in nunneries, in order to *prevent* their parents from "providing for them the description of religious training which best enabled them to satisfy the dictates of conscience." In modern times, when mothers, tear-

* See what is said on this subject in the "*Univers*," and the "*Civiltà Cattolica*," in connection with the forcible and infamous abduction of the child Mortara.

fully imploring the restoration to them of the infants of which they had been robbed, were told that "their tears were the work of Satan." Let him who can, reconcile the theory of the Right Reverend prelate with the theory of the Catholic press; the acts of the Church with the teachings of its ministers, and these teachings with themselves. Might not the defenders of our national system of education be justified in addressing its opponents and detractors in language somewhat similar to the following :

"You state that parents are the *best judges* of the education their children ought to receive, but you deny them the possession of judgment, for you tell them in the same breath, that if they send their children to the public schools they prove themselves *not* to be the proper judges. You state that parents have the *right* to give their children such an education as they deem best for them; yet in the same breath you threaten these parents, if they dare to exercise that right by sending their children to the public schools, or *any* school not approved by you, that you will deprive them of certain religious privileges, consolations, hopes, spiritual benefits * valued and appreciated by all good Catholics. Is this consistent? Why do you not frankly come out with your real sentiments? Why not openly assert what you believe to be your right? Why not tell these parents (the laity) that you exercise it for their good? Why not speak to them as the priesthood of ancient Egypt spoke to the laity of their day? We judge *you* and *for* you, and think and act for you. We are everything, you are nothing. Down upon your knees, down in the dust before us, and thank the Gods, *in* us, for what *through* us they deign to grant you socially and intellectually."

The candid expression of an opinion, however erroneous; the fearlessly claiming a right, however ill-founded, the bold defence of a cause, however weak; all command at least respect, even from an opponent; the defenders of popular education may differ from the *Catholic World*, but they cannot withhold their respect for its straightforwardness, its evident honesty, and honorable sincerity.

We have seen the demands made by the advocates of separate and exclusively Catholic education, and their arguments in support of the latter. Amongst these are the following, which, though identical with those of the writers already quoted, are given here in addition. They are from the pen of Cardinal Cullen.

* The benefit of the missions (see preceding paper).

In a pastoral issued some time ago, his Eminence pronounces in emphatic terms against, not only mixed, but also compulsory state education, declaring them to be "dangerous systems all, promoted by false philosophers, who wish to make experiments of new-fangled and perverse theories on the souls of children; systems which ignore God, banish Him from their schools, neglect His revelation, promote intellectual pride,* and exclude all safeguards and restraints necessary to control the appetites and passions of youth;" whilst by another writer, whose words have been quoted more than once, we are told that "by precept youth is to be trained, through the medium of an exclusively Catholic education, so as to become the pride of the country, and by example prevented from degenerating into brute beasts."

Does exclusively Catholic education furnish the safeguard against crime and vice and immorality?

Quite recently in the eminently exclusively Catholic educated population of the empire of Brazil, in the heart of that empire, the metropolis, under the very eyes of that clergy which had fulminated its anathema against freemasonry, a personage high in rank, station, and dignity, an *embargador* (judge of the supreme court of the empire), a gray-haired magistrate, after having lived in a state of concubinage with a girl then twenty-two years old, from her fourteenth year, hires an assassin, who, at the banquet prepared for her by her seducer, strangles her in the presence of her entertainer, under his own roof. The sexagenarian, the judge, then throws himself upon the victim of his lust and hate, and, like a "brute beast," tears with his teeth the yet quivering flesh, mutilates the body, dismembers it with his own hands, packs the body into a tin box, after having for this express purpose taken instruction in the process of soldering metals, places the package in charge of the calmly assisting, "thoroughly indoctrinated" assassin, who is to take it to sea and throw it overboard. Catholic education did certainly not furnish here a "safeguard and restraint so necessary to control the appetites and passions of youth," nor even of old age, nor of men holding high responsible and sacred positions. Witness the, if possible, even more atrocious crimes of the P. P. Leotade of Orleans (France), of Calcedonia, of Sta. Maura (Ionian Islands), of Polaya of Malaga (Spain); the

* INTELLECTUAL. This single epithet, apparently introduced inadvertently, speaks volumes. It may perhaps be illiberal to see in this word the key to this agitation against schools.

thirtyfold multiplied crimes of of Genoa (Italy), all ecclesiastics; of the teacher (a layman) in the girls' school of the Hollanders, of Wisconsin (U. S.); yet we are told that "inside the Catholic Church only is to be found a safeguard for the peace of families." Is a man who writes such a sentence and sends it forth into the world in earnest? Is he of sane mind?

Abner of Burgos, a learned Jew, after his apostasy named Alfonso de Valladolid, wrote a work wherein he belied his former religion and slandered his former co-religionists. It was he, I think, who pointed out to the ecclesiastical authorities of his day a passage in the *עלינו לשבח* to show that the Jews were the enemies of Christians, and thus drew a persecution upon them. But then this man, like most if not all apostates, found it necessary and prudent to *exhibit his zeal, sincerity, and piety by the exhibition of enmity against those who did not profess his newly adopted faith*. He wrote what he knew and felt to be false, but his case can of course not be alluded to as illustrative of the present case.

The view of Cardinal Cullen is, no doubt, that of a conscientious guardian of the religion which he professes, and we are bound to believe that his eminence believes himself what he writes, and acts from a sense of what he conceives to be his duty, but I shall place the views of the conscientious and zealous prelate in juxtaposition with those of the equally conscientious but also enlightened statesman and patriot Prince Bismarck.

There are two principles in which the Prussian philosophy of government and of society is both deep and broad.*

"The first of these principles is *Persoenlichkeit*, the second *Schulzwang*. The first—personality—is applied in the United States to the rights of the adult man; but here in Prussia it applies to the child, as having within him all the possibilities of manhood—rights of which his parents cannot be suffered to deprive him, through poverty, ignorance, neglect, or any other cause, since thereby they would deprive the state of a *person* who should be qualified for all the functions of the citizen. Here, not in poetry alone, but in the legal provision for his training, "the child is father to the man." The Prussian conception of liberty is, that, because of his sacred *Persoenlichkeit*, the child must have opened to him and provided for him by the state,

* I cannot remember where I have read the original paper from which I made at the time the above extract.

these three possibilities or opportunities; the possibility of a free development, through the *Gemeinde*, with its immunities, activities, and institutions, to all which he is born an inheritor; the possibility of knowledge through school privileges; and the possibility or opportunity of religion through the confessional teaching—in other words, that the whole personality of the future man shall be developed in activity, in knowledge, and in virtue.

“To this end, comes in the second principle, the *Schulzwang*, i. e. compulsory attendance at school. The state says to the parent, “This child is not to be the toy of your house, the drudge of your toils, the tool of your passions, the victim of your vices or your caprices. This child is a person who has inherent in him certain rights and probabilities in the future, of which you shall not deprive him. This child is a person and has capacities and powers upon which I, the state, have a claim for the citizen of the future, therefore, to school he *must* go, from six to fourteen, and there be taught knowledge, morality, and obedience to authority. After that, I, the state, will provide higher schools, to which he *may* go if he wishes to pursue knowledge. And by and by there is another school into which again he *must* go—the army—where he shall bring all his previous training into the service of the state for its honor and defence.” Such are the underlying principles.

“But through the varying characteristics of the *Gemeinde* and the influence of local causes, in a nation made up, as in Prussia, of divers races and manifold conquests and annexations, there had come to be anomalies, and almost contradictions in the school system, especially in the supervision of confessional teaching.

“With the expansion of the country and the growing spirit of national unity, it was desirable that a uniform law should govern the *Volks*-schools; but this could be had only through the unity of administration; and this again must proceed from the state. Here was a logical tendency of events toward the divorcement of Church and school.

“This result was precipitated by the zeal of one part of the Catholic clergy for indoctrinating* the schools and teaching the dogmas of the Vatican* council as a part of the Catholic confession. This the state could not suffer,† and it was causing trouble among the two

* The original has “the Ultramontanes,” “Romanizing,” etc. There appears to me no necessity for using terms that may sound offensive. Hence some trifling modification in the text.

† It must be remembered that the king of Prussia or emperor of Germany is not

divisions of the Catholic church, and hence the knot which bound the school to the Church was to be cut by the sword of the state—and it was cut. The new law has placed the administration of the schools entirely in the hands of the state, upon the same basis for the whole country. The opposition to this measure and its results are matters of history and will furnish yet further work for Prussia."

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

CONTENTMENT consisteth not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire.—*Fuller*.

Avoid all affectation and singularity. What is according to nature is best, and what is contrary to it is always distasteful. Nothing is graceful that is not our own.—*Jeremy Collier*.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body, it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps them in a perpetual calm.—*Addison*.

Never let man imagine that he can pursue a good end by evil means, without sinning against his own soul! Any other issue is doubtful; the evil effect on himself is certain.—*Southey*.

In human life there is a constant change of fortune; and it is unreasonable to expect an exemption from the common fate. Life itself decays, and all things are daily changing.—*Plutarch*.

There are joys which long to be ours. God sends ten thousand truths, which come about us like birds seeking inlet, but we are shut up to them, and so they bring us nothing, but sit and sing awhile upon the roof, and then fly away.—*Beecher*.

acknowledged a *legitimate* sovereign by the court of Rome. Nor are William of the Netherlands nor Victoria of Great Britain and Ireland, etc. No allegiance being due to sovereigns not "anointed" by the head of the Church, and consequently none whatever to non-Catholic rulers. Bismarck is well aware of this. In a circular addressed to the king of France and other Catholic sovereigns by the Pope so late as April 16th, 1701, on the occasion of the elector of Brandenburg, Frederick II., assuming the dignity of a king of Prussia, it says, "Beloved son in Christ: Although we believe that your Majesty will in no wise sanction the proceedings of Frederick Margrave of Brandenburg, who, setting a *most infamous* example to the Christian world, has undertaken publicly to usurp the royal title, yet we cannot let it pass by in silence, because such a deed is opposed to the *character of papal institutions*, and is *injurious* to the reputation of the Holy See, inasmuch as the sacred royal dignity cannot be assumed by a person who is not a Catholic *without a contempt of the Church*." In 1787 the Pope was, however, compelled to acknowledge the royal dignity of Prussia, though he did so only as temporal sovereign, and not as the head of the Church and the ruler of kings.

JEWISH BELIEF IN GOD, AND EXPOSITION OF THE "ANGEL" OF SCRIPTURE.

I. BELIEF in God, in the full signification of that word, is the basis and root of the Mosaic religion. The spirit which moves upon the depth of the law of God, teaches men that their moral perfection, dignity, and justification in the sight of God, depend entirely on their believing in Him; and that disbelief, on the contrary, is the sole source of their depravity and alienation from God. And yet there is not a word to be found in the whole Bible directly commanding us to believe in God. Nay, we have, in the sacred law, even such commandments as purely concern our sentiments and inclinations, as, to love the Lord our God with all our heart, to love our neighbor as ourselves, not to hate our brother in our heart, not to covet our neighbor's wife, nor anything that is his; and, although these commandments did not seemingly depend on our will, and are not of a nature to be performed by our obedience, the law, nevertheless, commands us by them, that we should so conquer and subject our inclination until the will of God have become our own; but with all these provisions of the law to control even the impulses of our heart, yet, as regards the important subject of religion, there is nowhere in the law an express commandment, "Thou shalt believe." Moses does not commence his divine book in the style of (so-called) creeds, telling men, "There is a God, who in the beginning hath created heaven and the earth;" but, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." He does not enforce men to believe anything, but taking it for granted that their reason has already told them, *there is a God*, he informs them, by divine inspiration, what they could never have known from any other source, *how* God created the heavens and the earth. The reason of there being no *command* to believe in God is very simple, because a *commandment* to *believe* a certain thing is either unnecessary or of no effect whatever. If a man really believe, he needs no injunction to do so; and if, on the contrary, he believe not, of what use can a commandment to believe prove to him, when he will not believe what he is commanded?

II. Man was intended by his bounteous Maker to enjoy both happiness and felicity; his happiness consists in freedom of body and thought; and his felicity in communion with God; the means of obtaining his freedom is the belief in God, by which he arrives at last at the supreme felicity of enjoying His presence.

III. Belief in God is the assent of our mind to propositions at which

we arrive, not by the immediate effect of our senses, nor by the resulting perception imparted by them to the faculties of our soul, but by reasoning and reflecting on our sensations and perceptions. True belief, moreover, imposes nothing upon us against reason; but, on the contrary, obliges us, by the demonstration of our reason, to believe in, and be convinced of, something that is above our reason, which is perfectly in accordance with the liberty of our thought, since all our liberty of body, as well as of soul, consists not in an indulgence of unrestrained brutish actions (by which we should in effect become vile slaves), but, on the contrary, in regulating both actions and thoughts according to the dictates of reason.

IV. Human reason, though it is infinitely small when compared with the wisdom of God, is, nevertheless, an imperceptible atom of that immeasurably vast ocean, and as true and unchangeable as the eternal source from which it emanates. By human reason, I do not here mean the capacity of philosophers for forming their endless, profound, and intricate speculations, most of which are erroneous; nor the strength of those intellectual giants, who, after storming the heavens to discover the inmost cause of nature's performances, have, by their vain hypotheses, established some unmeaning words instead of attaining real knowledge; nor, lastly, that true wisdom which men have attained in arts, science, or morals; but the power of forming the most simple ideas and propositions, whose truth every man of the meanest capacity may discover by reflecting on sensations; for instance, that two and two are four; that of two sticks, of which one is longer than the other, the second must be as much shorter as the first is longer; that a spirit cannot be a body, nor a body a spirit; that a parallelogram is double a triangle, and every diagonal line divides a parallelogram into two equal parts; and the like theorems, are propositions so true, so uncreated and eternal, that even the Omnipotence of God could not change nor contradict them. His power is not to act against His wisdom, but to do by it His will, **ה' בחכמה יסד** "The Lord hath founded the earth by wisdom; he established the heavens by understanding" (Prov. iii. 19). He hath not put a stone in a socket to be the organ of sight, but hath "formed an eye" with the highest mathematical skill and wisdom; He hath not perforated a simple hole to be the organ of hearing, but hath planted an ear in conformity with the "law of sound." It is no glory to Him to say that He can make impossibilities possible;

He can annihilate the whole universe which He hath created by His almighty will ; He can by that will change and suspend the order of all things ; at His voice the earth may tremble, the seas flow backward, and the hills melt like wax ; fire may not burn, and the sun may be retarded in his daily course ; yet that mighty God hath never exerted His power to turn truth and wisdom (which are co-eternal with Himself) into folly and falsehood. To attribute such a power to God is as absurd as to say, that the Almighty, who is the true existence, is able to annihilate His own existence. Such, and the like impossibilities, cannot come under the denomination of belief, nor be a subject of religious faith, and he who tells us, that, because our reason is too weak to penetrate into the secrets of the Almighty, we are bound to believe his dreams of impossibilities, resembles a witness in a court of justice, who, in giving his evidence, positively asserts that he is insane ; and whose testimony, be it true or not, in either case cannot be accepted. We must perform the commandments of God, even when they are not clear to our reason. The faithful Abraham was ready to sacrifice his son Isaac ; the Israelites were obedient to the behest of the Most High, to perform the unpleasant duty of exterminating the Canaanites. Saul was rejected from being king, and deposed from his throne, because he had spared Agag ; and although, to our reason, these commandments are inexplicable, they must, nevertheless, be perfectly just and wise, coming as they do from God ; but we must never believe in any proposition pretended to be religious, when it is in contradiction to the most simple deductions of our perception.

V. True religion has as yet made but little progress in the world ; we are still deafened with the clamor and the pious cry of " Great is Diana of the Ephesians ;" but, however confusedly this universal hubbub assaults our ears, we can easily discern, that most of those who so zealously cry out against the power and privilege of human reason, in matters of religion, have their own private reason for covering their domestic Teraphim with a transparent religious cloak, to make us believe that their poor and innocent reason lies quietly asleep ; whereas, in reality, that fugitive is but too wide awake ; but as to the few who sincerely are frightened out of their wits, to see the pit which is open and ready to swallow up those unfortunate victims who dare to follow the only pole-star God has given us for steering our course, they too think so, because their own reason persuades them that there is no dependence on human reason, and so, whether the victory be on their side or ours, they are equally defeated.

H. H.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTERS ON THE READING OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

BY DAVID FRIEDLANDER.

(Concluded from page 307.)

SIXTH LETTER.

THE sixth chapter concluded, as we have shown, with the vindication of Divine justice, and the punishment inflicted on Judea, as pronounced by the supreme Judge. The prophet now, in continuation, depicts in glowing language the moral corruption prevailing among the once beloved people of God, and also describes his own pain and sorrow at beholding this degenerate condition of his people.

THE PROPHET.

1. Woe is me! as a gatherer of the summer fruits.
Woe is me! as a gleaner of the grapes of the vintage
Without a cluster, without a grape fit to eat;
Without a ripe fruit, for which my soul panteth.
2. The good man is perished out of the earth;
Honesty has vanished from the sons of man;
They all lie in wait for each other's blood;
A net is spread by every man for his brother!
3. The hand appointed to do good, worketh evil;
The greedy prince and the avaricious judge
Ask for reward and bribe;
The man of dignity uttereth his mischievous desire;
Thus is the base knot entwined.
4. The best of them is no better than a brier;
The most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge;
Thy Seer's day and thy visitation cometh;
Now confounding perplexity overtaketh thee!
5. O trust ye no more in a friend,
Put ye no more confidence in a guide;
Keep the doors of thy mouth
Even from her that lies in thy bosom.
6. Does not the son dishonor the father?
The daughter rise up against her mother?
The daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law?
Are not thy enemies the men of thy own house?

Confounded with disgrace, feelings of repentance force themselves upon their mind. The people begin to acknowledge the justice of the divine punishment, and humble themselves. Their confidence in the mercy of God is not destroyed, and the vindictive rejoicings of the nation appointed as their scourge, are ultimately turned into mourning.

THE PEOPLE.

7. True, alas! yet will I look up unto God, the Lord;
Yet will I wait for the God of my salvation:
My God will hear me!
8. Rejoice not yet against me, O mine enemy!
I have fallen, but I shall again rise.
In the thickest darkness the Lord is my light!
9. The indignation of the Lord I will bear
(For against *Him* have I sinned):
Until He plead my cause,
Until He executeth judgment.
He will bring me forth to the light;
His mercy I shall behold.
10. She that is mine enemy shall see it,
And shame shall cover her—
Her who ever called unto me,
“Where is the Eternal, thy God?”
Her mine eyes shall now behold
Trodden down as the mire of the streets.

This declaration of Judah's humility is accepted by the Prophet, who vouchsafes her pardon, but not till her misdeeds are visited with punishment by an all-just God.

THE PROPHET.

11. The day of thy restoration—*
That day's decree—is yet far distant.
12. Though that day *shall* come, even to thee
From Assyria, and from the fortified cities,
From the fortresses even unto yonder river,
From sea to sea, and from mountain to mountain.†
- 13 But (before that) the land shall be desolated,
Because of them that dwelt therein;
Because it is the fruit of their doings.

In humble submission to the divine decree, the justice of which the people acknowledge, they fervently pray that at their restoration they may again become the flock of the Lord, and enjoy the heavenly Shepherd's protection. They yet remember the pasture on Carmel and Bashan, those heaven-blessed mounts of Palestine, on which He once fed them. And when they remember these times, their present abode appears to them a wild forest.

THE PEOPLE.

14. Feed thou, O Lord, with thy rod, thy people;
Feed thou the flock of thine heritage—
Them that now dwell in the solitary wood.
Let them feed again in Carmel and in Bashan,
Again in Gilead, as in the days of old.

THE LORD vouchsafes the grant of this boon.

15. Like as in the days of thy coming out of Egypt,
I will show unto thee marvelous wonders.

* Literally, “the rebuilding of thy walls.”

† Which means to say that all Israelites, from whatever place they may be scattered, will hasten to Palestine. From sea to sea, according to the ancient system of geography, signifies from east to west, whilst from mountain to mountain implies from north to south.

THE PROPHET, in continuation of the divine promise.

16. The nations shall see them (the wanderers),
And be confounded at their (the nation's) boasted might.
They shall lay their hands upon their mouth;
Their ears shall be deaf.
17. They shall lick the dust like a serpent;
They shall move out of their holes
Like worms of the earth.
They shall fear the Lord our God evermore.

The chapter concludes with a joyful song by the people to God, humbly attributing the divine grace, not to their own merits, but to that of their pious ancestors.

THE PEOPLE.

18. Who is a God like unto him that pardoneth iniquity?
That passeth by the transgressions of his heritage's remnant?
He retaineth not his anger forever,
Because he delighteth in mercy.
19. Yea, he will turn again;
He will compassionate thee;
He will subdue our iniquities
And cast our sins into the sea's depth.
20. Thou wilt perform that truth to Jacob;
Thou wilt prove that mercy to Abraham
Which unto them thou hast sworn,
Unto our father from days of old.

THE WELCOME STAG.

A KING had a large flock of sheep and goats, which went out to pasture every morning and returned in the evening. It occurred that a stray stag joined the goats, and continually followed them. When the king heard of this, he especially recommended the stag to the care of the shepherds, not to ill-use him, but to treat him with particular tenderness. The shepherds were surprised, and said to the king, "Lord, thou hast many sheep, many goats, and many lambs, and thou dost not speak of them; whilst in reference to this stag you daily caution us not to ill-use him." The king replied, "The sheep are used to pasture in the field all day, and in the evening they return and sleep in the fold; but the stags sleep in the wilderness; they are not used to dwell among men; ought we not, therefore, to compassionate this stag, who left the wilderness, the habitation of wild beasts, and comes to join the peaceful herd?" In the same manner, should we not show kindness to the proselyte, who left his family, his father's house, his nation, and all other nations, and from religious conviction joins us? Surely he deserves particular care and solicitude. Ye shall not only beware of vexing and oppressing the stranger, but ye shall love him as one of yourselves.—*Talmud*.

THE VALE OF CEDARS; OR, THE MARTYR.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

CHAPTER XVI.

List ! hear ye, through the still and lonely night,
The distant hymn of mournful voices roll
Solemn and low ? It is the burial rite ;
How deep its sadness sinks into the soul,
As slow the passing bell wakes its far ling'ring knoll.

CHARLES SWAIN.

SPAIN has often been regarded as an absolute monarchy ; an opinion, no doubt, founded on the absolute measures of her later sovereigns. Ferdinand and Isabella certainly laid the foundation of the royal prerogative by the firmness and ability with which they decreased the power of the nobles, who, until their reign, had been like so many petty sovereigns, each with his independent state, and preserving his authority by the sword alone. When Ferdinand and Isabella, however, united their separate kingdoms under one denomination, neither Castile nor Arragon could be considered as an absolute monarchy. In Castile, the people, as representatives of the cities, had, from early ages, obtained seats in the Cortes, and so in some measure balanced the power of the aristocracy. The Cortes, similar to our houses of parliament, could enact laws, impose taxes, and redress grievances, often making the condition of granting pecuniary aid to the sovereign, his consent to the regulations they had laid down, and refusing the grant if he demurred. In addition to these privileges of the Cortes of Castile, the Junta of Arragon could coin money, declare war, and conclude peace ; and what was still more remarkable, they could be neither prorogued nor dissolved by their sovereign without their own consent. Alluding to the Castilians, a few years after the period of our tale, Robertson says—

“ The principles of liberty seem to have been better understood by the Castilians than by any other people in Europe. They had acquired more liberal notions with respect to their own rights and privileges. They had formed more bold and generous sentiments concerning government, and discovered an extent of political knowledge to which the English themselves did not attain till nearly a century afterward.”

When we compare this state of things with the misery and anarchy pervading Castile before the accession of Isabella, we may have some idea of the influence of her vigorous measures, and personal character, on the happiness and freedom of her subjects. The laws indeed existed

before, but they wanted the wisdom and moderation of an enlightened sovereign, to give them force and power to act.

In the kingdom of Arragon, besides the Junta, or National Assemblage, there was always a Justizia, or supreme judge, whose power, in some respects, was even greater than the king's; his person was sacred; he could remove any of the royal ministers whom he deemed unworthy of the trust, and was himself responsible to none but the Cortes or Junta by whom he had been elected. The personal as well as the national rights of the Arragonese were also more accurately defined than was usual in that age: no native of Arragon could be convicted, imprisoned, or tortured, without fair and legal evidence.*

Such being the customs of the kingdom of Arragon, the power of the crown was more limited than Ferdinand's capacious mind and desire of dominion chose to endure: the Cortes, or nobles, there were pre-eminent; the people, as the sovereign, ciphers. save that the rights of the former were more cared for than the authority of the latter. But Ferdinand was not merely ambitious; he had ability and energy, and so gradually were his plans achieved that he encountered neither rebellion nor dislike. The Cortes found that he frequently and boldly transacted business of importance without their interference; intrusted offices of state to men of inferior rank, but whose abilities were the proof of his discernment; took upon himself the office of Justizia, and, in conjunction with Isabella, re-established an institution which had fallen into disuse through the civil wars, but which was admirably suited for the internal security of their kingdom by the protection of the peasantry and lower classes: it was an association of all the cities of Castile and Arragon, known as the Santa Hermandad, or Holy Brotherhood, to maintain a strong body of troops for the protection of travelers, and the seizure of criminals, who were brought before judges nominated by the confederated cities, and condemned according to their crime, without any regard to feudal laws. Against this institution the nobles of both kingdoms were most violently opposed, regarding it as the complete destroyer, which in reality it was, of all their feudal privileges, and taking from them the long-possessed right of trying their own fiefs, and the mischievous facility of concealing their own criminals.

Thus much of history—a digression absolutely necessary for the clear elucidation of Ferdinand and Isabella's conduct with regard to the events just narrated. The trial of Arthur Stanley they had resolved

* See History of Spain, by John Bigland.

should be conducted with all the formula of justice, the more especially that the fact of his being a foreigner had prejudiced many minds against him. Ferdinand himself intended to preside at the trial, with a select number of peers, to assist in the examination, and pronounce sentence, or confirm the royal mandate, as he should think fit. Nor was this an extraordinary resolution. Neither the victim nor the supposed criminal was of a rank which allowed a jury of an inferior grade. Morales had been fief to Isabella alone, and on Ferdinand, as Isabella's representative, fell the duty of his avenger. Arthur Stanley owned no feudal lord in Spain, save, as a matter of courtesy, the king, whose arms he bore. He was accountable, then, according to the feudal system, which was not yet entirely extinct, to Ferdinand alone for his actions, and before him must plead his innocence, or receive sentence for his crime. As his feudal lord, or suzerain, Ferdinand might at once have condemned him to death ; but this summary proceeding was effectually prevented by the laws of Arragon and the office of the Holy Brotherhood ; and therefore, in compliance with their mandates, royal orders were issued that every evidence for or against the prisoner should be carefully collected preparatory to the trial. More effectually to do this, the trial was postponed from seven to fourteen days after the discovery of the murder.

The excitement which this foul assassination excited in Segovia was so extreme, that the nobles were compelled to solicit Isabella's personal interference, in quieting the populace, and permitting the even course of justice : they had thronged in tumultuary masses round the prison where Stanley was confined, with wild shouts and imprecations, demanding his instant surrender to their rage, mingling groans and lamentations with yells and curses, in the most fearful medley. Old Pedro, who had been Arthur's host, unwittingly added fuel to the flame, by exulting in his prophecy that evil would come of Ferdinand's partiality for the white-faced foreigner ; that he had seen it long, but guessed not how terribly his mutterings would end. By the queen's permission, the chamber of state in which the body lay was thrown open to the eager citizens, who thronged in such crowds to behold the sole remains of one they had well-nigh idolized, that the guards were compelled to permit the entrance of only a certain number every day. Here was neither state nor pomp to arrest the attention of the sight-loving populace : nought of royalty or gorgeous symbols. No ; men came to pay the last tribute of admiring love and sorrow to one who had ever, noble as he was by birth, made himself one with them,

cheering their sorrows, sharing their joys; treating age, however poor or lowly, with the reverence springing from the heart; inspiring youth to deeds of worth and honor, and by his own example, far more eloquently than by his words, teaching all and every age the duties demanded by their country and their homes, to their families and themselves. And this man was snatched from them, not alone by the ruthless hand of death, but by midnight murder. Was it marvel, the very grief his loss occasioned should rouse to wildest fury men's passions against his murderer?

It was the evening of the fifth day after the murder, that with a degree of splendor and of universal mourning, unrivaled before in the interment of any subject, the body of Ferdinand Morales was committed to the tomb. The king himself, divested of all insignia of royalty, bareheaded, and in a long mourning cloak, headed the train of chief mourners, which, though they counted no immediate kindred, numbered twenty or thirty of the highest nobles, both of Arragon and Castile. The gentlemen, squires, and pages of Morales' own household followed: and then came on horse and on foot, with arms reversed, and lowered heads, the gallant troops who had so often followed Morales to victory, and under him had so ably aided in placing Isabella on her throne; an immense body of citizens, all in mourning, closed the procession. Every shop had been closed, every flag half-masted, and every balcony, by which the body passed, hung with black. The cathedral church was thronged, and holy and thrilling the service which consigned dust to dust, and hid forever from the eyes of his fellow-men, the last decaying remains of one so universally beloved. The coffin of ebony and silver, partly open, so as to disclose the face of the corpse, as was customary with Catholic burials of those of high or priestly rank, and the lower part covered with a superb velvet pall, rested before the high altar during the chanted service; at the conclusion of which the coffin was closed, the lid screwed down, and lowered with slow solemnity into the vault beneath. A requiem, chanted by above a hundred of the sweetest and richest voices, sounding in thrilling unison with the deep bass and swelling notes of the organ, had concluded the solemn rites, and the procession departed as it came; but for some days the gloom in the city continued; the realization of the public loss seemed only beginning to be fully felt as excitement subsided.

Masses for the soul of the Catholic warrior were of course sung for many succeeding days. It was at midnight, a very short time

after this public interment, that a strange group were assembled within the cathedral vaults, at the very hour that mass for the departed was being chanted in the church above their heads; it consisted of monks and traveling friars, accompanied by five or six of the highest nobility; their persons concealed in coarse mantles and shrouding hoods; they had borne with them, through the subterranean passages of the crypt leading to the vaults, a coffin so exactly similar in workmanship and inscription to that which contained the remains of their late companion, that to distinguish the one from the other was impossible. The real one, moved with awe and solemnity, was conveyed to a secret recess close to the entrance of the crypt, and replaced in the vault by the one they had brought with them. As silently, as voicelessly as they had entered and done their work, so they departed. The following night, at the same hour, the coffin of Morales, over which had been nailed a thick black pall, so that neither name, inscription, nor ornament could be perceived, was conveyed from Segovia in a covered cart, belonging, it appeared, to the monastery of St. Francis, situated some leagues southward, and attended by one or two monks and friars of the same order. The party proceeded leisurely, traveling more by night than by day, diminishing gradually in number till, at the entrance of a broad and desolate plain, only four remained with the cart. Over this plain they hastened, then wound through a circuitous path concealed in the prickly brushwood, and paused before a huge, misshapen crag, seemingly half buried in the earth: in this a door, formed of one solid stone, flew back at their touch; the coffin, taken with reverence from the cart, was borne on their shoulders through the dark and narrow passage, and down the winding stair, till they stood in safety in the vale; in the secret entrance by which they entered, the lock closed as they passed, and was apparently lost in the solid wall. Three or four awaited them—nobles, who had craved leave of absence for a brief interval from the court, and who had come by different paths to the secret retreat (no doubt already recognized by our readers as the Vale of Cedars), to lay Morales with his fathers, with the simple form, yet solemn service peculiar to the burials of their darkly hidden race. The grave was already dug beside that of Manuel Henriquez; the coffin, resting during the continuance of a brief prayer and psalm in the little temple, was then borne to the ground marked out, which, concealed by a thick hedge of cypress and cedar, lay some little distance from the temple; for, in their secret race, it was not permitted for

the house destined to the worship of the Most High, to be surrounded by the homes of the dead. A slow and solemn hymn accompanied the lowering of the coffin; a prayer in the same unknown language; a brief address, and the grave was filled up; the noble dead left with his kindred, kindred alike in blood as faith; and ere the morning rose, the living had all departed, save the few retainers of the house of Henriquez and Morales, to whose faithful charge the retreat had been intrusted. No proud effigy marked those simple graves; the monuments of the dead were in the hearts of the living. But in the cathedral of Segovia a lordly monument arose to the memory of Ferdinand Morales, erected, not indeed for idle pomp, but as a tribute from the gratitude of a sovereign—and a nation's love.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANGELO. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey;
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

ESCALUS. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall and bruise to death.

SHAKESPEARE.

ON the evening preceding the day appointed for the trial, Isabella, unattended and unannounced, sought her husband's private closet; she found him poring so intently over maps and plans, which strewed the tables before him, that she spoke before he perceived her.

"Just come when most wished for, dear wife, and royal liege," was his courteous address, as he rose and gracefully led her to a seat beside his own. "See how my plans for the reduction of these heathen Moors are quietly working; they are divided within themselves, quarreling more and more fiercely. Pedro Pas brings me information that the road to Alhama is well-nigh defenseless, and therefore the war should commence in that quarter. But how is this, love?" he added, after speaking of his intended measures at some length, and perceiving that they failed to elicit Isabella's interest as usual. "Thy thoughts are not with me this evening."

"With thee, my husband, but not with the Moors," replied the queen, faintly smiling. "I confess to a pre-occupied mind; but just now my heart is so filled with sorrowing sympathy, that I can think

but of individuals, not of nations. In the last council, in which the question of this Moorish war was agitated, our faithful Morales was the most eloquent. His impassioned oratory so haunted me, as your Grace spoke, that I can scarcely now believe it hushed forever, save for the too painful witness of its truth."

"His lovely wife thou meanest, Isabel? Poor girl! How fares she?"

"As she has been since that long faint, which even I believed was death; pale, tearless, silent. Even the seeing of her husband's body, which I permitted, hoping the sight would break that marble calm, has had no effect, save to increase, if possible, the rigidity of suffering. It is for her my present errand."

"For her?" replied the king, surprised. "What can I do for her, apart from thee?"

"I will answer the question by another, Ferdinand. Is it true that she must appear as evidence against the murderer in to-morrow's trial?"

"Isabella, this must be," answered the king, earnestly. "There seems to me no alternative; and yet surely this cannot be so repugnant to her feelings. Would it not be more injustice, both to her and to the dead, to withhold any evidence likely to assist in the discovery of the murderer?"

"But why lay so much stress on her appearance? Is there not sufficient evidence without her?"

"Not to satisfy me as to Stanley's guilt," replied the king. "I have heard indeed from Don Luis Garcia quite enough, *if it be true evidence*, to condemn him. But I like not this Garcia; it is useless now to examine wherefore. I doubt him so much, that I would not, if possible, lay any stress upon his words. He has declared on oath that he saw Stanley draw his sword upon Morales, proclaim aloud his undying hatred, and swear that he would take his life or lose his own; but that, if I were not satisfied with this assurance, Donna Marie herself had been present, had seen and heard all, and could no doubt give a very efficient reason, in her own beautiful person, for Stanley's hatred to her husband, as such matters were but too common in Spain. I checked him with a stern rebuke; for if ever there were a double-meaning hypocrite, this Don Luis is one. Besides, I cannot penetrate how he came to be present at this stormy interview. He has evaded, he thinks successfully, my questions on this head; but if, as I believe, it was dishonorably obtained, I am the less inclined to trust either him or his intelligence. If Marie were indeed present, which he insists

she was, her testimony is the most important of any. If she confirm Don Luis's statement, give the same account of the interview between her husband and Stanley, and a reason for this suddenly proclaimed enmity; if she swear that he did utter such threatening words, I will neither hope nor try to save him; he is guilty, and must die. But if she deny that he thus spoke; if she declares on oath that she knew of no cause for, nor of the existence of any enmity, I care not for other proofs, glaring though they be. Accident or some atrocious design against him, as an envied foreigner, may have thrown them together. Let Marie swear that this Garcia has spoken falsely, and Stanley shall live, were my whole kingdom to implore his death. In Donna Marie's evidence there can be no deceit; she can have no wish that Stanley should be saved; as her husband's supposed murderer, he must be an object of horror and loathing. Still silent Isabel? Is not her evidence required?"

"It is indeed. And yet I feel that, to demand it, will but increase the trial already hers."

"As how?" inquired the king, somewhat astonished. "Surely thou canst not mean——"

"I mean nothing; I know nothing," interrupted Isabella hastily. "I can give your Grace no reason, save my own feelings. Is there no way to prevent this public exposure, and yet serve the purpose equally?"

Ferdinand mused. "I can think of none," he said. "Does Marie know of this summons? and has her anguish sent thee hither? Or is it merely the pleadings of thine own heart, my Isabel?"

"She does not know it. The summons appeared to me so strange and needless, I would not let her be informed till I had sought thee."

"But thou seest it is not needless!" answered the king anxiously, for in the most trifling matter he ever sought her acquiescence.

"Needless it is not, my liege. The life of the young foreigner, who has thrown himself so confidently on our protection and friendship, must not be sacrificed without most convincing proofs of his guilt. Marie's evidence is indeed important; but would not your Grace's purpose be equally attained, if that evidence be given to me, her native sovereign, in private, without the dread formula which, if summoned before a court of justice, may have fatal effects on a mind and frame already so severely tried? In my presence alone the necessary evidence may be given with equal solemnity, and with less pain to the poor sufferer herself."

King Ferdinand again paused in thought. "But her words must be on oath, Isabel. Who will administer that oath?"

"Father Francis, if required. But it will surely be enough if she swear the truth to me. She cannot deceive me, even if she were so inclined. I can mark a quivering lip or changing color, which others might pass unnoticed."

"But how will this secret examination satisfy the friends of the murdered?" again urged the cautious king. "How will they be satisfied, if I acquit Stanley from Donna Marie's evidence, and that evidence be kept from them?"

"Is not the word of their sovereign enough? If Isabella say so it is, what noble of Castile would disgrace himself or her by a doubt as to its truth?" replied the queen proudly. "Let me clearly understand all your Grace requires, and leave the rest to me. If Marie corroborates Garcia's words, why, on his evidence sentence may be pronounced without her appearance in it at all; but if she deny in the smallest tittle his report, in my presence they shall confront each other, and fear not the truth shall be elicited and, if possible, Stanley saved. I may be deceived, and Marie not refuse to appear as witness against him; if so, there needs not my interference. I would but spare her increase of pain, and bid her desolate heart cling to me as her mother and her friend. When my subjects look upon me thus, my husband, then, and then only is Isabella what she would be."

"And do they not already thus regard thee, my own Isabel?" replied the king, gazing with actual reverence upon her; "and as such, will future ages reverence thy name. Be it as thou wilt. Let Marie's own feelings decide the question. She *must* take part in this trial, either in public or private; she *must* speak on oath, for life and death hang on her words, and her decision must be speedy. It is sunset now, and ere to-morrow's noon she must have spoken, or be prepared to appear."

Ere Queen Isabella reached her own apartments her plan was formed. Don Luis's tale had confirmed her suspicions as to the double cause of Marie's wretchedness; she had herself administered to her while in that dead faint—herself bent over her, lest the first words of returning consciousness should betray aught which the sufferer might wish concealed; but her care had been needless: no word passed those parched and ashy lips. The frame, indeed, for some days was powerless, and she acceded eagerly to Isabella's earnest proffer (for it was not command) to send for her attendants, and

occupy a suite of rooms in the castle, close to her royal mistress, in preference to returning to her own home; from which, in its desolate grandeur, she shrunk almost in loathing.

For seven days after her loss she had not quitted her apartment, seen only by the queen and her own women; but after that interval, at Isabella's gently expressed wish, she joined her, in her private hours, amongst her most favored attendants; called upon indeed for nothing save her presence! And little did her preoccupied mind imagine how tenderly she was watched, and with what kindly sympathy her unexpressed thoughts were read.

On the evening in question, Isabella was seated, as was her frequent custom, in a spacious chamber, surrounded by her female attendants, with whom she was familiarly conversing, making them friends as well as subjects, yet so uniting dignity with kindness, that her favor was far more valued and eagerly sought than had there been no superiority; yet, still it was more for her perfect womanhood than her rank that she was so revered, so loved. At the farther end of the spacious chamber were several young girls, daughters of the nobles of Castile and Arragon, whom Isabella's maternal care for her subjects had collected around her, that their education might be carried on under her own eye, and so create for the future nobles of her country, wives and mothers after her own exalted stamp. They were always encouraged to converse freely and gayly amongst each other; for thus she learned their several characters, and guided them accordingly. There was neither restraint nor heaviness in her presence; for by a word, a smile, she could prove her interest in their simple pleasures, her sympathy in their eager youth.

Apart from all, but nearest Isabella, silent and pale, shrouded in the sable robes of widowhood—that painful garb which, in its voiceless eloquence of desolation, ever calls for tears, more especially when it shrouds the young; her beautiful hair, save two thick braids, concealed under the linen coif—sat Marie, lovely indeed still, but looking like one

“Whose heart was born to break—
A face on which to gaze, made every feeling ache.”

An embroidery frame was before her, but the flowers grew but slowly beneath her hand. About an hour after Isabella had joined her attendants, a light signal was heard at the tapestried door of the apartment. The queen was then sitting in a posture of deep medi-

tation; but she looked up, as a young girl answered the summons, and then turned toward her sovereign.

"Well, Catherine?"

"Royal madam, a page from his grace the king craves speech of Donna Marie."

"Admit him then."

The boy entered, and with a low reverence advanced toward Marie. She looked up in his face bewildered—a bewilderment which Isabella perceived changed to a strong expression of mental torture, ere he ceased to speak.

"Ferdinand, King of Arragon and Castile," he said, "sends, with all courtesy, his royal greeting to Donna Marie Henriquez Morales, and forthwith commands her attendance at the solemn trial which is held to-morrow's noon; by her evidence to confirm or refute the charge brought against the person of Arthur Stanley, as being and having been the acknowledged enemy of the deceased Don Ferdinand Morales (God assoilize his soul!) and as having uttered words of murderous import in her hearing. Resolved, to the utmost of his power, to do justice to the living as to avenge the dead, his royal highness is compelled thus to demand the testimony of Donna Marie, as she alone can confirm or refute this heavy and most solemn charge."

There was no answer; but it seemed as if the messenger required none—imagining the royal command all sufficient for obedience—for he bowed respectfully as he concluded, and withdrew. Marie gazed after him, and her lip quivered as if she would have spoken—would have recalled him; but no word came, and she drooped her head on her hands, pressing her slender fingers strongly on her brow, as thus to bring back connected thought once more. What had he said? She must appear against Stanley—she must speak his doom? Why did those fatal words which must condemn him, ring in her ears, as only that moment spoken? Her embroidery fell from her lap, and there was no movement to replace it. How long she thus sat she knew not; but, roused by the queen's voice uttering her name, she started, and looked round her. She was alone with Isabella; who was gazing on her with such unfeigned commiseration, that, unable to resist the impulse, she darted forward, and sinking at her feet, implored—

"O madam—gracious madam! in mercy spare me this!"

The queen drew her tenderly to her, and said, with evident emotion—

“What am I to spare thee, my poor child? Surely thou wouldst not withhold aught that can convict thy husband’s murderer? Thou wouldst not in mistaken mercy elude for him the justice of the law?”

“No—no,” murmured Marie; “let the murderer die; but not Stanley! Oh, no—no; he would not lift his hand against my husband. Who says he slew him? Why do they attach so foul a crime to his unshadowed name? Let the murderer die; but it is not Arthur: I know it is not. Oh, do not slay him too!”

Marie knew not the wild entreaty breathing in her words: but the almost severely penetrating gaze which Isabella had fixed upon her, recalled her to herself; a crimson flush mounted to cheek and brow, and, burying her face in the queen’s robe, she continued less wildly—

“O madam, bear with me; I know not what I say. Think I am mad; but oh, in mercy, ask me no question. Am I not mad, to ask thee to spare—spare—him they call my husband’s murderer? Let him die,” and the wild tone returned, “if he indeed could strike the blow; but oh, let not my lips pronounce his death doom! Gracious Sovereign, do not look upon me thus—I cannot bear that gaze.”

“Fear me not, poor sufferer,” replied Isabella, mildly; “I will ask no question—demand nought that will give thee pain to answer—save that which justice compels me to require. That there is a double cause for all this wretchedness, I cannot but perceive, and that I suspect its cause I may not deny; but guilty I will not believe thee, till thine own words or deeds proclaim it. Look up then, my poor child, unshrinkingly; I am no dread sovereign to thee, painful as is the trial to which I fear I must subject thee. There are charges brought against young Stanley so startling in their nature, that much as we distrust his accuser, justice forbids our passing them unnoticed. On thy true testimony his grace the king relies to confirm or refute them. Thy evidence must convict or save him.”

“My evidence!” repeated Marie. “What can they ask of me of such weight? Save him?” she added, a sudden gleam of hope irradiating her pallid face, like a sunbeam upon snow. “Did your Grace say I could save him? Oh, speak, in mercy!”

“Calm this emotion then, Marie, and thou shalt know all. It was for this I called thee hither. Sit thee on the settle at my feet, and listen to me patiently, if thou canst. ’Tis a harsh word to use to grief such as thine, my child,” she added, caressingly, as she laid her hand on Marie’s drooping head; “and I fear will only nerve thee

for a still harsher trial. Believe me, I would have spared thee if I could ; but all I can do is to bid thee choose the lesser of the two evils. Mark me well : for the sovereign of the murdered, the judge of the murderer, alike speak through me." And clearly and forcibly she narrated all, with which our readers are already acquainted, through her interview with the king. She spoke very slowly, as if to give Marie time to weigh well each sentence. She could not see her countenance ; nay, she purposely refrained from looking at her, lest she should increase the suffering she was so unwillingly inflicting. For some minutes she paused as she concluded ; then, as neither word nor sound escaped from Marie, she said with emphatic earnestness—" If it will be a lesser trial to give thine evidence on oath to thy queen alone, we are here to receive it. Our royal husband—our loyal subjects—will be satisfied with Isabella's report. Thy words will be as sacred—thy oath as valid—as if thy testimony were received in public, thy oath administered by one of the holy fathers, with all the dread formula of the church. We have repeated all to which thy answers will be demanded ; it remains for thee to decide whether thou wilt speak before his grace the king and his assembled junta, or here and now before thy native sovereign. Pause ere thou dost answer—there is time enough."

For a brief interval there was silence. The kind heart of the queen throbbed painfully, so completely had her sympathy identified her with the beautiful being, who had so irresistibly claimed her cherishing love. But ere she had had time to satisfy herself as to the issue of the struggle so silently, yet so fearfully at work in her companion, Marie had arisen, and with dignity and fearlessness, strangely at variance with the wild agony of her words and manner before, stood erect before her sovereign ; and when she spoke, her voice was calm and firm.

" Queen of Spain !" she said. " My kind, gracious Sovereign ! Would that words could speak one-half the love, the devotion, all thy goodness has inspired ; but they seem frozen, all frozen now, and it may be that I may never even prove them—that it will be my desolate fate, to seem less and less worthy of an affection I value more than life. Royal madam ! I will appear at to-morrow's trial ! Your Grace is startled ; deeming it a resolve as strange as contradictory. Ask not the wherefore, gracious Sovereign : it is fixed unalterably. I will obey his grace's summons. Its unexpected suddenness startled me at first ; but it is over. O madam," she continued

—tone, look, and manner becoming again those of the agitated suppliant, and she sunk once more at Isabella's feet: "In my wild agony I have forgotten the respect and deference due from a subject to her sovereign; I have poured forth my misery, seemingly as regardless of kindness, as insensible to the wide distance between us. Oh, forgive me, my gracious Sovereign; and in token of thy pardon, grant me but one boon!"

"Nought have I to forgive, my suffering child," replied the queen, powerfully affected, and passing her arm caressingly round her kneeling favorite; "what is rank—sovereignty itself—in hours of sorrow? If I were so tenacious of dignity as thou fearest, I should have shrunk from that awful presence—affliction from a Father's hand—in which his children are all equals, Marie. And as for thy boon: be it what it may, I grant it."

"Thou sayest so now, my liege; but when the hour to grant it comes, every feeling will revolt against it; even thine, my Sovereign, kind, generous, as thou art. O madam, thou wilt hear a strange tale to-morrow—one so fraught with mystery and marvel, thou wilt refuse to believe; but when the trial of to-morrow is past, then think on what I say now: what thou hearest will be TRUE—true as there is a heaven above us; I swear it! Do not look upon me thus, my Sovereign; I am not mad—oh, would that I were! Dark, meaningless as my words seem now, to-morrow they will be distinct and clear enough. And then—then, if thou hast ever loved me, oh, grant the boon I implore thee now: whatever thou mayest hear, do not condemn me—do not cast me wholly from thee. More than ever shall I need thy protecting care. O my Sovereign—thou hast taught me so to love thee, in pity love me still!"

"Strange wayward being," said Isabella, gazing doubtingly on the imploring face upturned to hers; "toward other than thyself such mystery would banish love forever; but I will not doubt thee. Darkly as thou speakest, still I grant the boon. What can I hear of thee, to cast thee from me?"

"Thou wilt hear of deceit, my liege," replied Marie, very slowly, and her eyes fell beneath the queen's gaze; "thou wilt hear of long years of deceit and fraud, and many—many tongues will speak their scorn and condemnation. Then wilt thou grant it—then?"

"Even then," replied Isabella fearlessly; "an thou speakest truth at last, deceit itself I will forgive. But thou art overwrought and anxious, and so layest more stress on some trivial fault than even I

would demand. Go to thy own chamber now, and in prayer and meditation gain strength for to-morrow's trial. Whatever I may hear, so it be not meditated and unrepented guilt (which I know it cannot be), I will forgive, and love thee still. The holy saints bless and keep thee, my fair child!"

And as Marie bent to salute the kind hand extended to her, Isabella drew her toward her, and fondly kissed her cheek. The unexpected caress, or some other secret feeling, subdued the overwrought energy at once; and for the first time since her husband's death, Marie burst into natural tears. But her purpose changed not; though Isabella's gentle and affectionate soothing rendered it tenfold more painful to accomplish.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE INTENTION OF THE MOSAIC LAW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "MORE NEVOCHIM" OF MAIMONIDES,

BY JAMES TOWNLEY, D.D.

THE general intention of the law is twofold, viz.—the soundness of the body, and of the mind. *Soundness of mind*,—that the people, according to capacities, may obtain just sentiments of religious matters. On this account some things are declared clearly and openly, but others in parables, because of the incorrect apprehension of the unskillful multitude. *Soundness of body*,—produced by the disposition and ordering of the food which ministers to its support; and perfected, first, by the prevention of violence, so that no one may do just what he pleases, or desires, or it is possible for him to do, but that every one may regard the public good;—and, secondly, by teaching men the virtues necessary and useful for the government of the commonwealth.

It must be acknowledged, however, that one intention of the law excels the other, for *soundness of mind*, which embraces matters of belief, is certainly first in dignity, though *soundness in body*, as referring to the government of the commonwealth and the administration of its affairs, is first in nature and time;—and being necessary first, is therefore, with all its parts, treated the most exactly and minutely in the law; for it is impossible to arrive at the first intention

without having previously secured the second. This is demonstrable, for man is capable of a *twofold perfection*. The first perfection is of the body;—the second perfection is of the mind.

The *first perfection* consists in health, and the best bodily dispositions. But this cannot take place unless there be at all times a supply of necessities, as food, and other things relating to the regimen of the body, as habitations, baths, and similar conveniences. Nor can this be effected by one man alone (for no man's capacity is sufficient for them all); but by the political association of a whole region or city, as it has been said—"Man is, by nature, a political animal."

The *second perfection* is mental, and comprehends the vigorous exercise of the intellectual powers, and the knowledge of everything possible to be known by man in his most perfect state. This perfection, therefore, includes neither works, nor qualities, nor virtues, but those of science, the result of observation and diligent inquiry. To this last and noblest perfection, it is evident, none can arrive, but through the medium of the first; for no man can attain the knowledge of all that is possible to be known, even when assisted by the instructions of others, and much less by himself, whilst he is daily affected and depressed by grief, and hunger, and thirst, and heat and cold: but when he has gained the former perfection, he may pursue and obtain the latter—a perfection in every way the most excellent, and especially so, because it leads to life eternal. The *true law*, I mean the law of Moses, inculcates this twofold perfection, and even indicates that it is the design of the law to lead men to the attainment of them. Thus it is said, "And the Lord commanded us to do all these statutes, to fear the Lord our God for our good always, that he might preserve us alive, as it is this day;" where the latter perfection is placed first because of its dignity and excellence, which is what is intimated by the words, "for our good always," agreeably to the expressions of our wise men, who say, "That it may be well with thee in that world which is *altogether* good, and *always* lasting." So, of what is here said, "That it may be for our good always," the sense is, "That thou mayest arrive at that world which is all goodness and all duration," subsisting forever. But when it is said, "That he might preserve us alive, as it is this day," it is to be understood of the first and corporeal subsistence, which is only of temporary duration, and can only be perfected by the association of a whole province or city, as we have already shown.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF RABBI JOSEPH ALBO, AUTHOR OF THE "SEFER IKARIM."

RABBI JOSEPH ALBO lived from about the year 1360 till, at least, 1444. We have no historical records to inform us which was his birth-place, or where his ashes rest. Not even his father's name is preserved to us, while generally the names of the parents of celebrated men among the Jews are carefully recorded; yet with the name of "Albo" we only meet once besides in the annals of Jewish history. Nor is there any explicit account of the occupations which he followed through life, though it seems highly probable that he dedicated all his time to theological studies. His teacher was Rabbi Chisdai Kreskas ben Abraham, belonging to the numerous and renowned family of the Kreskas, so well known in Spanish-Jewish literature.

The first instance where the name of our author became of historical moment, was in the celebrated meeting at Tortosa, whither he was deputed by the Jewish community of Monreal, in Arragon, to take part, with many other learned Rabbis, in the protracted and obstinate controversy with Geronymo à Santa Fé. This meeting was called by the pope, Peter de Luna, known by the name of Benedict XIII., upon the instigation of his physician, Josua de Lorca, a converted Jew, who pretended that he would prove to the Jews, from their own Talmudical writings, that Messiah had already arrived, and that Christ was that Messiah. At that time the converted Jews were the most dangerous instruments in the hands of the enemies of their former co-religionists; and they manifested the greatest ardor, both as a justification of their conversion, and a proof of their attachment to the faith they had adopted. Upon the persuasion of this Josua, or as he is commonly called, Hieronymus à Santa Fide, Peter de Luna called an assembly of the most renowned Rabbis of Catalonia, Arragon, Valencia, and other states, to Tortosa, in the year 1413, where those learned men were either to refute the arguments of his physician, or be converted to Christianity.

The Rabbis having been presented to the pope, on the 7th of February, 1413, the monster controversy began on the day following, and was carried on through sixty-eight sessions, in which sixteen themes were under discussion. We will not enter into the details of the discussions, but only notice those sessions which stand in immediate connection with our author.

In the sixty-fourth session, all the Rabbis, with the exception of Rabbi Ferrer and Rabbi Joseph Albo, presented a declaration, in which they confessed themselves unable to explain, or justify, all the discrepancies of the Talmud.

In the sixty-fifth session, Rabbi Joseph Albo and Rabbi Astruc presented a memorandum in favor of the Talmud.

In the sixty-eighth session, the pope's edict concerning the Jews was read. It is contained in a bull which was issued on May 11, 1415, and the laws which it prescribes bear the marks of the greatest intolerance and the most cruel persecution.*

*The following are the restrictions under which the Jews were put by this edict:—

1. The Jews are strictly prohibited to hear, read, or teach the Talmud, publicly or secretly; all the copies of the Talmud, besides other writings bearing on the Talmud, are to be delivered up within a month to the respective cathedrals; the Inquisitors have to search their districts at least once in two years, and wherever such a book is found, the possessor is to be punished.
2. The Jews are strictly prohibited to read, or to hear read, any book which contains anything against Christianity.
3. The Jews are not allowed to make crosses, holy vessels, &c., under any pretense whatever; not to bind any books in which the name of Christ, or that of the Holy Virgin, occurs; any Christian giving such into the hands of a Jew is excommunicated.
4. A Jew cannot fill the office of judge, not even in matters among themselves.
5. All the Synagogues recently built or repaired are to be closed immediately; henceforth only one Synagogue is to exist in a town, and this must not be a magnificent building; where there are two or more Synagogues, only one, and that the smallest one, is to be opened for use; if it should be found that a Synagogue occupies the site where formerly a church stood, that Synagogue is to be closed immediately.
6. No Jew is allowed to be a physician, surgeon, &c., or to hold any public office in Christian affairs. Jewesses are not allowed to be midwives. The Jews must not hold any communication with their Christian neighbors; they may neither sell them any provisions, nor buy any from them; they must not be together at any meal, or bath; and they are not allowed to learn any art, or science, or profession, in a Christian school.
7. In every town where there are Jews, they must be compelled to reside within a certain quarter.
8. All Jews and Jewesses are obliged to wear a yellow badge; men on the breast, women on the forehead.
9. A Jew cannot enter into any business, or conclude any contract, with a Christian.
10. All Jews and Jewesses who have been converted to Christianity, and all Christians having Jewish relations, are considered their lawful heirs; all wills and declarations which tend to avoid the property of a Jew coming into the hands of a Christian are void.
11. Where there are a sufficient number of Jews, according to the opinion of the bishop, three sermons shall be preached for them every year; and all Jews from the age of twelve years and upward are to assist at these sermons.

Rabbi Joseph Albo had, during the above controversy, shown a courage and firmness which was only equaled by Rabbi Ferrer, of Tortosa. These two were the only ones who came forward as defenders of the Talmud, with a nobility of mind and a depth of erudition which the rest did not possess. We can accord but little credence to the protocols of the above discussions, as they are most probably fashioned according to the partiality of the writer; but some fragmentary accounts are preserved to us by a Jewish writer in the book "Shebet Jehuda," and among them there are two answers given by Albo to the imputations of Hieronymo, in which our author showed great tact and calmness in his reasoning. Considering the age in which he lived, we cannot but admire the tranquillity, perspicuity, and resoluteness which appear in all his works. In the year 1425 he published his work, ספר עקרים, "The Book of Principles," at Soria, where he is supposed to have occupied the office of Chief Rabbi.

Having been a disciple of Rabbi Chisdai Kreskas, he pursued his studies, most probably at Saragossa, which we suppose likewise to have been his native city. In this work he evinces a thorough knowledge of all the rabbinical, cabalistical, philosophical, theological, and even medical works that were known at that time; and though he does not stand above his contemporaries with respect to philosophy in general, yet in the philosophy of religion, he surpasses them all by his clearness and ingenuity of reasoning. His talents as an orator become evident from almost every page of his work, and his excellence in that respect is proved by the circumstance of one of his discourses being verbally copied in the book Juchasin.

One would imagine that the firmness which Albo showed during the controversy at Tortosa in the defense of the Talmud, would have been fully sufficient to convince his contemporaries of his orthodoxy, nay, even to show him, in this regard, superior to his colleagues. Yet the ingenious manner with which he handled the subjects of the Messiah, the immutability of the law, &c., drew upon him violent attacks from the theologians of the succeeding generations. He is, however, mentioned the more honorably by Christian theologians of later periods, several of whom have begun, or even completed, a translation of his work, but as yet none has been published.

Besides the "Sefer Ikarim," by which work the celebrity of Rabbi Joseph Albo has been principally established, he is likewise said to be

the author of a "Controversy with a Bishop," written in the Spanish language.

Another work, entitled מאה דפיין, "A Hundred Pages," is likewise ascribed to Albo; but it seems probable that the book so denominated is identical with the "Sefer Ikarim."

THE CHERETHITES AND PELETHITES.

BY I. S. REGGIO.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE HEBREW.)

IN perusing the several passages in the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, in which the terms כרתי ופלתי occur, I was led to inquire what the ancient commentators have remarked on the subject; but I found a great difference of opinion. The celebrated commentators Rashi and R. D. Kimchi maintain, that by these terms the Urim and Thummim are designated; which opinion, as stated in Jalkut, is derived from the Talmud (Berachoth), while we find in another part of the Talmud (Sanhedrin, fol. 16 a) that these terms allude to Sanhedrin (an assembly of judges). To the inquiring mind it is, however, evident, that these statements have no correct foundation; for it is impossible that the terms can signify both; and if we must reject the one opinion, why not reject the other too, since neither seems to be in accordance with the meaning of the verses in which the words are used? It remains then yet to be ascertained who the Cherethites and Pelethites were, and why that peculiar name was given to them.

To the first inquiry, the writers of later periods give, in my opinion, a correct answer, by stating that they were chosen warriors, whose chief destination was to guard the person of the king, to be always about him, and to defend him against any danger. We find a similar institution to have existed among almost all nations of antiquity. There was a body of guards destined for the defense of the king's person, and that body was distinguished from all the rest of the army. Thus the Grecians had their σωματοφύλακες, the Romans their *prætoriani et celeres*, Alexander the Great his *cohors regia*, the

Thebans their *sacrum præsidium*, the Persians their *melophori*, etc. In a similar manner, the kings of Israel, in the times of Saul, David, and Solomon, kept a body of chosen warriors for their guard, and they were not enrolled with the regular army, but formed a separate body, having their own commander. Thus we find, that in the time of David, Joab was the commander-in-chief of the army, while the Cherethites and Pelethites were commanded by Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada (1 Sam. iii. 18). In relating the flight of David before Absalom, it is said, "And all his servants passed on beside him, and all the Cherethites and all the Pelethites" (2 Sam. xv. 18): a distinction is thus made, to show that there was on one hand the army to fight against the rebels, and on the other the Cherethites and the Pelethites to guard the king's person. When David sent Abishai, to pursue the rebel Sheba, the son of Bichri, it is said, "And there went out after him Joab's men [the army], and the Cherethites and the Pelethites;" which circumstance seems to be mentioned on account of its being unusual for that body to leave the king's person; and it was then done in a case of great emergency.

Further, we often find the Cherethites and Pelethites designated by the term, "the king's servants." Thus, when David wished to manifest to the people his will that Solomon should succeed him on the throne, he said to Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, "Take with you the servants of your lord" (1 Kings i. 33); and it is stated afterward (ibid. 38), "So Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, and the Cherethites and the Pelethites, went down. They are so called on account of their attending on the king's person, and their being continually in the palace to guard it, as may be inferred from the verse 2 Sam. xi. 9, "And Uriah slept at the door of the king's house with all the servants of his lord." And because they were ready to do the king's bidding (משמעת) they are also once called by this latter term (2 Sam. xxiii. 23) וְיִשְׁמְרוּ דֹר אֶל מִשְׁמַעַתוֹ, "And David set him over his guard."

Besides the guarding of the king's person, the Cherethites and Pelethites had likewise the function of executing those that were condemned to death by the king's order. Thus King Solomon gave to Benaiah, who was commander of that body, the order to put to death Adonijah (1 Kings ii. 25), and others.

I will now proceed to trace the etymology of the words, upon which the opinions of the commentators are as different as they are

erroneous. R. D. Kimchi and Abarbanel state that there were two families in Israel called the Cherethites and Pelethites, and that out of them the king always chose his life-guard. This opinion, however, is highly improbable; for besides the uncertainty of always finding in the same families men adapted for that peculiar service, it would have been very impolitic to confer such a distinction upon two families only, and to exclude all others from ever attaining to that honor. And then we do not meet anywhere with two families of that name. It is true that two individuals are mentioned of the name of פלת, one from the tribe Reuben (Num. xvi. 1), and one from that of Jehudah (1 Chron. ii. 33); but we do not meet at all with the name כרת.

Others again maintain that the Cherethites were taken from a part of the Philistines so called (Zeph. ii. 5). It cannot be denied that the land of the Philistines was, in ancient times, called Cherith; but I ask, is it likely that the kings of Israel would commit the charge of their life and person into the hands of a body of Philistines? And then, where is the province from which the name of פלתי is derived?

I, therefore, deem it best to inquire into the etymology of these words by the aid of other verses where analogous terms occur.

We find then that once, instead of כרתי, the term כרי is used, viz. 2 Sam. xx. 23. This same term is used in conjunction with רצים (runners), viz., in 2 Kings xi. 19. From this it may be inferred that the Cherethites and Pelethites were no other than those הכרי והרצים—the guards and the runners, and that in the course of time these latter names had been changed into כרתי ופלתי.

Taking then into consideration, as has been stated, that it was the function of the Cherethites and Pelethites to put to death the criminals condemned by the kings, and also that they were the couriers despatched to convey the king's orders whithersoever he directed them, the etymology of the words will be evident. For the word כרתי being derived from כרת (to cut, to sever), alludes to their function as executioners; and the word כרת bears allusion to their second office as couriers, conveying as it does the idea of celerity in running. For thus we find in Arabic the root פלט, meaning "to run," from which root is derived the term *Phalatanon*, signifying a horse, evidently because of the celerity of that animal. There is also a relation to the root פלט in the Hebrew verb פלט, which is often applied to persons escaping (running away) from trouble or danger.

For the change of the word כרי into כרתי I suggest the following

supposition. Perhaps, in the course of time, the office of executioners was taken from them, and they were only used for the purpose of serving as runners. For this reason their name was also changed, and the term, כרי, assimilated to the sound of פלתי by the interpolation of ת.

THE DEATH OF ADAM.

AN ALLEGORY.

NINE hundred and thirty years old was Adam, when he heard the voice of the Eternal calling unto him, "Thou shalt die." "Let all my sons appear before me," said he to Eve, "that I may see them and bless them." They then attended to the paternal summons and stood before him, who thus addressed them:—

"Who among you will ascend the holy mountain, and implore the Lord's mercy for me, that I may live? I have eaten from the tree of life, and, though its fruit is mixed with bitterness, yet would I like to eat more thereof, and have my days on earth prolonged."

Seth, the most pious of his sons, then replied, "Here am I; send me." Adam consented, and Seth covered his head with ashes, girded sack-cloth round his loins, and proceeded to the gate of Paradise, at the entrance of which he was accosted by a cherub, with a flaming sword, who exclaimed, "Whither art thou going?" "I come," replied Seth, "to implore thee for the life of my father. I beseech thee to allow my entering the garden, that I may gather some more fruit of the tree of life, so that he may eat thereof and live."

"I cannot permit thee to enter," said the cherub; "I am placed here to keep the way to the tree of life. Take, however, this branch, that he may strengthen himself in his last moments; for know thou, that everlasting life is not upon earth. But hasten, for his hour has come." Seth hastened away, and threw himself at the feet of his father, saying:

"I could not bring to thee any fruit of the tree of life, but here is a branch, which the angel hath given me for thy last invigoration."

The dying man took the branch; its fragrance reanimated him, he revived, and his soul was elevated. "Children," said he, "eternal

life is not here below. You will follow me. But from these leaves inhale the breath of another life, and a happier one than this." His eye closed, and his spirit departed.

Adam's children buried their father, and wept for him, but Seth wept not. He planted the branch on his father's tomb, and called it the branch of new life; "For," said he, "it will awake him from the slumber of death."

The little branch grew up to a lofty tree; and there were many of the descendants of Adam who nourished themselves from that tree, and to whom it afforded the consolation of another life. The tree grew old, but withstood the withering blast, the scorching sun, the blighting frost, and the sweeping deluge. It lasted for many generations, and flourished incessantly until the reign of David, when his wise son grew vain of his wisdom, and began to doubt his soul's immortality. The branches then began to wither and decay, but the stem remained. Many of the blossoms and flowers of the tree of immortality, however, had been distributed among several nations on earth, by the descendants of Seth, who thus promoted in the world the seed of immortality.

RABBINICAL APHORISMS.

A DUE estimation of the duties we owe to the world and of those which the world owes to us, lends a charm to life and banishes sadness.

Envy inflictst the greates misery on its votaries, their sadness is perpetual, their soul is grieved, their intellect is dimmed, and their heart disquieted.

Expose not the hidden faults of the fellow-men, lest the Creator bring to light thine; enlogize them when thou mayest, and load them not with the faults peculiar to thyself.

Poverty and hunger are more endurable than over-exertion caused by the cravings of an insatiable disposition; no wealth can surpass contentment, no intellect is equivalent to good demeanor, and no charms can be compared to an affable mind.

Man can be compared to one encompassed by ferocious animals and lurking enemies, and though he may elude some, he cannot escape all; he who views the world thus will not be elated at the happiness it confers, nor dejected by the mishaps it inflicts.

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1874.

No. 8.

DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY D. E. DE LARA.

(NINTH ARTICLE CONCLUDED.)

THE contrast is striking. On one side, universal education, thorough, judicious, national, and compulsory. On the other, "an education sufficient to make smart money-getting men and women of the world."

Baron Altenstein, Prussian minister of public instruction, the originator of the Prussian national system (in 1819), in his circular of 4th August, 1826, says: "As regards religious instruction, let teachers not forget that it is of the highest importance to the state, that in the public schools youth be so instructed *as to unite enlightened views with pure religion*.* This was most bitterly censured; and such was the case at an earlier period. So far back as 1798, Frederick William III., in his decree dated 12th January of that year, says: "Common sense, intelligence, and philosophy are to be absolutely inseparable companions of religious teaching. It will thus find entrance into the heart spontaneously, and will not need any force or coercion on the part of those who assume the right to impose their dogmas upon future centuries, and dictate the law according to which posterity shall think."†

Again: "Not only is our entire mental culture intimately allied

* „Die Religionslehrer sollen nicht vergessen, wieviel dem Staate daran liegt, daß die in den öffentlichen Schulen gebildete Jugend einen aufgeklärten Glauben besitzen und von religiösem Gefühle erfüllt sei.“ (Von Altenstein's Circular of 9th August, 1826.)

† „Vernunft und Philosophie müssen ihre unzertrennlichsten Gefährten sein; dann wird sie durch sich selbst bestehen, ohne die Auctorität derer zu bedürfen, die es sich anmaßen wollen, ihre Lehrlinge künftigen Jahrhunderten aufzubringen, und es Nachkommen vorschreiben wollen, wie sie zu jeder Zeit denken sollen.“

with that of classic antiquity, but the spirit of earnestness that permeated the classic writers of Rome and Greece; the surprising, the admirable naturalness and purity of style, coupled with the laudable objects of their writings; and even the great distance from which they speak to us, together with the labor required to transplant ourselves in that world so long since passed away—all this is especially calculated to shield youth against those wanderings of the mind into which a young man may be so easily led by the vividness of his fancy, the susceptibility of youth, or the tastes and habits of the times in which he lives.

"The classic studies contain the sacred traditions of the spiritual, the intellectual, the social, and moral life of men. To attack these studies, to banish them from our higher educational institutions, to limit, circumscribe, or mutilate them is an act of barbarism and of treason against humanity." Thus speak the German defenders of those noble monuments of the human intellect, those models of purity of style and taste, the classical writers of Greece and Rome.

"The study of the classics ought to be banished from the institutions of learning because they are heathenish; and—the *writings of the fathers* substituted."* So says the Pope.

Then as now the outcry was raised, "too much reading;" "too much intellectual pride;" "too much of new-fangled science;" "too much paganism and too little faith." In short, at all times and everywhere, a system of education, cherished in Germany by every parent, every patriot; admired and lauded by a Cousin in France, a Brougham in England; appreciated by every one friendly to the spread of knowledge and enlightenment, every lover of truth, is condemned—it must be admitted, consistently and from a sense of religious duty—by the Catholic Church.

The Catholic press affects to see in the national system of education a tendency toward the downfall of the Republic, which by the Catholic pulpit is threatened with "ruination" and "damnation." The non-Catholic press and pulpit hold out hopes of permanent greatness and happiness, and the preservation of political and religious liberty, under the present system. "I have an ardent faith," said the Rev. Dr. Bellows, "I am willing to rest my hopes on the education of the mass of American youth." He would never despair of the Republic so long as our two hundred and fifty colleges were educating

* So at least we are informed by the Catholic press which adopts this view.

American youth to a just appreciation of the great value of liberty—a sentiment which every intelligent mind, every patriot indorses.*

The necessity for universal and even compulsory education, so highly appreciated by the people as well as the government in Prussia, begins to be felt and acknowledged in this country.

"Whether the children to be educated are ours or our neighbors', they are destined to become citizens, and either to be a hindrance or help to the common welfare and good order of the state. . . . But if the schools are established, and provision is made for the education of all children of a suitable age, shall these children or their parents be left at liberty to neglect the object of these provisions, and is it a matter of indifference whether they avail themselves of the advantages offered them? Every one can see that in this way the aim of the State may be virtually defeated, and the expenditure for education may fail of its object. How shall that failure be prevented, and if it can be prevented only by making education *compulsory*, shall this be an objection valid against appeal to legal authority?

"It seems to us that when the case is fairly stated, public sentiment will be found to preponderate strongly in favor of compulsory education. Dr. Northrop, in his 'Education Abroad' frankly says: 'My former objections to compulsory education were fully removed by observations recently made in Europe. After the fullest inquiry in Prussia, especially among laborers of all sorts, I nowhere heard a lisp of objection to this law. The masses everywhere favor it. They say education is a necessity for all. They realize that the school is their privilege. They prize it and are proud of it. Attendance is

* From the 7th to the 11th century, books were so scarce, that often in a whole city not a single book could be found, and that the libraries, though not of all, but of many and even very wealthy convents consisted of a single missal. A countess of Anjou paid for a copy of Bishop Haimon's Homilies two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and equal quantities of oats and barley. And even so late as 1471, Louis XI., in order to obtain the loan of the medical works of Rasis, written in Arabia, had to deposit as security a large number of golden plates; and in addition to this, a nobleman had to remain security, and mortgage to the medical faculty of Paris the whole of his real and personal estate. It is true, before the invention of printing there could not be many books, but many of the MSS. of the ancient classic and Arabian writers that had survived the general destruction were effaced from the parchments to make room for monkish fables and absurdities, and even this rubbish did not circulate. Of all the blessings bestowed upon mankind by art, those derived from the invention of paper and printing are the most valuable.

The world was sunk in darkness—all was night.
God spoke, "Let printing be," and all was light.

voluntary in fact. The law . . . is only the legal expression of the public will.' . . .

"The State may rightfully insist, that the advantages, which all are taxed to secure, *shall not be offered in vain*, and if there are those, so indifferent to the welfare of their own state, or the intellectual development of their own children, as to deny the latter the means of education offered them, the law may step in and prevent their folly or correct their mistake, which is of the nature of a crime. . . ."

New Hampshire has passed a "compulsory education" law, which requires that every parent or guardian shall send his child or ward to school at least twelve weeks in the year; six of which must be continuous, under penalty of a fine of ten or twenty dollars. Michigan also has passed a somewhat similar law. The Republicans of California have made the following a plank in their platform: "The safety and perpetuity of Republican institutions depend mainly upon popular education and intelligence. We therefore approve and recommend a common-school system that shall not only extend its benefits to all, but which shall be compulsory upon all; and we are inflexibly opposed to any application of the public moneys with any reference to the distinctions in religious creeds." Probably a similar law has been enacted in other States or will be so ere long.

The want and value of universal and even compulsory education are felt and acknowledged everywhere. That want has already been acted upon in countries where it had to struggle hard, ever opposed and even oppressed. In Italy, a vigorous free-school system has been introduced in defiance of open opposition, intrigues, and anathemas. In Rome itself, beneath the shadow of the Vatican, education is open to all. Spain is slowly imitating Italy. It is scarcely three years since fifteen hundred school-masters, the most valuable and progressive portion of the Austrian population, met in an assembly at Vienna and demanded from the government the perfect freedom of the public schools; their request was granted, there too in spite of the most powerful opposition against the rising intelligence of the people.

The objection against compulsory education arises in a great measure from misconception on the one hand, from misrepresentation on the other. The term compulsion is not to be applied so much to the parent as to the child, and such for its own good. Compulsion

* "Evangelist" of March 12th, 1874, article headed "COMPULSORY EDUCATION."

is in reality protection; if it be compulsion of the parent, it is the compulsion to respect the *right* of the child to be educated, the right of society to protect itself against the evils arising from ignorance.

By way of compromise it has been suggested by even some of the advocates of compulsory education that *all* the children should not be obliged to attend the public schools; but that the public schools be made so good, that parents shall use them in preference. "If," say they, "the parent prefers to have his child educated in schools established in opposition to the public schools, let him do so. All the state has a right to claim is that the children be educated." But so long as powerful influences are at work to excite hatred and fear of the public schools, you will not be able to convince parents of the superiority of the public-school system. Such a plan would not only destroy them, but perhaps leave the road open to a system of education pernicious to the state. "In a few years," says a writer in one of the periodical publications, "the system of general education would sink into decay, and wholly fail to supply the basis of intelligence and virtue upon which all free government must rest." It is *not* enough that the child be educated, but it is absolutely necessary to the safety of the community, of the state, of the Republic and its institutions, that he be *properly* educated. Prudence and precautions are integral parts of wisdom. As to the threatened decay of the Republic, if at any time indication of such decay should exhibit itself, it will most assuredly not have been brought about by *any* system of *non-Catholic* education; and moreover any such decay, any "downward tendency of this great Republic of the West," will most assuredly *not be arrested* by exclusively Catholic education.

Here are two republics, next-door neighbors; these United States and Mexico: compare the two, morally, socially, and intellectually. Compare the United States with any of the South American Republics. Compare different parts of certain countries, which it is not necessary to specify, with each other; compare any community with a purely secular education, with any other country or community under the influence of exclusively Catholic education. Compare the upward career of Great Britain, the Hanseatic cities, Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, etc., with the downward career of Italy, Spain, Portugal; the Spanish and Portuguese colonies of former times with the British, Swedish, Danish, and Dutch colonies; compare, in short, Geneva with Rome. Holland with a non-Catholic education raised a garden out of a marsh; Spain with Catholic education changed an

earthly paradise into a wilderness. The Dutch built eighteen flourishing cities on spots that had been stagnant pools, cities inhabited by an industrious, thriving, wealthy, enlightened, peaceable population; the Spaniards annihilated twelve hundred happy villages, and massacred, enslaved, or drove into exile one-fourth, and that the most useful as well as most enlightened part of their population. In the former country, art, science, literature, commerce, flourished and have continued to flourish; in the latter, all these became extinct, and even truth was banished; whilst now, of a population of 15,673,070* souls, 11,837,301, or nearly seventy per cent., are unable to read or write; and what is the condition of that—after Ireland—the “most Catholic” country in the world? What has its condition been for centuries?

With the facts brought within the knowledge of the reader—supported by the evidence placed before him—namely, that—

Firstly: The practical advocates of exclusively separate Catholic education, with all the advantages at their command of exclusive and absolute control over the minds of the community, invested with equally absolute control over the education of youth, have during the long period of eighteen centuries been unable to bring about a condition of society better than it exists where such influence is ignored; or even to mitigate vice, crime, and immorality or to check the progress of ignorance;

Secondly: So far from ever having been able to attain even these objects, the condition of society everywhere, whilst under the influence of exclusively Catholic education, has at all times been worse in every respect. It may well be asked whether any improvement, social, moral, or intellectual, can with any show of reason be anticipated either from the introduction of Catholic indoctrination into the public schools of the country, or by the establishment of separate schools for the education of Catholic youth, or the deprotestantization of the children of Protestant parents; whether or not maintained at the expense of the State, that is, in reality, of the community at large—whether either of these measures would be the means to *prevent* men from “degenerating into brute beasts,” which we are told will be effected by the public schools; whether either of these measures is calculated to *prevent* the “downfall” and “ruination” of this free and glorious Republic of the West—this Republic, which in a very great

* According to official returns. In this number of upward of fifteen and a half millions are included the respective populations of the Spanish dependencies.

measure is indebted for its freedom and greatness to its efforts in promoting education and the spread of knowledge throughout the land, and on the permanence of the system of popular education, as at present constituted, the permanence of its freedom and greatness so much depends; whether it is not much rather the duty of the state to make education compulsory, and such in the public schools—whether, so far from granting any donation or subsidy to any sectarian school, it should not be disallowed?

With the measures suggested, there is no cause of apprehension that the rising generation, when grown to man's or woman's estate, will become "the scourge of the community," much less "draw the matricidal knife across their country's throat," as they do and ever have done in all Catholic countries; and though they may not become the "glory of the Church," they will *prevent* the social, moral, and intellectual condition of the country to sink to the level of that of Spain, the South American republics, of the barbarous ages of the past, or even to that of Rome as it was up to the accession to the throne of the present king of Italy.

The struggle is in reality one for supremacy—supremacy in Church; supremacy in state; supremacy of one foreign nationality over all other nationalities living at present peaceably together under the protection of American hospitality. The struggle is avowedly such. "Here," says the Rev. Father Lake, "here is the battle-field of the Catholic Church. . . . This question of the Catholic instruction of children will decide her destiny here. . . . If we fail in this struggle—and let us not disguise the fact—it requires no prophet to tell us, that the Catholic Church in this country will perish." It is a struggle for clerical absolutism,* a danger of which enlightened though sincere American Catholics are fully sensible; and against which Mr. Jackson, whose words I have quoted elsewhere, fairly warns his countrymen of all denominations. No clergy should be invested "with power above the law of the land. The Legislature," says the honorable member, "left free to have the public schools under the direction of any clergy, would be compelled to trust the indirect control of schoolfunds to a clergy that it (perhaps not even the laity themselves) could not control; or take the far more dangerous alternative of establishing such clergy as officers of State. . . . *No freedom of conscience nor exception from intolerance were ever safely trusted otherwise than to constitutional restriction.*"

* Vide the recent opposition to free schools in Peru.

The present is the concluding article on the subject treated in the preceding papers. In these papers I have endeavored to show that the charges of immorality, irreligion, and corruption, of the prevalence of crime and vice made by the Catholic press against non-Catholic society, *as the result of non-Catholic teaching and of the national system of education*, are unfounded; for I have shown that the evils that inflict society in non-Catholic educated communities are not greater, to say the least of it, than they are in Catholic educated communities; but that, on the contrary, these evils exist in an eminently higher degree, are much more widely spread and more deeply rooted in Catholic educated communities throughout the world; in fact, that their intensity is in direct ratio to the intensity of Catholic education, and that therefore the claims for separate Catholic schools being entirely without foundation, the entire doctrine or substitution of a Catholic system of education is not calculated to remove any of the social evils, and ought therefore not to be sanctioned. In support of this view I appealed to facts and even admissions of facts. These papers have been written solely with a view to *education* and from a social standpoint. Nor would they ever have seen the light but for the assertion made by the Catholic press, that without an exclusively Catholic education there can be neither virtue, honor, domestic safety, nor protection. I wished to expose this fallacy. I have done so; and more than that, I have proved the contrary.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF INSPIRATION.

ONE of the greatest teachers in Israel was once publicly asked, why it was that a woman, Deborah, was elected a prophetess and a judge in Israel, in preference to the high-priest Eleazar. The Rabbi thus answered the assembled disciples: "I solemnly declare unto you, before heaven and earth, that all human creatures, without distinction, Jew or Gentile, man or woman, free or slave, may receive the inspirations of the Divine Spirit, if they render themselves worthy of it."—*Yalkut, Josh.*

THE VALE OF CEDARS; OR, 'THE MARTYR.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LEONTES.—These sessions, to our great grief, we pronounce
Even pushes 'gainst our heart.

Let us be cleared
Of being tyrannous, since we openly
Proceed in justice—which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE day of trial dawned, bright, sunny, cloudless, as was usual in beautiful Spain—a joyous elasticity was in the atmosphere, a brilliance in the heavens, which thence reflected on the earth, so painfully contrasted with misery and death, that the bright sky seemed to strike a double chill on the hearts of those most deeply interested.

Never had the solemn proceedings of justice created so great an excitement; not only in Segovia itself, but the towns and villages, many miles around, sent eager citizens and rustic countrymen to learn the issue, and report it speedily to those compelled to stay at home. The universal mourning for Morales was one cause of the popular excitement; and the supposition of the young foreigner being his murderer another.

The hall of the castle was crowded at a very early hour, Isabella having signified not only permission, but her wish that as many of her citizen subjects as space would admit should be present, to witness the faithful course of justice. Nearest to the seat destined for the king, at the upper end of the hall, were ranged several fathers from an adjoining convent of Franciscans, by whom a special service had been impressively performed that morning in the cathedral, in which all who had been summoned to preside at the trial had solemnly joined.

The monks of St. Francis were celebrated alike for their sterling piety, great learning, and general benevolence. Their fault, if such it could be termed in a holy Catholic community, was their rigid exclusiveness regarding religion; their uncompromising and strict love for, and adherence to, their own creed; and stern abhorrence

toward, and violent persecution of, all who in the slightest degree departed from it, or failed to pay it the respect and obedience which they believed it demanded. At their head was their sub-prior, a character whose influence on the after-position of Spain was so great, that we may not pass it by, without more notice than our tale itself perhaps would demand. To the world, as to his brethren and superiors, in the monastery, a stern unbending spirit, a rigid austerity, and unchanging severity of mental and physical discipline, characterized his whole bearing and daily conduct. Yet his severity proceeded not from the superstition and bigotry of a weak mind or misanthropic feeling. Though his whole time and thoughts appeared devoted to the interest of his monastery, and thence to relieving and guiding the poor, and curbing and decreasing the intemperate follies and licentious conduct of the laymen, in its immediate neighborhood; yet his extraordinary knowledge, not merely of human nature, but of the world at large—his profound and extensive genius which, in after-years, was displayed in the prosecution of such vast schemes for Spain's advancement, that they riveted the attention of all Europe upon him—naturally won him the respect and consideration of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose acute penetration easily traced the natural man, even through the thick veil of monkish austerity. They cherished and honored him, little thinking that, had it not been for him, Spain would have sunk, at their death, into the same abyss of anarchy and misery from which their vigorous measures had so lately roused and, as they hoped, so effectually guarded her.

When Torquemada, Isabella's confessor, was absent from court, which not unfrequently happened—for his capacious mind was never at peace unless actively employed—Father Francis, though but the sub-prior of a Franciscan monastery, always took his place, and frequently were both sovereigns guided by his privately asked and frankly given opinions, not only on secular affairs, but on matters of state, and even of war. With such a character for his sub-prior, the lordly abbot of the Franciscans was indeed but a nominal dignitary, quite contented to enjoy all the indulgences and corporeal luxuries, permitted, or perhaps winked at, from his superior rank, and leaving to Father Francis every active duty; gladly, therefore, he deputed on him the office of heading the monks that day summoned to attend King Ferdinand.

Not any sign of the benevolence and goodness—in reality the characteristics of this extraordinary man—was visible on his coun-

tenance as he sat. The very boldest and haughtiest of the aristocracy, involuntarily perhaps, yet irresistibly, acknowledged his superiority. Reverence and awe were the emotions first excited toward his person : but already was that reverence largely mingled with the love which some three years afterward gave him such powerful influence over the whole sovereignty of Spain. Next to the holy fathers, and ranged according to rank and seniority, were the nobles who had been selected to attend, the greater number of whom were Castilians, as countrymen of the deceased. Next to them were the Santa Hermandad, or Brethren of the Associated Cities, without whose presence and aid, no forms of justice, even though ruled and guided by royalty itself, were considered valid or complete. A semicircle was thus formed, the centre of which was the king's seat; and opposite to him, in the hollow as it were of the crescent, a space left for the prisoner, accusers, and witnesses. Soldiers lined the hall ; a treble guard being drawn up at the base of the semicircle, and extending in a wide line right and left, behind the spot destined for the prisoner. There was still a large space left, and this was so thronged with citizens, that it presented the appearance of a dense mass of human heads, every face turned in one direction, and expressive in various ways of but one excitement, one emotion.

There was not a smile on either of the stern countenances within the hall. As the shock and horror of Don Ferdinand's fate in some measure subsided, not only the nobles, but the soldiers themselves, began to recall the supposed murderer in the many fields of honorable warfare, the many positions of mighty and chivalric bearing in which they had hitherto seen the young Englishman play so distinguished a part; and doubts began to arise as to the possibility of so great a change and in so short a time. To meet even a supposed enemy in fair field, and with an equality of weapons, was the custom of the day; such, therefore, between Stanley and Morales, might have excited marvel as to the *cause*, but not as to the *act*. But murder! it was so wholly incompatible with even the very lowest principles of chivalry (except when the unfortunate victim was of too low a rank to be removed by any other means), that when they recalled the gallantry, the frankness of speech and deed, the careless buoyancy, the quickly subdued passion, and easily accorded forgiveness of injury, which had ever before characterized young Stanley, they could not believe his guilt: but then came the recollection of the startling proofs against him, and such belief was almost involuntarily suspended. There was not a

movement in that immense concourse of human beings, not a word spoken one to the other, not a murmur even of impatience for the appearance of the king. All was so still, so mute, that, had it not been for the varied play of countenances, any stranger suddenly placed within the circle might have imagined himself in an assemblage of statues.

Precisely at noon, the folding-doors at the upper end of the hall were thrown widely but noiselessly back, and King Ferdinand, attended by a few pages and gentlemen, slowly entered, and taking his seat, gazed a full minute inquiringly and penetratingly around him, and then resting his head on his hand, remained plunged in earnest meditation some moments before he spoke.

It was a strange sight—the noiseless yet universal rising of the assemblage in honor to their sovereign, changing their position as by one simultaneous movement. Many an eye turned toward him to read on his countenance the prisoner's doom; but its calm, almost stern expression baffled the most penetrating gaze. Some minutes passed ere Ferdinand, rousing himself from his abstraction, waved his hand, and every seat was instantaneously resumed, and so profound was the silence, that every syllable the monarch spoke, though his voice was not raised one note above his usual pitch, was heard by every member of those immense crowds as individually addressing each.

“My Lords and holy Fathers, and ye Associated Brethren,” he said “the cause of your present assemblage needs no repetition. Had the murdered and the supposed murderer been other than they are, we should have left the course of justice in the hands of those appointed to administer it, and interfered not ourselves save to confirm, or annul the sentence they should pronounce. As the case stands, we are deputed by our illustrious consort and sister sovereign, Isabella of Castile, to represent her as suzerain of the deceased (whom the saints assoilize), and so ourselves guide the proceedings of justice on his murderer. Our prerogative as suzerain and liege would permit us to condemn to death at once; but in this instance, my lords and holy fathers, we confess ourselves unwilling and incapable of pronouncing judgment solely on our own responsibility. The accused is a friendless foreigner, to whom we have been enabled to show some kindness, and therefore one toward whom we cannot feel indifference; he has, moreover, done us such good service both in Spain and Sicily, that even the grave charge brought against him now, cannot blot out the memories of the past. We find it difficult to believe that a young,

high-spirited, honorable warrior, in whose heart every chivalric feeling appeared to beat, could become, under any temptation, under any impulse, that base and loathsome coward—a midnight murderer! On your counsels, then, we implicitly depend: examine, impartially and deliberately, the proofs for and against, which will be laid before you. But let one truth be ever present, lest justice herself be but a cover for prejudice and hate. Let not Europe have cause to say, that he who, flying from the enemies and tyrants of his own land, took refuge on the hearths of our people, secure there of kindness and protection, has found them not. Were it a countryman we were about to judge, this charge were needless; justice and mercy would, if it were possible, go hand in hand. The foreigner, who has voluntarily assumed the name and service of a son of Spain, demands yet more at our hands. My lords and holy fathers, and ye Associated Brethren, remember this important truth, and act accordingly: but if, on a strict, unprejudiced, examination of the evidence against the prisoner, ye pronounce him guilty, be it so: the scripture saith, ‘blood must flow for blood!’

A universal murmur of assent filled the hall as the king ceased: his words had thrilled reprovably on many there present, particularly amongst the populace, who felt, even as the monarch spoke, the real cause of their violent wrath against the murderer. Ere, however, they had time to analyze why the violent abhorrence of Stanley should be so calmed merely at the king’s words, the command, “Bring forth the prisoner!” occasioned an intensity of interest and eager movement of the numerous heads toward the base of the hall, banishing every calmer thought. The treble line of soldiers, forming the base of the crescent, divided in the centre, and wheeling backward, formed two files of dense thickness, leaving a lane between them through which the prisoner and his guards were discerned advancing to the place assigned. He was still heavily fettered, and his dress, which he had not been permitted to change, covered with dark, lurid stains, hung so loosely upon him that his attenuated form bore witness even as the white cheek and haggard eye, to the intense mental torture of the last fortnight. His fair hair lay damp and matted on his pale forehead; but still there was that in his whole bearing which, while it breathed of suffering, contradicted every thought of guilt. He looked round him steadily and calmly, lowered his head a moment in respectful deference to the king, and instantly resumed the lofty carriage which suffering itself seemed inadequate to bend. King Ferdinand fixed his eyes upon him with an expression before which the hardest

guilt must for the moment have quailed; but not a muscle of the prisoner's countenance moved, and Ferdinand proceeded to address him gravely, yet feelingly.

"Arthur Stanley," he said, "we have heard from Don Felix d'Estaban that you have refused our proffered privilege of seeking and employing some friends, subtle in judgment and learned in all the technicalities of such proceedings, as to-day will witness, to undertake your cause. Why is this? Is your honor of such small amount that you refuse even to accept the privilege of defense? Are you so well prepared yourself to refute the evidence which has been collected against you, that you need no more? Or have we indeed heard aright, that you have resolved to let the course of justice proceed, without one effort on your part to avert an inevitable doom? This would seem a tacit avowal of guilt; else, wherefore call your doom inevitable? If conscious of innocence, have you no hope, no belief in the divine justice, which can as easily make manifest innocence as punish crime? Ere we depute to others the solemn task of examination, and pronouncing sentence, we bid you speak, and answer as to the wherefore of this rash and contradictory determination—persisting in words that you are guiltless, yet refusing the privilege of defense. Is life so valueless, that you cast it degraded from you? As sovereign and judge, we command you answer, lest by your own rash act the course of justice be impeded, and the sentence of the guilty awarded to the innocent. As man to man, I charge thee speak; bring forward some proof of innocence. Let me not condemn to death as a coward and a murderer one whom I have loved and trusted as a friend! Answer—wherefore this strange callousness to life—this utter disregard of thine honor and thy name?"

For a moment, while the king addressed him as man to man, the pallid cheek and brow of the prisoner flushed with painful emotion, and there was a scarcely audible tremulousness in his voice as he replied:

"And how will defense avail me? How may mere assertion deny proof, and so preserve life and redeem honor? My liege, I had resolved to attempt no defense, because I would not unnecessarily prolong the torture of degradation. Had I one proof, the slightest proof to produce, which might in the faintest degree avail me, I would not withhold it; justice to my father's name would be of itself sufficient to command defense. But I have none! I cannot so perjure myself as to deny one word of the charges brought against me, save that

of murder ! Of thoughts of hate and wrath, ay, and blood, but such blood as honorable men would shed, I am guilty, I now feel, unreasonably guilty, but not of murder ! I am not silent because conscious of enacted guilt. I will not go down to the dishonored grave now yawning for me, permitting, by silence, your Highness, and these your subjects, to believe me the monster of ingratitude, the treacherous coward which appearances pronounce me. No !" he continued, raising his right hand as high as his fetters would permit, and speaking in a tone which fell with the eloquence of truth on every heart—"No: here, as on the scaffold—now, as with my dying breath, I will proclaim aloud my innocence. I call on the Almighty Judge himself, as on every Saint in heaven, to attest it—ay, and I believe it will be attested, when naught but my memory is left to be cleared from shame—I am not the murderer of Don Ferdinand Morales ! Had he been in every deed my foe—had he given me cause for the indulgence of those ungovernable passions which I now feel were roused against him so causelessly and sinfully, I might have sought their gratification by honorable combat, but not by midnight murder ! I speak not, I repeat, to save my life: it is justly forfeited for thoughts of crime ! I speak that, when in after-years my innocence will be made evident by the discovery of the real assassin, you will all remember what I now say—that I have not so basely requited the king and country who so generously and trustingly befriended me—that I am no murderer !"

"Then, if so convinced of innocence, young man, wherefore not attempt defense ?" demanded the sub-prior of St. Francis. "Knowest thou not that willfully to throw away the life intrusted to you, for some wise purpose, is amenable before the throne of the Most High as self-committed murder ? Proofs of this strongly asserted innocence thou must have."

"I have none," calmly answered the prisoner ; "I have but words, and who will believe them ? Who, here present, will credit the strange tale, that, tortured, and restless from mental suffering, I courted the fury of the elements, and rushed from my quarters on the night of the murder *without* my sword ?—that, in securing the belt, I missed the weapon, but still sought not for it as I ought ?—who will believe that it was accident, not design, which took me to the Calle Soledad ! and that it was a fall over the murdered body of Don Ferdinand which deluged my hands and dress with the blood that dyed the ground ? Who will credit that it was seeing him thus which chained me, par-

alyzed, horror-stricken, to the spot? In the wild fury of my passions I had believed him my enemy, and sworn his death; then was it marvel that thus beholding him turned me well-nigh to stone, and that, in my horror, I had no power to call for aid, or raise the shout after the murderer, for my own thoughts arose as fiends, to whisper, such might have been my work—that I had wished his death? Great God! the awful waking from the delusion of weeks—the dread recognition in that murdered corse of my own thoughts of sin!” He paused involuntarily, for his strong agitation completely choked his voice, and shook his whole frame. After a brief silence, which none in the hall had heart to break, he continued calmly, “Let the trial proceed, gracious Sovereign. Your Highness’s generous interest in one accused of a crime so awful, comprising the death, not of a subject only, but of a friend, does but add to the heavy weight of obligation already mine, and would of itself excite the wish to live to prove that I am not so utterly unworthy; but I feel that not to such as I, may the divine mercy be so shown, as to bring forward the real murderer. The misery of the last fortnight has shown me how deeply I have sinned in thought though not in deed; and how dare I, then, indulge the wild dream that my innocence will be proved, until too late, save for mine honor? My liege, I have trespassed too long on the time of this assemblage; let the trial proceed.”

So powerful was the effect of his tone and words, that the impulse was strong in every heart to strike off his fetters, and give him life and freedom. The countenance of the sub-prior of St. Francis alone retained its unmoved calmness, and its tone, its imperturbable gravity, as he commanded Don Felix d’Estaban to produce the witnesses; and on their appearance, desired one of the fathers to administer the oath.

CHAPTER XIX.

“His unaltering cheek
Still vividly doth hold its natural hue,
And his eye quails not. Is this innocence?”

MRS. HEMANS.

DURING the examination of Don Alonzo of Aguilar, and of old Pedro and Juana, the prisoner remained with his arms calmly folded and head erect, without the smallest variation of feature or position de-

noting either anxiety or agitation. Don Alonzo's statement was very simple. He described the exact spot where he had found the body, and the position in which it lay; the intense agitation of Stanley, the bloody appearance of his clothes, hands, and face, urging them to secure his person even before they discovered the broken fragment of his sword lying beside the corse. His account was corroborated, in the very minutest points, by the men who had accompanied him, even though cross-questioned with unusual particularity by Father Francis. Old Pedro's statement, though less circumstantial, was, to the soldiers and citizens especially, quite as convincing. He gave a wordy narrative of Senor Stanley's unnatural state of excitement from the very evening he had become his lodger—that he had frequently heard him muttering to himself such words as “blood” and “vengeance.” He constantly appeared longing for something; never eat half the meals provided for him—a sure proof, in old Pedro's imagination, of a disordered mind; and that the night of the murder he had heard him leave the house, with every symptom of agitation. Old Juana, with very evident reluctance, confirmed this account; but Father Francis was evidently not satisfied. “Amongst these incoherent ravings of the prisoner, did you ever distinguish the word ‘murder?’” he demanded—a question which would be strange, indeed, in the court of justice of the present day, but of importance in an age when such words as blood and vengeance, amongst warriors, simply signified a determination to fight out their quarrel in (so-called) honorable combat. The answer, after some hesitation, was in the negative. “Did you ever distinguish any name, as the object of Senor Stanley's desired vengeance?”

Pedro immediately answered “No;” but there was a simper of hesitation in old Juana, that caused the sub-prior to appeal to her. “Please your Reverence, I only chanced to hear the poor young man say, ‘Oh, Marie! Marie!’ one day when I brought him his dinner, which he put away untouched, though I put my best cooking in it.”

A slight, scarcely perceptible flush passed over the prisoner's cheek and brow. The king muttered an exclamation; Father Francis's brow contracted, and several of the nobles looked uneasily from one to the other.

“At what time did the prisoner leave his apartments the night of the murder?” continued the sub-prior.

“Exactly as the great bell of the cathedral chimed eleven,” was the ready reply from Pedro and Juana at the same moment.

"Did you hear nothing but his hasty movements, as you describe? Did he not call for attendance, or a light? Remember, you are on oath," he continued sternly, as he observed the hesitation with which old Pedro muttered "No," and that Juana was silent. "The Church punishes false swearers. Did he speak or not?"

"He called for a light, please your Reverence, but——"

"But you did not choose to obey at an hour so late!" sternly responded Father Francis; "and by such neglect may be guilty of accelerating the death of the innocent, and concealing the real murderer! You allege that Senor Stanley returned from some military duty at sunset, and slept from then till just before eleven, so soundly that you could not rouse him even for his evening meal. This was strange for a man with murder in his thoughts! Again, that he called for a light, which you neglected to bring; and Senor Stanley asserts that he missed his sword, but rushed from the house without it. Your culpable neglect, then, prevents our discovering the truth of this assertion; yet you acknowledge he called loudly for light; this appears too unlikely to have been the case, had the prisoner quitted the house with the intention to do murder."

"Intention at that moment he might not have had, Reverend Father," interposed the head of the Associated Brethren, who had taken an active part in the examination. "Were there no evidence as to premeditated desire of vengeance, premeditated insult, and long-entertained enmity, these conclusions might have foundation. As the case stands, they weigh but little. Where evil passions have been excited, opportunity for their indulgence is not likely to pass unused."

"But evidence of that long-entertained enmity and premeditated vengeance we have not yet examined," replied the sub-prior. "If it only rest on the suppositions of this old couple, in one of whom, it is pretty evident, prejudice is stronger than clearly defined truth, methinks that, despite this circumstantial evidence, there is still hope of the prisoner's innocence, more especially as we have one other important fact to bring forward. You are certain," he continued, addressing old Pedro, "that the bell chimed eleven when Senor Stanley quitted your dwelling?" The man answered firmly in the affirmative. "And you will swear that the senor slept from sunset till that hour?"

"I dare not swear to it, your Reverence, for Juana and I were at a neighbor's for part of that time; but on our return, Juana took up his supper again, and found him so exactly in the same position as we had left him, that we could not believe he had even moved."

"Was he alone in the house during this interval?"

"No; the maid Beta was at her work in the room below Senor Stanley's."

"Let her be brought here."

The order was so rapidly obeyed, that it was very evident she was close at hand; but so terribly alarmed at the presence in which she stood, as to compel the sub-prior to adopt the gentlest possible tone to get any answer at all. He merely inquired if, during the absence of her master and mistress, she had heard any movement in the prisoner's room. She said that she thought she had—a quiet, stealthy step, and also a sound as if a door in the back of the house closed; but the sounds were so very indistinct, she had felt them at the time more like a dream than reality; and the commencement of the storm had so terrified her, that she did not dare move from her seat.

"And what hour was this?"

It might have been about nine; but she could not say exactly. And from the assertion that she did hear a slight sound, though puzzlingly cross-questioned, she never wavered. The king and the sub-prior both looked disappointed. The chief of the Santa Hermandad expressed himself confirmed in his previous supposition.

The prisoner retained his calmness; but a gleam of intelligence seemed to flit across his features.

"You would speak, Senor Stanley," interposed the king, as the girl was dismissed. "We would gladly hear you."

"I would simply say, your Highness," replied Stanley, gratefully, "that it is not unlikely Beta may have heard such sounds. I am convinced my evening draught was drugged; and the same secret enemy who did this, to give him opportunity undiscovered to purloin my sword—may, nay, *must* have entered my chamber during that death-like sleep, and committed the theft which was to burden an innocent man with his deed of guilt. The deep stillness in the house might have permitted her ear to catch the step, though my sleep was too profound. I could hardly have had time to waken, rise, commit the deed of death, and return to such a completely deceiving semblance of sleep, in the short hour of Pedro and Juana's absence; and if I had, what madness would have led me there again, and so appalled me as to prevent all effort of escape?"

"Conscience," replied the chief of the Santa Hermandad sternly. "The impelling of the Divine Spirit, whom you had profaned, and who in justice so distracted you, as to lead you blindly to your own

destruction—no marvel the darkness oppressed, and the storm appalled you; or that heaven in its wrath should ordain the events you yourself have described—the fall over your own victim, and the horror thence proceeding. We have heard that your early years have been honorable, Senor Stanley, and to such, guilt is appalling even in its accomplishment. Methinks, Father Francis, we need now but the evidence of the premeditation.”

“Your pardon, brother; but such conclusions are somewhat overhasty. It is scarcely probable, had Senor Stanley returned after the committal of such a deed, that his re-entrance should not have been heard as well as his departure; whereas the witness expressly declares, that though her attention was awakened by the previous faint sound, and she listened frequently, she never heard another movement, till her master and mistress’s return; and as they went into the senor’s room directly, and found him without the very least appearance of having moved, justice compels us to incline to the belief in Senor Stanley’s suggestion—that he could scarcely have had sufficient time to rouse, depart, do murder, and feign sleep during Pedro Benito’s brief interval of absence.”

“We will grant that so it may be, Reverend Father, but what proof have we that the murder had not been just committed when the body and the assassin were discovered?”

Father Francis replied, by commanding the appearance of Don Ferdinand’s steward, and after the customary formula, inquired what hour his late lamented master had quitted his mansion the night of the murder. The man replied, without hesitation, “Exactly as the chimes played the quarter before nine.”

“But was not that unusually early? The hour of meeting at the castle was ten, and the distance from Don Ferdinand’s mansion not twenty minutes’ ride, and scarce forty minutes’ walk. Are you perfectly certain as to the hour?”

“I can take my oath upon it, your Reverence, and Lopez will say the same. Our sainted master (Jesu rest his soul!) called to him a few minutes before he entered my lady’s room, and told him not to get his horse ready, as he should walk to the castle. Lopez asked as to who should attend him, and his reply was he would go alone. He had done so before, and so we were not surprised; but we were grieved at his look, for it seemed of suffering, unlike himself, and were noticing it to each other as he passed us, after quitting my lady, and so quickly and so absorbed, that he did not return our salutation,

which he never in all his life neglected to do before. My poor, poor master! little did we think we should never see him again!" And the man's unconstrained burst of grief excited anew the indignation of the spectators against the crime, till then almost forgotten, in the intense interest as to the fate of the accused. Lopez was called, and corroborated the steward's account exactly.

"If he left his house at a quarter before nine, at what hour, think you, he would reach the Calle Soledad?"

"From ten to fifteen minutes past the hour, your Reverence, unless detained by calling elsewhere on his way."

"Did he mention any intention of so doing?" The answer was in the negative. "According to this account, then, the murder must have taken place between nine and ten; and Senor Stanley was not heard to quit his apartment till eleven. This would corroborate his own assertion, that the deed was committed ere he reached the spot."

"But what proof have we that Don Ferdinand was not detained on his way?" replied the chief of the Santa Hermandad. "His domestics assert no more than the hour of his quitting the house."

"The hour of the royal meeting was ten," rejoined the sub-prior; "he was noted for regularity, and was not likely to have voluntarily lingered so long, as not even to reach the Calle till one hour afterward."

"Not voluntarily; but we have heard that he appeared more suffering than he was ever seen to do. His illness might have increased, and so cause detention; and yet, on even partial recovery, we know him well enough to believe he would still have endeavored to join his Highness."

"He would; but there is evidence that, when brought to the castle, he had been dead at the very least three hours. Let Curador Benedicto come forward."

A respectable man, dressed in black, and recognized at once as leech or doctor of the royal household, obeyed the summons, and on being questioned, stated that he had examined the body the very moment it had been conveyed to the castle, in the hope of discovering some signs of animation, however faint. But life was totally extinct, and, according to his judgment, had been so at the very least three hours."

"And what hour was this?"

"Just half-an-hour after midnight."

A brief silence followed the leech's dismissal: Ferdinand still

seemed perplexed and uneasy, and not one countenance, either of the nobles or Associated Brethren, evinced satisfaction.

"Our task, instead of decreasing in difficulty, becomes more and more complicated, my lords and brethren," observed the sub-prior, after waiting for the chief of the Santa Hermandad to speak. "Had we any positive proof that Senor Stanley really slept from the hour of sunset till eleven the same evening, and never quitted his quarters until then, we might hope that the sentence of Curador Benedicto, as to the length of time life had been extinct in his supposed victim, might weigh strongly against the circumstantial chain of evidence brought against him. Believing that the prisoner having slept from the hour of sunset to eleven was a proven and witnessed fact, I undertook the defensive and argued in his favor. The sounds heard by the girl Beta may or may not have proceeded from the stealthy movements of the accused, and yet justice forbids our passing them by unnoticed. The time of this movement being heard, and that of the murder, according to the leech's evidence, tally so exactly that we cannot doubt but the one had to do with the other; but whether it were indeed the prisoner's step, or that of the base purloiner of his sword, your united judgment must decide. Individual supposition, in a matter of life or death, can be of no avail. My belief, as you may have discovered, inclines to the prisoner's innocence. My brother, the chief Hermano, as strongly believes in his guilt. And it would appear as if the evidence itself supports the one judgment equally with the other; contradictory and complicated, it has yet been truthfully brought forward and strictly examined. Your united judgment, Senors and Hermanos, must therefore decide the prisoner's fate."

"But under your favor, Reverend Father, all the evidence has not been brought forward," rejoined the chief Hermano. "And methinks that which is still to come is the most important of the whole. That the business is complicated, and judgment most difficult, I acknowledge, and therefore gladly avail myself of any remaining point on which the scale may turn. Sworn as I am to administer impartial justice, prejudice against the prisoner I can have none; but the point we have until now overlooked, appears sufficient to decide not only individual but general opinion. I mean the *premeditated vengeance* sworn by the prisoner against the deceased—long indulged and proclaimed enmity, and premeditated determination to take his life or lose his own. Don Ferdinand Morales—be his soul assoiled!—was so universally beloved, so truly the friend of all

ranks and conditions of men, that to believe in the existence of any other enmity toward his person is almost impossible. We have evidence that the prisoner was at feud with him—was harboring some design against him for weeks. It may be he was even refused by Don Ferdinand the meeting he desired, and so sought vengeance by the midnight dagger. Let the evidence of this enmity be examined, and according or not as premeditated malice is elicited, so let your judgment be pronounced."

"Ay, so let it be," muttered the king as a loud murmur of assent ran through the hall. "We have two witnesses for this; and, by heaven, if the one differ from the other in the smallest point, the prisoner may still be reprieved!"

Whether the royal observation was heard or not, there was no rejoinder, for at the summoning of the chief Hermano, Don Luis Garcia stood before the assemblage. His appearance excited surprise in many present, and in none more than the prisoner himself. He raised his head, which had been resting on his hand during the address of the sub-prior, and the reply of the Hermano, and looked at the new witness with bewildered astonishment. As Don Luis continued his relation of the stormy interview between the deceased and the accused, and the words of threatening used by the latter, astonishment itself changed into an indignation and loathing impossible to be restrained.

"Thou base dishonored villain!" he exclaimed, so suddenly and wrathfully that it startled more by its strange contrast with his former calmness than by its irreverent interruption to the formula of the examination; "where wert thou during this interview? Hearing so well, and so invisibly concealed, none but the voluntary spy could have heard all this; so skillfully detailed that thou wouldst seem in very truth *witness* as well as hearer. What *accident* could have led thee to the most retired part of Don Ferdinand's garden, and being there detained thee? Thou treacherous villain! and on thy evidence—evidence so honorably, so truthfully obtained, my life or death depends! Well, be it so."

"But so it shall not be," interposed the king himself, ere either sub-prior or the Hermano could reply: "even as the prisoner we ourselves hold evidence dishonestly obtained of little moment—nay, of no weight whatever. Be pleased, Don Luis Garcia, to explain the casualty which led you, at such an important moment, to Don Ferdinand's grounds; or name some other witness. The voluntary

listener is, in our mind, dishonorable as the liar, and demanding no more account."

With a mien and voice of the deepest humility, Don Luis replied; grieving that his earnest love of justice should expose him to the royal displeasure; submitting meekly to unjust suspicion as concerned himself, but still upholding the truth and correctness of his statement. The other witness to the same, he added mysteriously, he had already named to his Royal Highness.

"And she waits our pleasure," replied the king; "Don Felix d'Estaban, be pleased to conduct the last witness to our presence."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE heart is the best logician.—*Wendell Phillips.*

The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.—*Richter.*

There is in jealousy more of self-love than of love.—*Roche-foucauld.*

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.—*Confucius.*

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies; seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friend.—*Colton.*

Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason.—*Coke.*

The learning and knowledge that we have is at the most but little compared with that of which we are ignorant.—*Plato.*

Love is heaven and heaven is love.—*Walter Scott.*

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.—*Bruyère.*

He who has no opinion of his own, but depends upon the opinion and taste of others, is a slave.—*Klopstock.*

ZABIAN IDOLATRIES AND FABLES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "MORE NEVOCHIM" OF MAIMONIDES BY

JAMES TOWNLEY, D.D.

ABRAHAM, our father, was, as is well known, educated in the faith of the Zabii, who maintain that there is no God but the stars, as their books and ancient annals, translated into the Arabic and yet extant among us, undeniably prove. In them, they expressly affirm, that the stars are divinities (*dii minorum gentium*), and the sun, the chief deity. They also write that the five planets are gods, but the two great luminaries, superior ones; and add, that the sun governs both the upper and lower worlds. The before-mentioned books and annals relate also concerning Abraham that, being educated in Cutha, but dissenting from the common opinions, and affirming that there was another Creator besides the sun, they began to object first one thing and then another to him, alleging, amongst other objections, the evident and manifest influence of the sun in the world. Abraham replied, "Ye are right, and have spoken well, for the sun is like the axe in the hand of one who is felling trees." Certain arguments are then stated as having been urged by Abraham, after which, it is related that the king imprisoned him, but that even in prison he continued his opposition to their errors. The king fearing, therefore, lest his kingdom should sustain injury, and his subjects be seduced from their religion, confiscated his goods, and banished him to the most distant countries of the east. The whole relation is delivered at large in the book which is entitled, תעבורה הנבטיה (*of the Worship of the Nabathæans*), but no mention whatever is made of what is written in our canonical books, nor of the gift of prophecy which was conferred upon him; for they endeavored to refute and discredit him, because he contradicted their impious opinions. Nor can it be doubted but that men who were thus involved in error, would be violently irritated by the firmness with which he combated their sentiments, and would load him with every species of contumely and reproach. But, as was his duty, he bore their injuries with patience for the glory of God, and, therefore, it was promised to him, "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curse thee"—a promise, the accomplishment of which is seen in our days, since all men admire him, and even those who are not of his seed.

are blessed in him. Nor are there any to be found of a different opinion respecting him, or who are ignorant of his superiority and excellence, except some descendants of the Zabii still remaining in distant parts of the world.

In the time of Abraham, the utmost to which philosophers carried their speculations, was, to esteem God to be the Spirit of the sphere, or celestial orb; supposing the celestial orbs and planets to be bodies, and the supreme Being the soul or spirit of them. *Abubachar Alsaig* notices this opinion of theirs, in his *Commentary on Aristot. de Auditu*. The Zabii, consequently, held the eternity of the world. They moreover maintained, that the first man, *Adam*, was, like others, the offspring of a man and woman, though they greatly extolled him, calling him the Prophet of the Moon, and asserting that he taught men to worship the moon and composed certain works on agriculture. They also affirmed that *Noah* was a husbandman, but worshiped no sort of images; on which account they censure him, and tell us that because he would worship only the Supreme Being, and for other things of a similar nature, he was thrown into prison; and add that *Seth* also dissented from Adam his father, as to the worship of the moon. In a word, they advance so many falsehoods, that they only serve to excite ridicule, and show the imbecility of their minds, and their total ignorance of true philosophy. Thus they say of Adam that, when he quitted the country adjacent to India for the confines of Babel, he carried with him many wonderful things; amongst which were, one tree whose branches, leaves, and flowers were all of gold, and another all of stone; and also two of the leaves of a third tree, so verdant that the fire could not consume its leaves, and so large as to cover ten thousand men of equal stature with Adam; for that even one of the leaves he carried with him, would have been large enough to have covered or clothed two men. These and many other similar things do they relate; so that I am not astonished that they should believe the eternity of the world, when they can give credit to such impossibilities in nature. The fact is, that such relations are designed only to support the idea of the eternity of the world, and the divinity of the heavenly bodies. But when Abraham, that pillar of the world, had gone forth, and learned that God is abstract and spiritual, and that all the stars and planetary worlds are his works, and had understood the falsehood of those vanities in which he had been educated; he then began to oppose and refute them publicly, and by invoking the name of

Jehovah the Everlasting God, openly declared, that He was God, and had created all things.

To return. The Zabii, agreeably to the sentiments adopted by them, erected images to the stars; to the sun images of gold, but to the moon images of silver. They also distributed the metals, and the climates of the earth amongst the stars, adjudging a certain climate to a certain star. Afterward they built chapels, and placed the images in them, believing that the power of the stars flowed into them; that they possessed intelligence; bestowed the gift of prophecy upon men; and indicated to them what things were useful and salutary. They also affirmed the same concerning those trees that were consecrated to certain stars. When a tree was dedicated to a star, it was planted in its name, and worshiped after a prescribed form, in order that the stars might communicate spiritual powers to it, so that it might be able to prophesy according to the usual mode of prophecy, and even advise men in their sleep. All these things may be met with in those books of the Zabii which have been already mentioned. These are the *prophets of Baal*, and the *prophets of the groves*, noticed in the sacred books, in whose minds these opinions were so deeply rooted, that they forsook the Lord, and cried, "O Baal, hear us!" For through the profound ignorance and madness then reigning in the world, the Zabian errors were universally propagated, and their baneful influence diffused on every side. From them sprang augurs, diviners, sorcerers, enchanters, magicians, wizards, and necromancers. Concerning this people, we have already shown in our great talmudical work, that Abraham our father endeavored by argument to refute their opinions, and by gentle and persuasive methods to draw them to the worship of the true God, until at length the prince of prophets arose, and completely effected the design, ordaining that such persons should be punished with death, their memory be blotted out, and extirpated from the land of the living. "Ye shall destroy their altars, and break down their images, and cut down their groves, and burn their graven images with fire." (Deut. vii. 5.) He also solemnly interdicted the imitation of their customs and practices; "Ye shall not walk in the manners of the nation which I cast out before you." (Levit. xx. 23.) For it is clearly evident from many parts of the Scriptures, that the *first intention* of our law was, to eradicate idolatry, and to obliterate the memory of it, and of those who were addicted to it; to banish everything that might lead men to practice it, as pythons, soothsayers, passers

through the fire, diviners, jugglers, enchanters, augurs, astrologers, necromancers, &c.; and finally, to prevent the most distant assimilation to their practices, and still more so to adopting and practicing them. Hence, it is expressly declared in the law, that, as the worship paid to an idol is an abomination to the Lord, so is the oblation offered to it; for this is what is designed when it is said, "Every abomination to the Lord, which he hateth, have they done unto their gods." (Deut. xii. 31.)

In the books of the Zabii, it will be found related, that they offered to the sun (their great god) seven bats, seven mice, and seven reptiles, together with certain other matters; which is of itself sufficient to prove the abominable nature of their superstitions.

It is, therefore, manifest, that all those precepts and interdictions which forbid idolatry, and prohibit whatever is connected with it or might produce attachment or tendency to it, possess the highest utility; because they deliver us from those pestiferous opinions which are inimical to the perfection of both body and mind, and would throw us back into those insanities, in which our forefathers and elders were educated, as it is said, "Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in old time, even Terah the father of Abraham, and the father of Nachor; and they served other gods." (Joshua xxiv. 2.) And as the prophets truly affirmed, "They walked after vain things, which could neither profit nor deliver." How great, therefore, is the benefit of all those precepts which thus deliver us from so great errors, and lead us to faith in the One True God? Teaching us that God, who created all things, is ever present in the world; that he alone is to be worshiped, loved, and feared; and that to fulfill his will, nothing difficult or laborious is required, but only to love and fear him, since by these two things his whole worship is perfected, as we shall afterward demonstrate. Hence it is written, "And now, Israel, what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul?" (Deut. x. 12.) But leaving this to future discussion, I return to my former proposition, and proceed to observe that, from an acquaintance with the faith and rites and worship of the Zabii, I have gained much insight into the reasons and causes of many of our laws, as will readily be discovered, when I come to treat of those precepts which at first seem destitute of any reason or utility.

Adverting now to those books of the Zabii from which a more ex-

tensive knowledge may be gained of their faith and worship, and which will serve to corroborate what I advance in illustration of many of the precepts of the law, we may first notice, as the most celebrated, העבודה הנבטית *Of the Agriculture of the Nabatheans* (translated into Arabic by Aben Vachaschijah). In the following chapter, I shall explain the reason why the Zabii treated of their faith under the name of agriculture; and therefore shall, at present, only offer a few general remarks upon the work itself. This book is full of idolatrous ravings, and other things to which men are but too readily inclined; as of the fabrication of speaking images: of familiar spirits: of juggling: of demons: of the devil: of such as dwell in deserts, as satyrs; besides many other ridiculous subjects, subtly designed to oppose and invalidate the public miracles wrought by Moses and the prophets, by which God was universally made known to be Judge of all men, as it is written, "That thou mayest know that the earth is the Lord's," &c.—and again, "I am the Lord in the midst of the earth." It is there said of Adam that, in the book written by him, he relates that there is a certain tree in India, whose branches, when thrown upon the ground, creep like a serpent;—that there is another tree whose root has a human shape and a strong voice, uttering distinct sounds and speaking; and that there also is a certain herb which, if taken and suspended round the neck, renders the wearer invisible, so that none can see from whence he comes nor whither he goes; and further adds that, if it be burned in the open air, the smoke no sooner begins to ascend than the most tremendous noises and thunderings are heard in the surrounding heavens. But not only these, but many similar fooleries do they relate respecting the wonderful virtues of plants, and the properties of agriculture, endeavoring by them to overturn the true miracles, and persuade men that they were merely the effect of skill and industry. Amongst the relations is that of the tree אמלוי (*Amloi*), one of the *asheroth*, i. e. groves, or trees planted in honor of the gods, which, as has been shown, was practiced among them. Of this tree they affirm that it had stood in Nineveh twelve thousand years; that afterward it had a dispute with the יברואך (*Jabruach*) or Mandrake, which desired to usurp its place; and that a certain man who had prophesied by its influence, but had been for a while deprived of his ability to prophesy, being again urged by its prophetic impulse, received information that it had been engaged in the dispute with the *Jabruach*, and was commanded so write to all judges to determine the dispute, and decide

which of them possessed the greater power of working wonders! Such is the outline of this prolix fable; but it is sufficient to teach us the opinions and wisdom of these men. Yet these were the wise men of Babel, who in those days of darkness were held in great estimation; and since the people were educated in the belief of these things, had it not been for the promulgation of the knowledge of the existence of God, the Gentile nations would even now have been involved in the most deplorable ignorance.

But to resume our former subject. The book already referred to, narrates a fable of a certain idolatrous false prophet whose name was *Thammuz*, and relates of him that, having called upon the king to worship the seven planets and the twelve signs of the zodiac, he was ignominiously put to death by him; and that on the same night, on which he was slain, all the images from the very ends of the earth assembled in the palace which had been erected for the great golden image, the image of the sun, which was suspended in the air; that the image of the sun dropped into the midst of them, and weeping and mourning the loss of *Thammuz*, related what had happened to him, which caused a general lamentation and weeping of the rest of the images during the whole night; but that, as soon as the morning dawned, they all flew away, and returned to their respective temples in the most distant regions. Such was the origin of the custom of weeping and mourning for *Thammuz* (the false prophet), on the first day of the month *Thammuz* (i. e. June). Such were, therefore, the opinions entertained at that day. It is true, the history of *Thammuz* professes to be of the most remote antiquity; and yet from this book much may be learned of the ravings and practices and festivals of the *Zabii*. Care, however, should be taken to guard against their stories of Adam, of the serpent, of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and of vestments, lest by their novelty they should deceive the understanding, and lead men to suppose that such things as they relate have really occurred, when the fact is, that such things never did and never could exist. Indeed the slightest and most superficial consideration of the subject will be sufficient to convince any one that these relations are false, and were forged after our law was known amongst the Gentiles, and they had heard the history of the work of creation. For receiving everything in a literal sense, they framed these fables accordingly, and accommodated them to what was related in the law, that they might persuade the simple and illiterate, that the world was eternal, and that what is related in the law, was effected in the

way they describe. And although some to whom I address myself may have no need of these precautions, because they are already in possession of such knowledge as will prevent the mind from adopting the reveries of the Chaldeans, astrologers, and Zabii, who were destitute of all true wisdom; I am, nevertheless, willing to note what is necessary for the preservation of others from a belief of those fables, to which the vulgar are but too apt to give credit.

Beside the Zabian books already noticed, there are also the book *Haistamchus*, falsely ascribed to Aristotle: the book *Hattelesmaoth* (i. e. of Talismans or speaking images); the book *Tamtam*: the book *Hasharab*: the book *Maaloth haggalgal vehazzuroth haoloth becol maaleh* (i. e. Of the Degrees of the Celestial Orbs and of the Figures that are ascendant in every Degree): another book, *Concerning Talismans, or Speaking Images*, attributed to Aristotle: a book ascribed to Hermes: a book of *Isaac the Zabian*, in which he defends the laws of the Zabii; also, a large book, *Of the Customs and Particularities of the Law of the Zabii*, as their feasts, sacrifices, prayers, and other things concerning their faith. All these are works treating of the affairs of the idolaters, and have been translated into the Arabic tongue; though doubtless but a small number in comparison of those that either have not been translated or have perished through length of time. But even those which are still extant include a considerable part of the opinions and practices of the Zabii (some of which are known and practiced at the present day), as the erection of temples, and sometimes placing in them images of metal or stone; the construction of altars, and offering sacrifices and oblations of various kinds of food upon them; the celebration of festivals; the assembling of the people to prayers and other parts of worship in their temples; in which they also constructed stately monuments, calling them the temples of intellectual forms; the setting up of images on high mountains; their reverence for groves or trees; the erection of statues; and various other things of which the books already noticed will furnish information. An intimate knowledge of their opinions and practices will therefore open the door to an acquaintance with the reasons of the different precepts of the law; for the very foundation and hinge on which our whole law turns, is, that it is designed to eradicate from the heart, and obliterate from the memory, every root and trace of their opinions; as it is said, "That your heart be not deceived, and turn aside, and serve other gods, and worship them." (Deut. xi. 16.) And also,

"Lest there should be amongst you man, or woman, or family, or tribe, whose heart turneth away this day from the Lord our God, to go and serve the gods of these nations." (Deut. xxix. 18.) And again, "Ye shall overthrow their altars, and break their pillars, and burn their groves with fire, and you shall hew down the graven images of their gods. and destroy the names of them out of that place." (Deut. xii. 3.) In short, every part of the law presents us with the repetition and enforcement of these injunctions. Our sages also teach us that this is its first and principal design. Thus, in their exposition of what God hath said in those words, "Whatsoever the Lord commands you by the hand of Moses," they write, "Behold! from hence thou mayest learn, that whosoever embraces idolatry is considered as having renounced the whole law; and that whosoever renounces idolatry, is regarded as receiving the whole law."

JEWISH BELIEF IN GOD, AND EXPOSITION OF THE "ANGEL" OF SCRIPTURE.

(Continued from page 325.)

VI. THE law of God exacts no slavish faith from man; whenever it persuades him to give his assent to the most essential subject of religion, it requires him to do so by investigation, and by the demonstration of his own reason. He is admonished, "Know therefore this day, and consider it in thy heart, that the Lord is God in heaven above and upon the earth beneath, there is none else" (Deut. iv. 39). There is in this exhortation no threatening of eternal damnation, if we should not believe in impossibilities; on the contrary, it tells us that we would do violence to our reason if we should not believe in such an evident truth as that the Lord is God, and there is none else.

VII. It is unreasonable to disbelieve and deny every supernatural event because we have never witnessed it; there are many wonderful things in the world with which we are not acquainted, and our not being accustomed to such extraordinary events as those by which revealed religion claims our belief, is no proof of their impossibility. The belief of such a religion supported by reasonable proofs may,

under certain conditions, amount to such moral evidence, as not to leave us any doubt of its truth.

VIII. Man may arrive at the possession of a revealed religion in three ways. First, by a direct communication from God, as was the case with the holy patriarchs and prophets of old, who were so supremely blessed as to enjoy communion with God, and to receive by his immediate communication their religious notions from Himself. Secondly, by the teaching and commands which one man receives from another, whom he believes by demonstration of reason to be a true prophet. And, thirdly, by the hereditary traditions of children from their fathers, who have related from generation to generation some supernatural events or wonderful communications of God, either to the first parents themselves, or their contemporary prophet, upon whose claims to their belief they had had reason to rely with full conviction. The manner of obtaining an hereditary religion by descendants from their ancestors cannot be otherwise effected than by a written document, or book, in which all subjects of faith and her requirements are clearly set forth, and whose authenticity and truth have been attested by each successive generation to their children. Without such written testimony, a verbal transmission of religion ceases in process of time to be good authority; since no religious tenets can be preserved by an oral communication in their primitive purity through many ages. But, although no tradition or oral communication can be relied upon when its pretension rests merely on the testimony of some individuals who in past ages have claimed the belief of their nation, on the grounds that they had been intrusted either with the whole religion, or only with the explanation of the laws of a written book; yet, there is a kind of tradition which is indispensable in religion, *i. e.*, the simple meaning of the words concerning doctrines and laws, contained in the book which is the depository of an hereditary religion. It is impossible, that a book which contains all necessary subjects of religion should be accompanied by a glossary, or appendix, to explain all its words relating either to doctrines or laws, and this must necessarily be left to the trust, not of certain individuals, but of the whole nation, the owners of the book. Thus, if we wish to know the meaning of the words in the Book of Moses "The Angel of the Lord," and if the angel ought, according to the Mosaic religion, to be worshiped as God, or not, we need only ask a Jewish child if he was ever told by his parents to pray to an angel; and if he says No, we may be sure that according to the religion of

Moses, no angel is God; or, if we wish to know what was the meaning of the words "ערלה" "תקיעת שופר" "שעטנ" etc., we can learn it from the religious observances of the Jews.

IX. There is no question, that if a man have the unspeakable joy and bliss to receive a direct communication from God commanding him to do, or not to do a certain thing, he ought not first to consult his reason concerning the thing commanded, but implicitly to do the will of his Maker; and, however strange that commandment may appear in his eyes, he ought to consider, that the thoughts and ways of God are not like those of men; but with regard to *belief*, there is no possible case where a man should be bound to give his assent to that which is in direct contradiction to his reason. It is, indeed, ridiculous to enter into vain casuistry, and to decide what we ought to do in a case which will never happen; but for argument's sake, let us imagine that a man sees the heavens open, and hears the Almighty commanding him to believe what according to his conviction is utterly impossible; what is he to do? Why, he ought surely to fall upon his face and say, "O Lord God, to Thee all things are possible; if Thou, my God, really desirest me to believe such a thing, Thou canst endue me with faculties by which it would become possible for me to do Thy will; but, as I am now fashioned by Thy hand, I have no more certainty that Thou art my God who speakest to me, than that this thing Thou desirest me to believe is impossible." We can believe nothing which does not carry with it an evidence of its truth. Evidence is the essential and infallible criterion of truth; if evidence should be found in propositions which, though necessary to reason, are yet false, then we should be driven to error, as the assent we give to evidence is not from choice but from necessity. Hence, the impious conclusion would be, that God, who made us to love truth and to hate error, is Himself the author of errors, since He has so constituted us as to put us under the necessity of falling into them, and of never obtaining the truth which we love.

X. The cause of so many false religions which have been, and still are, in the world, arises from the general error of considering propositions which are against reason as if they were only above it. In no other subject of human decisions have there been such delusions—in no other investigations has poor humanity been so much cheated and imposed upon as in matters of religion. There is no absurdity too

* Laws of uncircumcised fruit (Levit. xix. 28); laws of blowing the trumpet (Numbers xxix. 1.); laws of prohibiting garments mixed of linen and woolen (Deut. xxii. 11).

great, no lie too ridiculous or repugnant to reason to which man has not been persuaded to yield assent; brave enough to defend his possessions against the most formidable invaders, preferring rather to die than to lose his property, with respect to reason he has been as docile as a child. He has given it up, without resistance, to all assailants who, with long faces and serious miens, were pleased to demand it, no matter if these adventurers were deliberate imposters, deceived fanatics, deluded deluders, or story-tellers in either sense. It is enough that they have never spread their nets in vain, but have invariably found shoals of flounders, not only amongst unthinking and ignorant, but even intelligent men, possessing all worldly attainments and learning, who, wishing to know also what was passing in heaven, could not resist learning it from such teachers, who assured them that they were there quite at home, as well acquainted with every corner of that place as with their own native village. It is this credulity, so natural to men, that has bequeathed to us a legacy of so many contrary religions, contained not only in verbal traditions transmitted from honest fathers to their children, but also in pretendedly inspired books, all claiming, with an air of serious authority, our assent to the only saving faith (as each book stoutly calls its own contents), and threatening us with eternally unquenched flames if we should have the audacity to oppose its doctrines.

XI. As we can, in the present time, admit no other revealed religion but that which was transmitted to us from our ancestors of olden times, and was preserved in an authentic book written by the inspiration of God, in which the true belief in Him and His precepts for regulating our actions is contained, it is of the highest importance for us to learn the contents of such a book, and implicitly to follow its injunctions and laws. But as there are several books in the world equally claiming to be of such high character, which are, nevertheless, in their fundamental doctrines, diametrically adverse to each other, it behooves us, in choosing one particular book as our guide to true religion, to divest ourselves of all prejudices imbibed by birth and bias of early education, and impartially and attentively to look after the discriminating marks by which such a book may be recognized as the true one; for if there be a true religion written by the inspiration of God, He must surely have furnished it with the means of being distinguished from what is spurious, or else, notwithstanding its truth, it would have been of no practical benefit. The fact is, that we want no new revelation from God to show us which book of religion is the

true one, as we can easily point it out by the infallible marks which are all comprised in the fulfillment of the following conditions:—

1. It must not contain a single proposition which is contrary to the simple and eternal truth known to every human being by the deduction of his own perceptions.

2. None of its own sentences must be disputed as an interpolation by any of the sects who profess with others to believe in the main contents of the same book.

3. Although all prophecies were delivered by Divine inspiration in a sublimely poetic style, yet prophecies contain no fundamental doctrines of religion. Principles must be enunciated in simple prose, clear to every mind, and must not depend upon the exegesis assigned to the highly figurative language in which poets indulge.

4. It must be written so logically, that its efficacy would be impaired by the addition or diminution of a single word, or by altering its plain obvious construction.

5. There must be a native beauty and majesty in all its sentences, and in their connection with each other.

6. A spirit of divinity must breathe through all its pages, evident to the intuitive feeling of the reader, and whispering in his ear, with a still small voice, "This book is inspired by God."

7. There must be no facts related in it about evil spirits—as familiar with men as rats with a conjurer. If such mischievous beings were ever in the world, where are they now?

8. It needs not contain any abstruse scientific matters, as astronomy, mathematics, or natural philosophy, but it must betray no ignorance in those very matters of which it treats.

9. It must in its narrative speak comfort and consolation, and inspire its believing reader with the conviction of a future life and eternal reward, but it must not treat expressly of a thing of which no man can form a clear idea.

10. With the exception of the name of God, it must contain no words which represent subjects and things whose existence we know by the conviction of the mind only, and not by its perception, such as infinity, eternity, and the like; it may, however, speak of angels as beings which have been perceptible to some men.

11. There must be in it no fanciful flight or poetical fiction, painted with artful simplicity; every such narrative is a sure mark of forgery, not only when clumsily designed by the hand of an unlettered muse, but even when grasped by the conception of genius, and

fanned with the wings of the most tender butterflies of Psyche herself. If religion and fancy are twin sisters, then London will be destroyed for her sin of not having a cathedral under the name of St. Shakspeare, or if a book evidently designed to catch the imagination could deserve our belief, then surely, the "Arabian Nights" ought to claim the first tribute of our veneration.

12. It must contain such a prophecy of the future, that, at the time when the book was written, could not possibly have been predicted, except by the inspiration of God, and whose accomplishment we must now see with our own eyes.

A book which answers all these conditions, is, without any doubt, the true depository of the revealed religion from God.

H. H.

(To be continued.)

THE TALMUD AND ITS PERSECUTORS.

BY DR. A. BENISCH.

It is most gratifying to contrast the present with the past. Time was when prejudice and ill-will against the Jews were extended to their literature, nay, when this was charged with the decried obstinacy with which they clung to their supposed soul-destroying unbelief. It was especially the Talmud which was the particular object of the aversion of good Christians. The cry was *tolle causam*. Auto-da-fés were solemnly decreed against the Talmud. "From Justinian," we are told, "who as early as 553 A.D. honored it by a special interdictory *Novella*, down to Clement VIII. and later—a space of over a thousand years—both the secular and the spiritual powers, kings and emperors, popes and anti-popes, vied with each other in hurling anathemas and bulls and edicts of wholesale confiscation and conflagrations against this luckless book. Thus within a period of less than fifty years—and these forming the latter half of the sixteenth century—it was publicly burnt no less than six different times, and that not in single copies, but wholesale by the wagon-load." Our own England must during the middle ages have been sadly tainted with this corrupt source of moral and religious leprosy, for a pope deemed

it necessary to point to this plague spot in our country. Honorius IV. wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury anent that "damnable book," admonishing him gravely and desiring him "vehemently" to see that it be not read by anybody, since "all other evils flow out of it."

This was in 1286. In 1873 an Archbishop of Canterbury visited Sir Moses Montefiore's College at Ramsgate—crammed with these "damnable" books, and chiefly founded for the study of the work "out of which all other evils flow"—holding all the while sweet converse with the chief of this college. Such is the marvel which the lapse of centuries has wrought. At Rome, however, we believe the Talmud, in consequence of papal decrees, is still a tabooed book, for does it not figure conspicuously in the Index Prohibitorius? We believe that in that city, containing a Jewish population exceeding 4000, not a single copy of the Talmud is to be found, except in the Vatican Library. And when the "damnable book" was not to be kept out from the hands of the infatuated Jews, when the obnoxious volume was smuggled into Christendom from the dominions of the Crescent, whose rulers malignantly stopped their ears against the charmer's warning voice resounding from the banks of the Tiber, permitting the pernicious work to be multiplied *ad infinitum* by means of the treacherous printing press; and when Christian princes, themselves not proof against Jewish blandishments and Jewish gold, acquiesced in the reproduction of the book, another device was resorted to, which was as ingenious as it was profitable. The Talmud, and indeed the whole of the Jewish literature, was to be purged; nay, it was at one time gravely proposed to subject the Bible to the same operation, and to amend the original text by the Vulgate. This was a scheme which enjoyed the special patronage of greedy converts, whose eyes had been opened to "the truth" by golden reasons. Indeed, it proved a gold mine to them and the Dominicans. If the Talmud was to be purged, there must of course be purgers, *alias* censors, and who more fit for this office than those who, from their Jewish descent and education, were supposed to be the best acquainted with the baneful passages and their often hidden meaning which blasphemed Christianity and poisoned the Jewish mind against it? Set a thief to catch a thief. What a glorious opportunity for these informers for killing two birds with one stone—for ingratiating themselves on the one hand with those superiors, to whom the important duty of purging had been intrusted, by pointing out the malignity of the Jews, who in their perfidious writings continued to crucify the Saviour

whom their ancestors so ruthlessly killed ; and, on the other hand, for accepting from their deserted brethren bribes in order not to make more discoveries than were requisite to establish the necessity of this censorship.

Especially active in this field was the notorious Pfeffercorn, a Jewish convert, in the latter half of the sixteenth century, who endeavored to rouse the whole of Germany against the pernicious Talmud. He did succeed in kindling a conflagration such as had never before been witnessed, but not exactly in the direction which it was his wish to give to it. The flames spread, but at last chiefly concentrated themselves on the building in which he had taken refuge. The movement called forth by him helped on the spread of the Reformation, which shook the papal structure to its very foundation. Thus Nemesis overtook the Talmud devourers.

But in Italy, where the papal power was supreme, the persecution of Hebrew Literature continued for several generations longer ; and it is touching to read how delegates of the Italian Jewish communities met repeatedly in secret conclave, deliberating on the means for keeping the destroyer away from their beloved books ; how the communities taxed themselves, raised the necessary funds, and sent emissaries to the papal court with the instruction to ward off the threatened calamity from their darling libraries, by appeasing the *auri sacra fames*, to which Roman prelates were but too often a prey.

But this semi-tragical procedure had also its comical side. It is amusing to see how these censors managed to mutilate most harmless passages and substitute others which then read on most oddly. When, for example, the censor " found some ancient Roman in the book swearing by the Capitol or by Jupiter of Rome," his mind instantly misgave him. Surely this Roman must be a Christian, the capitol the Vatican, Jupiter the Pope. And forthwith he struck out Rome and substituted any other place he could think of. A favorite spot seems to have been Persia, sometimes it was Aram or Babel. So that this worthy Roman may be found swearing, nay to this day, by the Capitol of Persia, or the Jupiter of Aram and Babel. But whenever the word " Gentile " occurred, the censor was seized with the most fanatic terrors. A " Gentile " could not be possibly aught but a Christian ; whether he lived in India or Athens, in Rome or in Canaan ; whether he was a good Gentile—and there are many such in the Talmud—or a wicked one. Instantly he christened him, as

fancy moved him, an "Egyptian," an "Aramean," an "Amalekite," an "Arab," a Negro," sometimes a whole people.

In the West of Europe this frenzy happily has died out long ago. But in the North, in the fanatic reign of the late Czar, it revived, and this too with a vengeance. The rigid censorship there exercised produced strange readings in Hebrew books. In consequence of this censorship, it for instance became necessary to substitute for *yavan* (יוון Greek), the word *yishmael* (ישמעאל Turk or Mahometan), lest the Greek or Russian Church should be spoken of in some insidious manner. Imagine in the special prayer inserted at חנוכה in the שמחה עשרה in commemoration of the victories obtained by the Maccabees over the Syro-Grecians, the words *בשעמדה מלכות ישמעאל הרשעה* (when the wicked Ishmaelite kingdom arose) substituted for *מלכות יון* (Greek kingdom), as it is in the text. Such were and such will be at all times the consequences of fanaticism. When it kills indiscriminately the believer and unbeliever in order to prevent the escape of the latter, it lays unction to its soul by the declaration "God will know His own," and when the censor turns good sense into an absurdity in order to protect the dominant system from blasphemy, he comforts himself with the exclamation *animam meam salvavi*.

Happily the Talmud has outlived all these persecutions. The sentence has been reversed. It has in our days been *rehabilitated*; and among its ablest vindicators Emanuel Deutsch will rank foremost.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

OLD TOASTS.

" HERE's a health to all those that I love;
Here's a health to all those that love me;
Here's a health to all those that love those that I love,
And to those that love those that love me.

Here's to those that love them that love us;
Here's to them that love those that love us;
Here's to those that love those, that love those, that love those,
That love those that love them that love us."

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

No. 9.

FREEMASONRY, JUDAISM, AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY D. E. DE LARA.

ARE Freemasonry, Judaism, and Christianity antagonistic, or do they harmonize? To answer this question decisively, would be an act of presumption on my part, of which I do not wish to be guilty. I may, however, be permitted to offer my views on the subject, in the elucidation of which it will of course be necessary to make the following preliminary inquiries:

1. What in reality is Freemasonry?
2. What is Judaism?
3. What is Christianity?

It may be asked, what induces me to ask questions that have been discussed for centuries, and yet have not hitherto been answered to the satisfaction of *all* inquirers?

It is comparatively not so very long since these subjects were discussed sword in hand, the disputants wading knee-deep in blood; the arguments employed to produce conviction being the rope, the faggot, and the axe.

As regards Freemasonry, it has had to struggle at all times, not only with the most determined opposition, with misrepresentation, and falsehood, but with intense hatred; and even to suffer cruel, relentless persecution. It has been ever on the defensive, and is so still. The reader is no doubt aware of the recent contest, in the empire of Brazil, between the government and the Church, the latter having excommunicated all who are members of masonic societies.

But while the Catholic Church of Rome condemns Freemasonry as anti-Christian, the mother lodge of Berlin, only a few years since, denied the right of membership to all who were *not* Christians; yet even quite recently, at a meeting held at Syracuse, of a society for

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by RAPHAEL D'O. LEWIS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. IV.—27

the suppression of all secret societies, the masonic fraternity was included, and specially alluded to in the most severe terms of condemnation, as *unchristian*! Lastly, the Jewish members of the order object to the introduction of anything sectarian in the ritual of the lodges.

Whence this hatred of an institution that dates its birth beyond that of the oldest of the patriarchs? Whence this clashing of opinions? May it not be owing to the *want* of a correct knowledge of the nature, not only of Freemasonry, but also of Christianity and of Judaism.

Let us inquire.

For my own part, though fully anticipating that my views will not be altogether in accordance with those entertained by some of my readers, availing myself of that spirit of tolerance and forbearance which exercises its benign influence nowhere more efficiently than in this country, I shall speak freely and unreservedly. I ask as a favor, if not as a right, that credit will be given me for sincerity, for a love of what appears to me to be truth, and for a sense of duty to openly avow it. If I am in error, I am open to correction and shall feel thankful for it.

First, then, what is Freemasonry?

As on the origin of almost every other time-honored institution, so on that of Freemasonry opinions are divided. In the opinion of some, the history of Freemasonry commences not earlier than about the year 1717; but, according to others, even this is thrown back to 1564. Both make London its birth-place. The York rite lays claim, to greater antiquity. It ascends to the tenth century; and, according to others again, it has been traced back to the fifth.

Toward the middle of the eleventh century, flourished a man of very great erudition, named Abner, and after the place of birth, Burgos. Being fond of an easy and luxurious life, and conscious of his superior attainments, yet compelled to share the contumely and obloquy in which his co-religionists were held, he did, from interest and ambition, what all voluntary apostates from Judaism have done, from the same motive—he apostatized; that is, he forsook the Almighty, and became, or, at least, professed to have become, a believer in the Roman Catholic religion. At his baptism, he received the name of Pedro Alfonso, after King Alfonsus IV., who was his sponsor, and that sovereign's physician, named Pedro. He had studied philosophy in the school of the Arabs, and now applied his great learning to the defense of his new faith, and thus created some

taste for the study of Arabian literature. He also wrote one or more books against his former co-religionists; for it has at all times been deemed wise and prudent, on the part of apostates or so-called converts, to show their zeal and sincerity, whether real or feigned, by a display of hatred, misrepresentation, and slander of both the faith they had forsaken and its professors. After having been presented at the court of France, and blessed by the Pope in person, he died in 1104 or 1106, at the age of nearly fourscore years.

About the year 1820 or 1821, I saw in Spain a book printed in that country upward of two centuries earlier. It was a Spanish translation of a Hebrew or Arabic manuscript (I have forgotten which) of the tenth or eleventh century. It was entitled: "A Treatise on the Evidences of Christianity,* written by a Jewish convert to the true faith." In that work the author who, as in duty bound, is very severe upon his former co-religionists, charges or *accuses* them of being the originators of the institution of Freemasonry. We are told in that book that Freemasonry arose in the fifth century; that its founders were a company of builders who migrated from one Christian country to another, employed under the direction of sovereigns, bishops, or holy abbots, in the erection of those stately fabrics known at present as Gothic cathedrals; that these men had come from the East, "India or Egypt," says the author, and were joined by many Spanish fugitives or voluntary exiles that had escaped the fatal consequences of the oath of extermination which the Gothic kings in Spain were obliged to take at their coronation against the Jews, unless they embraced Christianity, but which measure the pious convert declares to have been both wise and just. The author informs us that in reality all the members of these Societies, which had numerous ramifications, were secretly Jews, though outwardly conforming with the duties and observances of Christianity.

We are informed that they had three degrees according to knowledge, invoked the devil, and were aided and assisted by evil spirits. That they conversed in a language only understood amongst themselves, corresponded in ciphers or symbols; that they had an alphabet consisting of only nine characters; that these were the first eleven letters

*Several works in defense of Christianity and against the Jews have been written by Jewish converts in Spain, and published in that country. I can remember the titles of only two, very nearly alike: *La fé triumpante* (Triumphant Faith), I forget by whom, and *El triunfo de la fé* (The Triumph of Faith), by John Joseph Heydeck, a Franciscan friar and professor of Oriental languages and literature in one of the universities. The latter work I have read.

of the Hebrew alphabet, excluding, however, the ך and ם. These nine letters, says the writer, added together, would give 81—the biquadrate of 3.

He charges the builders with making the ground plan of the churches in the form of a cross, so that it might lie prostrate on the earth; while that symbol of salvation was never to be introduced in any part of the structure raised; that none of the lines were to be straight, but curved or segments of a circle; nor that any two lines should form a right angle; that the form of the square should never be introduced.

He charges them with both covertly and openly introducing in the ornaments on the outside of the churches, grotesque and often obscene figures, in mockery of the solemn rites and holy worship within.

The author enters into many very interesting details, throwing great light upon the principles of Gothic architecture, showing a certain key to the proportions of all the different parts of a building. The only thing which I can remember about them is, that its "*unit*" is 3; that the shaft of the column of *any* building was their standard of measurement for all the parts; that the length of the shaft was divided into twenty-seven equal parts ($3 \times 3 \times 3$), each part being similarly subdivided. The builders asserted, says the author, that the interval between the creation of the world and the advent of Christ or the Messiah was 6561 years, this being the square of the biquadrate of 3—a computation not a whit more reliable than the chronology of the Jewish, the Roman, or the Greek Catholic churches or any other. Now this book may not improbably have been written by the said Abner of Burgos (or Pedro Alfonso de Valladolid).

Some persons believe King Solomon to have been the founder of Freemasonry. It is, however, much more probable that it was introduced into his kingdom from Egypt, through Hiram King of Tyre.

The history of Freemasonry can, however, be traced tens of centuries back. In fact, the institution appears to be of an antiquity so remote, that its origin would have been lost in the mist of time, had tradition not preserved its history, and had the last or concluding rite of initiation not been religiously preserved to this very day. Not only the nature of the institution itself, but Scripture furnishes incontrovertible evidence of its remote antiquity—an antiquity of not less than four thousand or five thousand years.

There are very strong grounds for the belief, that the real founders, the originators of the institution, were the priests of ancient Egypt.

They were the sole depositories of science, the sole physicians, lawyers, judges, mathematicians, astronomers (and astrologers).

Ere Moses had attained the age of manhood, Rameses built that famous temple, within any corner of which could be stowed away St. Peter's cathedral at Rome or St. Paul's of London; and which contained that library over which was placed the famous inscription, "Medicine for the Mind." Even at that time, Egypt had already enjoyed twenty-five centuries of power, knowledge, indeed a very high degree of civilization; for although the priesthood were the possessors and guardians of such knowledge which it was as much their interest as it was prudent to keep from the people, much knowledge of the arts must necessarily, during so long a period, have found its way amongst that people. Without it they could not have made that progress in civilization of which such astounding evidence yet exists. As to power, the priesthood alone were in possession of that; they even elected the kings from their own body. Their more ancient writings, known as the Hermatic Books, have been lost. Of such antiquity were these, that four thousand years ago they had already become unintelligible, even with few exceptions, to the priests themselves. These sacred writings, which according to Jamblichus consisted of 36,524 books, on every art or science as well as on religion, have been lost. The theogonic and cosmogonic writings that have come to us are of a much later date, after Grecian philosophy and theosophy had penetrated into Egypt. Of some of these there exist Greek, Latin, and even German translations.

The Egyptians as a people were idolators; of this there can be no doubt. The priests were not. What the mass of the people worshiped as divinities were to the priesthood and to the initiated merely emblematic or symbolic representations of ideas or of the forces of Nature. Thus Osiris represents the active, the generative; Isis, the receptive, passive, and productive power of Nature. United they form the *Universal*, the *All*, and are to be considered as the personification of the self-producing and reproducing highest potency of Nature. Opposed to these stand *Typhon* and *Nyphthys*—the destroying principles in Nature. The restoration after disturbance are represented by Arueris and Bubastis. These six representatives are placed in an ideal relationship, and the Egyptian mythus regards them in certain relations as brothers and sisters; in other relations, as each other's offspring. Emanations of these six principal divinities or modifications of the same are Thoth, Serapis, Ammon, Mendes

Horus, Harpocrates, Anubis etc. These, however, were represented in the form of animals, were in the *popular* belief real persons—divinities, and honored as such. Again, the serpent holding its tail in its mouth represented eternity—the end being lost in the beginning. The scarabæus was the emblem of the revival in another world; the hawk with its outspread wings and clasping the rings, represented the soul aspiring to immortality. Kneph with his boats was the “creative spirit moving upon the face of the waters.” The Egyptians had not the beautiful poetical mythology—creation of the ingenious Grecian mind. “It was a symmetrical theological system, based upon a profound philosophical apprehension of the forces of Nature.”

The belief in the immortality of the soul and in a state—not a place—of existence hereafter* was universal. It is so in the widest sense. It is a belief of which the human mind *cannot* divest itself, and exists independent of teaching or revelation. But the priests believed in the existence of one only God, the Creator of Nature—a God eternal, invisible, but also omnipresent, the divine essence existing in all animated nature. “On the summit of the Egyptian pantheon,” says a writer, “hovers a sole God, immortal, uncreate, invisible, and hidden in the inaccessible depth of his own essence—the Creator and preserver of all.” On the temple of Sais is the ancient inscription “I am who is, has been, and ever shall be.” Is there not a singular resemblance between this and the “I am,” the *אני אשר אהיה* of Moses? Were the Israelites aware that this omnipotent being, *whose name it was not lawful to pronounce*; did they believe that it was that “I am” who had called Moses? Or is it a mere coincidence? However, this belief in the existence of one omnipotent incomprehensible deity was their grand mystery or secret, into which the few were initiated.

The candidate for admission or neophyte had to satisfy the examiners into his life and conduct, that he was worthy of being initiated into the mysteries, and might be safely trusted with the sacred secrets. “Had he been ever truthful? Had he ever attempted to do a private injury to any one? Had he ever wronged the poor, defrauded the laborer, oppressed the slave, used false weights or measures, been guilty of any act of hypocrisy? Had he ever committed any act of injustice or oppression, any heinous crime? Had he ever regarded his fellow-man otherwise than as a brother? To all these questions

* There are some traces of the transmigration of the soul during a longer or shorter period in punishment inflicted upon the wicked.

the candidate had to give prompt and truthful answers, calling to witness the God Supreme, *whose ineffable name was never to be pronounced*. The candidate could not deceive, and he knew it, for his every action had been noted, his every step followed, his every word had been reported or heard, he had been watched for months, sometimes for years.

His intellect too was gauged. His courage, both moral and physical, was put to severe tests, the latter sometimes so severe that it involved the loss of life. A people that thus searches into the lives of individuals, that subjects even its sovereigns to a trial after death, and which denies them honorable burial should they have been found unworthy, must not only have made very great progress in civilization, but have known to appreciate virtue, rectitude, and morality. The last rite of initiation into the Egyptian mysteries was that by which even to the present day all the male descendants of Abraham are initiated into Judaism on the eighth day after birth.

This belief in one God, eternal and invisible; this belief unknown to the mass of the Egyptian people, but preserved by tradition among the descendants of Jacob, and the contempt entertained by the Israelites for the popular deities was very probably the cause of the hatred inspired into a priesthood, whose teachings, tactics, and claims to authority in matters of religion they despised, and which hatred they have borne ever since, and from precisely the same cause; the struggle of Judaism has ever been with idolatry, its teachings, and the tactics and pretensions of its priesthood. Moses had no need to teach the dogma of the unity of the Godhead—this was a belief established among his new people; nor did he, but he declared to the Israelites that the only God was He who had delivered them from bondage—the God of freedom; nor did he find it necessary to teach the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. He used no figurative language when he told the Israelites that they were a nation of priests—for *every* man had become the equal at least of the Egyptian priests—their equal in knowledge of the truth; their superior in openly confessing and proclaiming it.

Pythagoras, who studied under the Prophet Ezekiel, received the same rite of initiation from the Egyptian priests; and Abraham himself, who sojourned long in Egypt, was initiated into their mysteries and submitted to the indelible rite when (according to the Scripture) he was already 99 years old. Moses, who evidently had been initiated into their mysteries, made the rite of circumcision universal amongst

the Israelites, obligatory on all, and by this indelible sign and seal separated them from all other nations. Tearing away the veil from before the face of Isis, he made the dogma of the unity of the Godhead the corner-stone of his political edifice, although his representation of the Deity as a personal Being differs from that of the Egyptian priesthood, which was philosophical and speculative rather than religious.

In modern times, Freemasonry has undergone many changes. Many so-called degrees have been added to the natural and rational and legitimate three. Thus, in 1725, the Jesuit fathers established a fourth and a fifth degree; and the first lodge at Clermont in France, as well as the order of Knight Templars, was instituted by them. They stated—whether truly or falsely is immaterial, though there is no evidence in support of their statement beyond their assertion—that after the suppression of the order and the cruel persecution of the Knights, many of whom were burnt at the stake, several of their number escaped and found a refuge in the Orkneys. There, disguised, they preserved and continued the order. The Jesuits had a double object in view, in establishing the lodge at Clermont and restoring the order. They thus catholicized Freemasonry, and formed the nucleus of a conspiracy to recover the English crown for the Stuarts in the person of the “Pretender.” Baron Von Hund, too, in Germany, *after* his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, added a seventh degree; six being then of course already in existence. Many more degrees have been added to it. Dogmas and doctrines and creeds have been grafted upon Freemasonry, though entirely opposed to the nature and spirit of the institution.

It is needful to state that the order is greatly ramified; that there is scarcely a nook or corner inhabited by civilized man where one or more members are not to be found. Modern Freemasonry is in many respects not what it was originally. It may be said with truth that, though the members of masonic societies are very numerous, not many of these are real Freemasons.

If we inquire of any ordinary member of the masonic fraternity, we shall be told, as I have been frequently, that Freemasonry is the union of persons known as good, virtuous, honorable men, for the purpose of exercising mutual aid and support; and such irrespective of, and without inquiry into, one another's religious or political opinions. This would be reducing Freemasonry to a mutual benefit society. Freemasonry is something very superior to this, as every Freemason knows, or ought to know.

Modern Freemasonry is the term employed to designate a particular society or brotherhood, having for its object both the fraternization of all men, and the elevation of the human race. The word "Masonry" is used conventionally, and intended to convey the idea of figuratively building or raising a certain structure, not only upon charity, nor upon that and wisdom only, but upon the triple foundation of charity, wisdom, and truth—unalloyed, unmixed, uncompromising, evident TRUTH. The structure is in the fullest acceptation of the word philanthropic; because it is a moral and an intellectual, as well as a social structure. To the word "Masonry" is prefixed the epithet "Free," to indicate that the builders exercise perfect freedom of thought; uninfluenced by existing systems, opinions, or conventionalities; however widespread, however time-honored.

The conclusions it comes to must be, and indeed are, the result of the investigation entered upon by reason, by the intellect. Freemasonry regards all mankind as one family, consequently all men as brethren, without distinction of race, country, color, or creed; and teaches the love and honor of God as the common father of all. Freemasonry admits and reveres truth, wherever it meets with it; whether in the Christian, the Jewish, the Mohammedan, or the Pagan writings or teachings; whether it comes from the pen or lips of a Gibbon or a Gregory, a Paul or a Paine, a Leibnitz or a Loyola, a St. Augustine or a Spinoza, a fanatic or philosopher. But it admits as as truth, as fact, *that* only which has proved itself such after passing through the ordeal of free, fearless, impartial, but thorough investigation.

Freemasonry believes that there is no book, however foolish or absurd its contents as a whole, that does not contain *some* truth, some useful lesson, some fragment of wisdom; on the other hand, it maintains that there is scarcely any, however good and wise its general tenor, that does not, or at least *may* not, contain some absurdities and even untruths. Hence Freemasonry does not believe all that is written merely *because* it is written. Freemasonry asks, though millions *believe* this or that, is it true; is it credible; is it possible?

Thus the Freemason reads, reads everything, but he separates the wheat from the chaff, the gold from the dross; rejecting as false, whatsoever he finds revolting to reason and common-sense, opposed to fact, disproved by science and experience, and contrary to or in violation of the laws of Nature; that is, the laws established once and forever by the Author of Nature, the Great Architect of the universe.

For instance, when he reads that some Indian deity passed the years of his early manhood in the society of milkmaids and shepherdesses, the Freemason has no objection to believe this, for he can see nothing very incredible in it. It is not unnatural that a youthful and jovial God should devote his time and attention to the instruction and conversion of milkmaids and shepherdesses; but when the Freemason reads that that same god (I think it is Vishnu) passed through seven incarnations; that amongst other creatures he became a man, at once mortal and immortal, perishable and imperishable; a perfect being, full of human passions, failings, and infirmities; a source of wisdom, yet constantly giving utterance to absurdities, and committing acts of folly—for such is the Indian god Vishnu—the Freemason believes not a tittle of the whole story, though it be written and believed by 300 millions of men who assure him that this is a very profound and most holy mystery.

Moslemism teaches that Mohammed made a journey through the seven heavens, held a long conference with God, received the Koran from Him, and wrote the whole of the contents of that book on his brain, his heart, and the palm of his right hand, beneath the skin; and to render this marvel yet more marvelous, that he did all this within the short interval between dipping his head in a tub of water and raising it again.

This is written, and because it is written and taught, and a belief therein made a duty and a merit, another three hundred millions of beings, claiming to be rational and intelligent, *do* believe it, and are ready to prove the truth of such absurdities by that which is no proof of truth at all, but of credulity and fanaticism, often of folly, namely, martyrdom; yet the Freemason does not believe a word of it.

In another book he reads that a certain holy man preached a sermon in Latin to the fishes. The Freemason can readily believe this. You and I, every one of us, could do as much; but when the Freemason reads that the sermon was so affecting that the pikes and sharks were converted, the wicked, unbelieving Freemason will postpone his belief in the writings of *that* holy man till he is satisfied *beyond a doubt* that fishes can be made Latin scholars.

In one book he reads of a holy man who made two voyages on board of two different ships, proceeding at the same time in different directions. Another holy man tells him that, while traveling in Africa, he met with a community, each member of which had but one eye, and that was situated in the middle of the forehead. On

reading such absurdities, the Freemason observes that holy travelers tell wonderful tales. Yet such and similar gross absurdities are credited by millions of persons; and such palpable falsehoods are declared to be the "inspired word of God!"

In one book he reads that man has two souls—a bad one, situated in the heart, and a good one, inhabiting the brain; in another book, that the soul, when leaving the body, takes up its abode in the body of an alligator, a sheep, a canary bird, a grasshopper, or a mosquito. Now all such foolishness has its thousands, its millions of believers, without any evidence of truth or ground for belief beyond the mere fact of its "being written."

This might appear incredible, were it not a fact that no absurdity is too great, too gross for credulity. There are at this moment in the so-called civilized world numbers of persons who believe that the sun revolves round this sphere. I have heard this asserted by those who ought to know better and probably do know better. Were to-morrow a man bold enough to assert that Gulliver's travels, or Baron Munchausen's adventures are inspired writings, or that men must believe with the earlier astronomers and cosmologists of antiquity that the form of the earth is not a sphere but a plane, resting on the back of an elephant, and the elephant standing on the back of a tortoise, this would be believed now as it was in time past.

In short, when the Freemason reads or hears of such and similar marvels, miracles, and absurdities, he hesitates as to whether he is more to pity ignorance and credulity, or despise knavery and imposture.

(To be continued.)

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

To do an evil action is base; to do a good action, without incurring danger, is common enough; but it is the part of a good man to do great and noble deeds, though he risks everything.—*Plutarch*.

The temperate are the most truly luxurious. By abstaining from most things, it is surprising how many things we enjoy.—*Simms*.

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.—*Walpole*.

THE CHARACTER AND VOCATIONS OF SOME ANCIENT RABBIS.

ILLUSTRATED FROM RABBI M. FAROHI'S "CAFTOR WAPHERACH."

THE writers of the traditional law have often been charged with presumption and self-aggrandizement, owing to some expressions which, detached from the context, and without making allowance for the extravagance of oriental phraseology, give a coloring to these unfounded accusations. It would therefore be the most irrefutable argument to adduce counter-passages, clearly demonstrating the self-denial, forbearance, and utter absence of selfishness in the character of those illustrious men.

Such was the fervor of their devotion to the study and promotion of the holy law, that neither the possession of great wealth, and the enjoyment of the luxuries in its train, nor the affliction of poverty and the innumerable miseries which it entails, could in the least affect their pious labors, or disturb their equanimity. We read in the Tract Sanhedrin as follows:—

Hillel's perseverance in study, when he was utterly destitute, furnishes a complete answer to those who claim exemption from studious pursuits on account of poverty. Rabbi Eleazar Ben Charsum's unremitting zeal for the holy law and support of its students, furnishes a complete answer to those who plead the necessity of their attention to commerce, and the preservation of their property and wealth, as an excuse for indifference to the Word of God and its promoters. Joseph, the son of Jacob the patriarch, convicts those delinquents, who set up the inability of resisting temptation, as a defense of their departure from virtue.

From the historical record of the Talmud and other traditional works, it is evident, however, that the most eminent of the sages were poor and needy, which fact removes at once the suspicion of sordid motives and self-aggrandizement. We read in Tract Berachoth, that Rabbi Gamliel said to Rabbi Joshua Ben Chananja: "from the walls of thy house, it is obvious thou workest in coals." In Tract Tanith, we read that Rabbi Eleazar resigned himself to every privation, and to the most painful distress, rather than to accept alms. In the same treatise we read, that Rab said to Rab Cahana: "rather skin a carcase in the open street, than say I am a priest or a great scholar." Although the rabbis enjoin honoring the Sabbath, not only in religious

meditation, but also in physical enjoyments, such as superior fare and dress, yet they insist upon the dogma, "rather make thy Sabbath a week-day, than put thyself under obligations to man." Rabbi Eleazar Ben Chisma, and Rabbi Jochanan Ben Gudgada, who were not only eminent in sacred learning, but also in secular knowledge, such as geometry and other sciences, were excessively poor. So was also Rabbi Akiba, during the first and greater part of his life. Rabbi Chanina Ben Dosa, though the son of a rich parent, of whom it was said, that he had provided golden couches as seats for the learned, was himself needy, yet celebrated for erudition and indefatigable research.

By far the greatest part of the lives of the traditional sages and philosophers, as it appears from the Talmud, and left undisputed even by their traducers, was occupied in learning and in teaching the religious truths they had so much at heart. Yet the instructions they afforded to the people were given freely and gratuitously. Indeed, they considered it incompatible with the spirit of religion to accept any pecuniary remuneration or reward for that instruction, which they deemed a sacred and paramount duty incumbent upon them, and indissolubly connected with their vocation. That sacred duty they illustrate in an allegory, representing the Supreme Being addressing humanity, "As I bestow benefits upon you freely, so should you confer spiritual advantages upon one another without price and without reward."

Among other charges laid at the door of the rabbis, is that of their harsh, if not violent denunciation of the ignorant and uneducated in the Holy Law (under the terms of *עם הארץ* Am-haaretz). But when we take into consideration the great sacrifices they presented on the Holy Shrine of the Law, not only to acquire, but also to promote its knowledge; and, moreover, the facilities which they so liberally and gratuitously afforded to the masses, at the leisure and convenience of the peasant, the peddler, and the mechanic, to become more or less acquainted with the duties and science of religion,—when we reflect upon these intellectual advantages so disinterestedly held out to the public, can we be surprised at the Rabbis' sorrow and indignation, provoked by the ignorance of the coarse and vulgar, who so disgracefully rejected the benevolent efforts made for their self-improvement and education?

We have already shown that Rabbi Joshua ben Chananjah worked in coals, and in addition to which we may enumerate Rabbi Isaac Napcha, or the blacksmith; Rabbi Nahum Halablar, the scribe, or

transcriber; Rabbi Mier, who was also a scribe; Rabbi Ada Meshucha, or the scale-maker; Rabbi Judah Hanachtum, or the baker. Rabbi Nehemiah was a potter; Abba Hosia was a launderer; Rabbi Nathan bar Shila was a butcher; Rab Obadia and Rab Osiah were hawkers in spices; Simeon Hapeculi sold wool which he himself made; Rabbi Simeon Hashesuri was a silk trimmer. Many of them earned their bread by agricultural labor; as Abbah Chekiah, who worked with the spade; and some followed the example of Elisha ben Shaphat, the prophet, who was also a ploughman. There were also great merchants among them; as Rab Dimi, of Nehardaah, and others. Nor were these learned mechanics, artisans, and laboring men at all ashamed of their work, trade, or handicraft. On the contrary, they were proud thereof. We read that Rabbi Judah and Rabbi Simeon went to the Medrash, or rabbinical college, with their work-tools and baskets on their shoulders, exclaiming, "Esteemed is manual labor, for it confers honor upon him who does it."

Although the study of the sacred law was made their principal pursuit, yet they early trained their children to handicraft or some trade. Indeed the Talmud says: It is one of the duties of parents toward children to teach them the law and a trade. The Talmud Jerushalmi comments upon the Scriptural passage: "and thou shalt choose life," that is, a trade or handicraft. Another Rabbi explains the verse in Ecclesiastes, "see life with the wife whom thou lovest," that is to say, acquire handicraft besides sacred studies. This maxim was laid down by Rabbi in the name of the "holy congregation," who were so called because they divided their day in three different occupations, one-third in prayer, one-third in holy studies, and one-third in manual work.

CHARLES II. AND HIS CHAPLAIN.

DR. HICKRINGAL, who was one of King Charles the Second's chaplains, whenever he preached before his majesty, was sure to tell him of his faults from the pulpit. One day his Majesty met the doctor in the Mall, and said to him, "Doctor, what have I done to you that you are always quarreling with me?" "I hope your Majesty is not angry with me," quoth the Doctor, "for telling the truth." "No, no," says the king; "but I would have us for the future be friends." "Well, well," quoth the Doctor, "I will make it up with your Majesty on these terms: *as you mend I'll mend.*"

A SHIPWRECK.

STEADILY blows the north-east wind,
And the harbor flag blows straight from the mast ;
And the sailors lounge, and look on the pier,
And smoke their pipes, and think it will last
Yonder the cloud-rack lowers, and glooms,
And the sweet blue sky is hidden away ;
Whilst the muttering waves grow hoarse and loud,
And you have to shout the thing that you say.
The distant fleet of white-sailed ships
Comes hastening landward with wet black sides,
As they lean to the push of the gusty wind,
Now a rush, now a pause, on the weltering tides.
The spumy froth of the rock-vexed waves
Gathers in creaming yeast on the sand ;
Then away in fluttering flocks it speeds
For hedges and hillsides far inland.
The sea-birds dip and wheel in the air,
And search the surges with greedy eyes ;
They hang with tremulous wings on the brink,
Then away on the blast with their shrill, sad cries.
Yonder the people crowd to the cliff,
Where the long gray grass is flattened and bent
As the stress of the hurricane passes by,
Every eye to seaward is fixed intent.
Far down below are the cruel rocks,
All black and slippery with black sea-weed ;
And pits profound, where the whirlpools run,
Forever revolving with hideous speed.
How the ships come ! Let them come, poor barks !
Here is the harbor quiet and still ;
Once entered, the weary crew can sleep,
And dream of their home without fear of ill.
How the ships come ! What's that ? A helm
Is carried away, and she drifts to the blast ;
Over her deck sweeps a roaring wave,
And up in the rigging the crew run fast.

On she comes for the rocks ! O men !
O maids and mothers ! O daughters and wives !
You are sitting at home by the hearth-fire warm,
And the sea has a hold of your loved ones' lives.

Now she strikes on the rocks ! No aid
Can reach her there : she must tumble and roll,
Till at last a great third wave will come,
And eat her up, and engulf the whole.

There ! they are lashing themselves to the spars !
Shrill on the wind comes their bitter cry.
They are waving their hands ! Out of the main
A billow rises, and breaks, and goes by.

All is vanished : the ship, and the men,
Crumbled, and crushed, and hurried away !
Here are the splinters on every rock,
All o'er the beach, and all round the bay.

There, on the sands, is a sailor's cap ;
And there close by a man on his face ;
And there are the others ! Oh, cover them quick,
And carry them off from this fatal place !

They are laid in the yard of the weather-worn church,
And the grass will grow on their quiet grave ;
But, O Lord in heaven, hadst Thou spoke one word,
It had stilled the wind and curbed the wave !

But perhaps Thou *wert* speaking. Our ears are dull,
And we cannot discern in this atmosphere :
The men, as they drowned, might have clearer sense—
Might have heard Thee well, and seen Thee near.

We all must be patient, and bear our part
In the periled toil of a wreckful world ;
But some Havening Rest may be found at last,
When the anchors are down, and the sails are furled.

— *Chambers's Journal.*

THE VALE OF CEDARS; OR, THE MARTYR.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

CHAPTER XX.

But love is strong. There came
Strength upon Woman's fragile heart and frame ;
There came swift courage.

MRS. HEMANS.

Death has no pang
More keen than this. Oh, wherefore art thou here ?

MRS. HEMANS.

A **PROFOUND** silence followed Don Felix's departure. Don Luis had so evidently evaded the king's demand, as to how he had witnessed this important interview, that even those most prejudiced in his favor, on account of his extreme sanctity, found themselves doubting his honor ; and those who had involuntarily been prejudiced against him, by the indefinable something pervading his countenance and voice, doubly rejoiced that their unspoken antipathy had some foundation. In modern courts of justice, to refuse the validity of evidence merely because the manner of obtaining it was supposed dishonorable, would be pronounced the acme of folly and romance. In the age of which we write, and in Spain especially, the sense of honor was so exquisitely refined, that the king's rebuke, and determination not to allow the validity of Don Luis's evidence, unless confirmed by an honorable witness, excited no surprise whatever ; every noble, nay, every one of the Associated Brethren, there present, would have said the same ; and the eager wonder, as to the person of the witness on whom so much stress was laid, became absolutely intense. The prisoner was very evidently agitated ; his cheek flushed and paled in rapid alternation, and a suppressed but painful exclamation escaped from him as Don Felix re-entered, leading with him a female form ; but the faint sound was unheard, save by the king and the sub-prior, who had been conversing apart during d'Estaban's absence—lost in the irrepressible burst of wonder and sympathy, which broke from all within the hall, as in the new witness, despite the change of garb and look, from the dazzling beauty of health and peace, to the attenuated form of anxiety and sorrow, they recognized at once the widow of the murdered, Donna Marie. Nor was this universal sympathy lessened, when, on partially removing her veil, to permit a clear view of the scene

around her, her sweet face was disclosed to all—profoundly, almost unnaturally, calm, indeed—but the cheek and lips were perfectly colorless; the ashy whiteness of the former rendered them more striking from the long black lash resting upon it, unwetted by a single tear: and from the peculiarly dark eye appearing the larger, from the attenuation of the other features. One steady and inquiring glance she was seen to fix upon the prisoner, and then she bent in homage to the sovereign; and emotion, if there were any, passed unseen.

“Sit, lady,” said the king, with ready courtesy, touched more than he could have imagined possible, by the change fourteen short days had wrought. “We would fain render this compelled summons as brief and little fatiguing as may be; none can grieve more than ourselves at this harsh intrusion on thy hours of sorrow; but in a great measure the doom of life or death rests with thee, and justice forbids our neglecting evidence so important. Yet sit, lady; we command it.”

“It needs not, gracious Sovereign; my strength will not fail me,” replied Marie, her sweet voice falling distinctly on every ear, while Stanley started at its calmness; and she gracefully refused the seat Don Felix proffered. “Give no more thought to me than to any other witness; it is not a subject’s place to sit in presence of her sovereign.”

But Ferdinand’s kindest feelings were excited, and instead of permitting the sub-prior to give the necessary details, he himself, with characteristic brevity, but clearly and kindly, narrated the progress of the evidence for and against the prisoner, and how great the weight laid on the proofs, if there were any, of acknowledged enmity, and premeditated injury, on the part of the accused toward the deceased. The questions to which he was compelled to request her reply were simply, “Was she aware of any cause of hatred existing between the accused and the deceased?” “Had she ever heard opprobrious and insulting epithets used by the former or the latter?” “Or any threat, implying that the death of Don Ferdinand Morales was desired by the prisoner?” “Had she ever seen the prisoner draw his sword upon the deceased?—and had she any reason to believe that Don Ferdinand had ever refused, or intended to refuse to meet the prisoner in honorable combat, and so urged the gratification of vengeance by a deed of murder? Reverend Father,” continued the king, “be pleased yourself to administer the customary oath.”

Father Francis instantly rose from his seat, and taking the large

and richly embossed silver crucifix from the monk, who had administered the oath to all the other witnesses, himself approached Marie. "Marie Henriquez Morales," he said, as he reverentially held the solemn symbol of his religion before her, "art thou well advised of the solemnity of the words thou art called upon to speak? If so, swear to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Swear by the Holy Symbol which I support; by the unpronounceable name of the Father, by the flesh and blood, the resurrection and the life of our Lord and Saviour Christ Jesu; by the Holy Spirit; by the saving and glorious Trinity; by the goodly army of saints and martyrs; daughter, swear, and the blessing or the curse be with you as you swear true or falsely."

The fine countenance of the sub-prior glowed with the holy enthusiasm of his appeal; his form, as he stood, one hand clasping the crucifix, the other emphatically raised, seemed dilated to unusual height and majesty, and the deep solemnity of his accents so enhanced the awful responsibility of the oath, that it thrilled throughout the multitude as it had never done before. So deep was the stillness which followed, that not one of those vast crowds seemed to breathe. To the prisoner it was a moment of intense emotion: for if, indeed, Marie had once told him truth, that oath, to her, even in its solemnity, was as naught; but ere he could even think as to the wording of her answer, that answer came, and so distinct, so unflinching, so unflinching, that there was not one person present who even strained his ear to catch the words.

"Reverend Father," she said, "I am grateful for thy counsel; and, believe me, am well advised of the truth and solemnity of the words I speak. But I cannot aid his grace, and these his subjects, in their decision as to the prisoner's sentence. My evidence is valueless. I belong to that race whose word is never taken as witness, for or against, in a court of justice. I cannot take the oath required, for I deny the faith in which it is administered. I am a JEWESS!"

A wild cry, in every variety of intonation—astonishment, horror, wrath, and perhaps terror, ran through the hall—from sovereign, noble, monk, and citizen simultaneously. Father Francis staggered back several paces, as if there were contamination in remaining by her side, and then stood as rooted to the ground, his hand convulsively grasping the crucifix which had nearly fallen from his hold; his lips apart, his nostrils slightly distended, and his eyes almost starting from their sockets, in the horrified and astonished gaze he fixed upon the

pale and fragile being who had dared speak such impious words. The attendant fathers rose simultaneously, and formed a semicircle round their superior, ready, at his slightest signal, to hurl down on her the anathema of the Church; reverence to the sub-prior alone preventing the curse from instantly bursting forth. The nobles, the Associated Brethren, Ferdinand himself, started almost unconsciously to their feet, and an eager rush brought many of the citizens still nearer to the scene of action. The prisoner, with an irresistible impulse, darted forward, and ere any one had recovered from his trance of bewilderment, had flung himself at Marie's feet.

"Marie! Marie!" he exclaimed, in a voice so hoarse and choked, its words were heard by her alone. "Oh! why hast thou done this? Why not take the required oath, and condemn me at once? Marie, I am unworthy of such self-sacrifice!"

"Ha! didst thou slay him then? Have I judged thee too kindly, Arthur," she answered; and the hand she laid heavily on his shoulder trembled so violently, it was evident she had thus placed it only to save her from sinking to the ground, for the unnatural strength had gone.

"No!" he exclaimed, in a tone and with a look which satisfied her at once, and there was no time for more. The king had perceived that the sub-prior was recovering composure, and with it energy of action; though himself a zealous Catholic, he felt compelled to save Marie. "Hold! hold!" he said hastily, as Father Francis was about to speak. "Reverend Father, we pray thee, be not over hasty in this matter; these are strange and terrible words; but they are meaningless; they must be. Her misery has turned her brain; she is mad; heed her not; be silent all of ye! See how she glares upon the prisoner! Is that the look of sanity? By St. Francis, we have done wrong to call her hither! Stand back, good fathers. Remove the prisoner; and let Donna Marie be conducted from the hall. Our consort should have warned us of this!"

"Forbear, my liege!" replied the sub-prior sternly. "The blaspheming words were all too calm and collectively spoken for the ravings of madness. Let not the false unbeliever pass hence till at least she has done reverence to the sacred symbol, she has, by daring denial, insulted. As thou wouldst save thine own soul from hell-fire, my liege, interfere not in this!"

As he spoke, several soldiers had endeavored rudely to drag Arthur from Marie: he strove fiercely for freedom, for but one hour's power

to protect her, but in vain. And the look she fixed upon him, as he was torn from her, from its contrast with her previous profound calm, did indeed seem almost of madness. The excitement which had enabled her to make this dread avowal—an avowal comprising such variety, and terrible danger, that the magnitude of the sacrifice comprised in the confession can now scarcely be understood; danger, not merely from the vengeance of the Church for long years of fraud, nor from the secret and awful tribunal of whose existence she was conscious (though not of its close vicinity); not merely these, but danger from the wrath and terrors of the secret members of her own faith, who might naturally imagine their own safety endangered in the suspicion engendered by her rash confession. Of all this she had thought; had believed herself strengthened to brave and bear every possible suffering, rather than breathe those words which must seal Stanley's fate; but now that she had spoken, though she would not have recalled them if she could—such an overpowering, crushing sense of all she had drawn upon herself, such fearful, spectral shapes of indefinable horror came upon her, that, as the sub-prior stood again before her with the uplifted cross, bidding her kneel and acknowledge him whose fate it imaged—she burst into a wild hysteric laugh, and fell prone upon the floor

“Said I not she was mad? And what need was there for this unmanly violence?” angrily exclaimed the monarch; and, starting from his seat, he authoritatively waved back the denouncing monks, and himself bent over Marie. The Duke of Murcia, Don Felix d’Estaban, the Lord of Aguilar, and several other nobles, following the sovereign’s example, hastened to her assistance. But to restore animation was not in their power, and on the king’s whispered commands, Don Felix gently, even tenderly raised her, and bore her in his arms from the hall. Even in that moment of excitement Ferdinand could not forbear glancing at the prisoner, whose passionate struggles to escape from the guard, when Marie fell, had been noticed by all, and unhappily, combined with his previous irritation, but confirmed the unspoken suspicions of many as to the real cause of his enmity against Don Ferdinand. The expression of his countenance was of such contending, terrible suffering, that the king hastily withdrew his gaze, vainly endeavoring to disbelieve, as he had done, the truth of Garcia’s charge.

Order was at length universally restored, and after a brief silence the chief of the Santa Hermandad demanded of the prisoner if he had

ought to say in his defense, or reply himself to Don Luis Garcia's charge. The reply was a stern, determined negative; and, deputed so to do by the sub-prior, who seemed so absorbed in the horror of Marie's daring avowal as to be incapable of further interference, the Hermano proceeded to sum up the evidence. As the widow of the deceased had so strangely yet effectually deprived them of her evidence, he said, he thought some slight regard ought to be paid to Don Luis Garcia's words; but even without doing so, the circumstantial evidence, though contradictory and complicated, was enough in his opinion to convict the prisoner; but he referred to his associates and to the peers then present, to pronounce sentence. His task was but to sum up the evidence, which he trusted he had done distinctly; his opinion was that of but one individual; there were at least fifty or sixty voices, to confirm or to oppose it.

Deep and sustained as had been the interest throughout the trial, it was never more intense than during the awful pause which heralded the prisoner's doom. It was spoken at length; the majority alike of the nobles and of the Santa Hermandad, believed and pronounced him guilty, and sentence of death was accordingly passed; but the Duke of Murcia then stepped forward, and urged the following, not only in the name of his brother peers, but in the name of his native sovereign, Isabella; that in consideration of the complicated and contradictory evidence, of the prisoner's previous high character, and of his strongly protested innocence, a respite of one month should be granted between sentence and execution, to permit prayers to be offered up throughout Spain for the discovery of the real murderer, or at least allow time for some proof of innocence to appear; during which time the prisoner should be removed from the hateful dungeon he had till that morning occupied, and confined under strict ward, in one of the turrets of the castle; and that, if at the end of the granted month affairs remained as they were then, that no proof of innocence appeared, a scaffold was to be erected in the Calle Soledad, on the exact spot where the murder was committed; there the prisoner, publicly degraded from the honors and privileges of chivalry, his sword broken before him, his spurs ignominiously struck from his heels, would then receive the award of the law, death from hanging, the usual fate of the vilest and commonest malefactors.

Ferdinand and the sub-prior regarded him attentively while this sentence was pronounced, but not a muscle in his countenance moved; what it expressed it would have been difficult to define; but it seemed

as if his thoughts were on other than himself. The king courteously thanked the assemblage for their aid in a matter so momentous, and at once ratified their suggestion. The Associated Brethren were satisfied that it was Isabella's will ; confident also in their own power to prevent the evasion, and bring about the execution of the sentence, if still required, at the termination of the given time ; and with a brief but impressive address from the sub-prior to the prisoner, the assemblage dispersed.

But the excitement of the city ceased not with the conclusion of the trial : not alone the populace, but the nobles themselves, even the holy fathers and Associated Brethren were seen, forming in various groups, conversing eagerly and mysteriously. The interest in the prisoner had in some measure given way to a new excitement. Question followed question, conjecture followed conjecture, but nothing could solve the mystery of Donna Marie's terrible avowal, or decrease the bewilderment and perplexity which, from various causes, it created in every mind. One alone, amongst the vast crowds which had thronged the trial, shunned his fellows. Not a change in the calm cold, sneering expression of Don Luis Garcia's countenance had betrayed either surprise at, or sympathy with, any one of the various emotions stirring that vast multitude of human hearts ; he had scarcely even moved his position during the continuance of the trial, casting indeed many a glance on the immediate scene of action, from beneath his thick and shadowy eyebrows, which concealed the sinister gaze from observation. He shunned the face of day ; but in his own dark haunts, and with his hellish colleagues, plans were formed and acted on, with a rapidity which, to minds less matured in iniquity, would have seemed incredible.

CHAPTER XXI.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE interest attending a trial in which royalty had evinced such powerful sympathy, naturally extended to every member of Isabella's female train : her anxiety as to the issue had been very visible, not-

withstanding her calm and quiet demeanor. The Infanta Isabella and the Infant Don Juan were with her during the morning as usual; but even their infantile caresses, dearer to her true woman's heart than all her vast possessions, had failed to disperse the anxiety of thought. Few can peruse the interesting life of Isabella of Castile without being struck by the fact, that even as her public career was one of unmixed prosperity for her country and herself, her private sorrows and domestic trials vied, in their bitterness, with those of the poorest and humblest of her subjects. Her first-born, the Infanta Isabella, who united all the brilliant and endearing qualities of her mother, with great beauty, both of face and form, became a loving bride only to become a widow—a mother, only to gaze upon her babe, and die; and her orphan quickly followed. Don Juan, the delight and pride and hope of his parents, as of the enthusiasm and almost idolatry of their subjects, died in his twentieth year. The hapless Catherine of Arragon, with whose life of sorrow and neglect every reader of English history is acquainted, though they sometimes forget her illustrious parentage; her sorrows indeed Isabella was spared, as she died before Henry the Eighth ascended the English throne. But it was Juana, the wife of Philip, and mother of Charles V., whose intellects, always feeble, and destroyed by the neglect and unkindness of the husband she idolized, struck the last and fatal blow. And she, whom all Europe regarded with unfeigned veneration—she whom her own subjects so idolized, they would gladly have laid down a thousand lives for hers—she fell a victim to a mother's heart-consuming grief. Who then, after perusing her life, and that of how many other sovereigns, will refuse them the meed of sympathy, because, raised so far above us in *outward* things, we deem the griefs and feelings of common humanity unknown and uncared for? To our mind, the destiny of the sovereign, the awful responsibility, the utter loneliness of station, the general want of sympathy, the proneness to be condemned for faults or omissions of which they are individually as innocent as their contemners, present a subject of consideration and sympathy, and ought to check the unkind thoughts and hasty condemnation, excited merely because they are placed in rank and circumstances above us. A King of kings has placed them there, and a Universal Father calls them His children, even as ourselves.

Isabella had not seen Marie that morning; her trusty attendant, Donna Inez de Leon, had alone been with her, and had reported that

she was calm and composed, and more like herself than she had been since her bereavement. Time passed but slowly, and Catherine Pas, the same high-spirited maiden mentioned in a former chapter, perceiving that the queen's anxiety evidently increased as the hours waned, quietly left the chamber, unbidden, and even unseen. A brief interval saw her return, and with a countenance so expressive of horrified bewilderment, as to excite the astonishment of all.

"O madam!" she exclaimed, as she flew to the queen's seat, regardless of either decorum or rebuke; "O madam, it has killed her; she is dying!"

"Dying!" repeated Isabella, and the whole strength of her character was put forth to prevent her starting from her seat. "Dying!—who is dying? Speak out in Santa Maria's name!"

"Donna Marie—the poor, unhappy Marie; she has been borne from the hall! Don Felix had her in his arms; I saw her; I followed them, and she looked dead, quite dead; they would not let me go to her at first till I called them hard-hearted wretches! And I have tried to rouse her, but I could not. Oh, save her, gracious madam! Do not let her die!"

"And have they none with her?" demanded the queen. "But whom can they have, save her own terrified women? Inez—Leonor—go to her at once! Your skill and tenderness will soon revive her; this silly child is terrified at shadows. 'Tis but a faint, such as followed the announcement of her husband's death. If any one dare refuse you entrance, tell them you go in your queen's name. Foolish trembler," she added, in a tone of relief, as her commands were instantly obeyed, "why this excessive agitation, when thou hast seen a faint like this before?"

"Nay, but by your leave, gracious madam, I have not," replied Catherine, with emotion. "There is far more of horror in this; she is cold—cold, like stone; and they have planted a guard at the entrance of her apartments, and they tell a tale so wild and strange, I cannot give it credence!"

"Ha! what say they?" demanded the queen hastily, her eyes flashing with light, as they always did when she was excited. "What can it be, too wild and strange for thy harebrained fancy to believe? Marvelous it must be indeed!"

Isabella spoke jestingly, but her heart was not with her words: and Catherine replied with tears starting to her eyes, "Oh, do not speak thus, my liege. It is indeed no theme for jest." And she

continued so rapidly, that to any but the quickened mind of Isabella, her words must have seemed unintelligible. "They say she is a heretic, royal madam! Nay, worse—a blaspheming unbeliever; that she has refused to take the oath, on plea of not believing in the holy Catholic Church; that she has insulted, has trampled on the sacred cross! Nor is this all—worse, yet worse; they say she has proclaimed herself a *Jewess*!—an abhorred, an unbelieving Jewess!"

A general start and loud exclamation of horror was the natural rejoinder to this unlooked-for intelligence; but not from Isabella, whose flashing eyes were still fixed on the young girl's face, as to read in her soul the confirmation of these strange words. "What dost thou say?" she said at length, and so slowly, a second might have intervened between each word. "Speak! let me hear again! A Jewess! Santa Maria! But no; it *cannot* be. They must have told thee false!"

So the queen spoke; but ere Catherine had concluded a calmer repetition of the tale, Marie's words of the preceding evening rushed back on her mind, confirming it but too surely. "To-morrow all will be distinct and clear enough!" she had said; ay, distinct it was; and so engrossingly intense became the thoughts thronging in her mind, bewildering succession, that Isabella sat motionless, her brow leaning on her hand, wholly unconscious of the lapse of time.

A confusion in the gallery, and the words, "The king! the king!" roused her at length; and never was the appearance of Ferdinand more welcome, not only to Isabella, but to her attendants, as giving them the longed-for opportunity to retire, and so satisfy curiosity, and give vent to the wonderment which, from their compelled silence in Isabella's presence, had actually become intolerable.

Ferdinand speedily narrated the affairs of the morning, and concluded by inquiring if anything had occurred in her interview with Marie to excite suspicion of her mad design. The queen replied by relating, in her turn, all that had passed between them. The idea of madness could no longer exist; there was not the faintest hope that in a moment of frenzy she had spoken falsely.

"And yet, was it not madness," the king urged, "thus publicly to avow a determined heresy, and expose herself to all the horrors of the Church's vengeance! 'Years of deception and fraud!' she told thee, 'would be disclosed.' By St. Francis! fraud enough. Who could have expected the wife of Don Ferdinand Morales a Jewess? It was on this account he kept her so retired. How could he reconcile his

conscience to a union with one of a race so abhorred, beautiful as she is? And where could he have found her? But this matters not: it is all wild conjecture, save the madness of the avowal. What cause could there have been for such self-sacrifice?"

"There was a cause," replied the queen earnestly, "cause enough to render life to her of little moment. Do not ask me my meaning, dearest Ferdinand; I would not do her such wrong as to breathe the suspicion that, spite of myself, spite of incomprehensible mystery, will come, even to thee. Do not let us regret her secret is discovered. Let her but recover from the agony of these repeated trials, and with the help of our holy fathers, we may yet turn her from her abhorred faith, and so render her happy in this world, and secure her salvation in the next."

"The help of the holy fathers!" repeated the king. "Nay, Isabel, their sole help will be to torture and burn! They will accuse her of insulting, by years of deceit, the holy faith, of which she has appeared a member. Nay, perchance of using foul magic on Morales (whom the saints preserve), and then thou knowest what will follow!"

The queen shuddered. "Never with my consent, my husband! From the first moment I beheld this unfortunate, something attracted me toward her; her misery deepened the feeling; and even now, knowing what she is, affection lingers. The Holy Virgin give me pardon, if 'tis sin!"

"For such sin I will give thee absolution, dearest," replied the king, half jestingly, half earnestly. "Do not look so grave. No one knows, or values thy sterling piety half so tenderly and reverentially as I do. But this is no common case. Were Marie one of those base and groveling wretches, those accursed unbelievers, who taint our fair realm with their abhorred rites—think of nothing but gold and usury, and how best to cheat their fellows; hating us almost as intensely as we hate them—why, she should abide by the fate she has drawn upon herself. But the wife of my noble Morales, one who has associated so long with zealous Catholics, that she is already most probably one of us, and only avowed her descent from some mysterious cause—by St. Francis, she shall be saved!"

"But how?" inquired Isabella anxiously. "Wouldst thou deny her faith to Father Francis, and persuade him she had spoken falsely?"

The king shook his head. "That will never do, Isabel. I have had the holy man closeted with me already, insisting on the sanity of

her words, and urging me to resign the unbeliever at once to the tender mercy of the Church. All must depend on thee."

"On me?" repeated Isabella, in a tone of surprised yet anxious inquiry.

"On thee, love! Thy perfect humility is ignorant of the fact—yet it is nevertheless perfectly true—that thou art revered, well-nigh canonized, by the holy Church; and thy words will have weight when mine would be light as air. Refuse the holy fathers all access to her; say she is unfitted to encounter them; that she is ill; nay, mad, if thou wilt. Bring forward the state in which she was borne from the hall; her very laugh (by St. Francis, it rings in my ear still) to confirm it, and they will believe thee. The present excitement will gradually subside, and her very existence be forgotten. Let none but thy steadiest, most pious matrons have access to her; forbid thy young maidens to approach or hold converse with her; and her being under thy protection can do harm to none. Let her be prisoner in her own apartments, an thou wilt; she deserves punishment for the deception practiced toward thee. Treat her as thou deemest best, only give her not up to the mercy of the Church."

"Talk not of it," replied the queen earnestly. "Unbeliever though she be, offspring of a race which every true Catholic must hold in abhorrence, she is yet a *woman*, Ferdinand, and, as such, demands and shall receive the protection of her queen. Yet would there were some means of saving her from the eternal perdition to which, as a Jewess, she is destined; some method, without increase of suffering, to allure her, as a penitent and believing child, to the bosom of our holy mother Church."

"And to do this, who so fitted as thyself, dearest Isabel?" answered the king with earnest affection. "Thou hast able assistants in some of thy older matrons, and may after a while call in the aid of Father Denis, whose kindly nature is better fitted for gentle conversion than either Francis, or thy still sterner chaplain, Torquemada. Thy kindness has gained thee the love of this misguided one; and if any one have sufficient influence, to convert by other than sharp means, it can only be thyself."

Isabella was not long undecided. Her heart felt that to turn Marie from blindness and perdition by kindness and affection would be indeed far more acceptable to the Virgin (her own peculiar saint) than the heretic's blood, and she answered with animation, "Then so it shall be, Ferdinand; I fear me, alas! that there will be little reason

to prevaricate, to deny all spiritual access to her. Thy report, combined with my terrified Catherine's, gives me but little hope for health or reason. But should she indeed recover, trust me she shall be happy yet."

Great was the astonishment of the guards as they beheld their sovereign fearlessly enter the chamber of a proclaimed Jewess—a word in their minds synonymous with the lowest, most degraded rank of being; and yet more, to hear and perceive that she herself was administering relief. The attendants of Isabella—whose curiosity was now more than satisfied, for the tale had been repeated with the usual exaggerations, even to a belief that she had used the arts of sorcery on Morales—huddled together in groups, heaping every opprobrious epithet upon her, and accusing her of exposing them to all the horrors of purgatory by contaminating them with her presence. And as the sovereign reappeared in her saloon with the leech Benedicto, whose aid she had summoned, there were many who ventured to conjure her not to expose herself to such pollution as the tending of a Jewess—to leave her to the fate her fraud so merited. Even Catherine, finding to disbelieve the tale any longer was impossible, and awed and terrified at the mysterious words of her companions, which told of danger to her beloved mistress, flung herself on her knees before her, clasping her robe to detain her from again seeking the chamber of Marie. Then was the moment for a painter to have seized on the face and form of Isabella! Her eye flashed till its very color was undistinguishable, her lip curled, every feature—usually so mild and feminine—was so transformed by indignation into majesty and unutterable scorn as scarcely to have been recognized. Her slight and graceful form dilated till the very boldest cowered before her, even before she spoke; for never had they so encountered her reproof:—

"Are ye women?" she said at length, in the quiet, concentrated tone of strong emotion; "or are we deceived as to the meaning of your words? Pollution! Are we to see a young, unhappy being perish for want of sympathy and succor, because—forsooth—she is a Jewess? Danger to our soul! We should indeed fear it; did we leave her to die, without one effort to restore health to the frame, and the peace of Christ to the mind! Has every spark of woman's nature faded from your hearts, that ye can speak thus? If for yourselves you fear, tend her not, approach her not—we will ourselves give her the aid she needs. And as for thee," she continued severely, as she forced the now trembling Catherine to stand upright before her,

"whose energy to serve Marie we loved and applauded; child as thou art, must thou too speak of pollution? But example may have done this. Follow me, minion; and then talk of pollution if thou canst!" And with a swift step Isabella led the way to the chamber of Marie.

"Behold!" she said emphatically, as she pointed to the unhappy sufferer, who, though restored to life, was still utterly unconscious where she was or who surrounded her; her cheek and brow white and damp; her large eye lustreless and wandering; her lip and eyelid quivering convulsively; her whole appearance proving too painfully that reason had indeed, for the time, fled. The soul had been strong till the dread words were said; but the reaction had been too much for either frame or mind. "Catherine! thou hast seen her in her beauty, the cherished, the beloved of all who knew her—seen her when no loveliness could mate with hers. Thou seest now the wreck that misery has made, though she has numbered but few more years than thou hast! Detest, abhor, avoid her *faith*—for that we command thee; but her sex, her sorrow, have a claim to sympathy and aid, which not even her race can remove. Jewess though she be, if thou can look on her thus, and still speak of pollution and danger, thou art not what we deemed thee!"

Struck to the heart, alike by the marked display of a mistress she idolized and the sympathy her better nature really felt for Marie, Catherine sunk on her knees by the couch, and burst into tears. Isabella watched her till her unusual indignation subsided, and then said more kindly, "It is enough; go, Catherine. If we judge thee rightly thou wilt not easily forget this lesson! Again I bid thee abhor her faith; but seek to win her to the right path, by gentleness and love, not prejudice and hate."

"Oh! let me tarry here and tend her, my gracious Sovereign," implored Catherine, again clasping Isabella's robe and looking beseechingly in her face—but from a very different feeling to the prompter of the same action a few minutes before—"O madam, do not send me from her! I will be so gentle, so active—watch, tend, serve; only say your Grace's bidding, and I will do it, if I stood by her alone!"

"My bidding would be but the promptings of thine own heart, my girl," replied the queen, fondly, for she saw the desired impression had been made. "If I need thee—which I may do—I will call upon thee; but now thou canst do nothing but think kindly, and judge mercifully—important work indeed, if thou wouldst serve an erring

and unhappy fellow-creature, with heart as well as hand. But now go: nay, not so sorrowfully; thy momentary fault is forgiven," she added, kindly, as she extended her hand toward the evidently pained and penitent maiden, who raised it gratefully and reverentially to her lips, and thoughtfully withdrew.

It was not, however, with her attendants only, this generous and high-minded princess had to contend—with them her example was enough; but the task was much more difficult, when the following day, as King Ferdinand had anticipated, brought the stern sub-prior of St. Francis to demand, in the Church's name, the immediate surrender of Marie. But Isabella's decision once formed never wavered. Marie was under her protection, she said—an erring indeed, but an unhappy young creature, who, by her very confession, had thrown herself on the mercy of her sovereign—and she would not deliver up the charge. In vain the prior urged the abomination of a Jewess residing under her very roof—the danger to her soul should she be tempted to associate with her, and that granting protection to an avowed and blaspheming unbeliever must expose her to the suspicions, or at least the censure, of the Church. Isabella was inexorable. To his first and second clause she quietly answered as she had done to her own attendants; his third only produced a calm and fearless smile. She knew too well, as did the prior also, though for the time he chose to forget it, that her character for munificent and heartfelt piety was too well established, not only in Spain, but throughout Europe, to be shaken even by the protection of a Jewess. Father Francis then solicited to see her; but even this point he could not gain. Isabella had, alas! no need to equivocate as to the reason of his non-admission to Marie. Reason had indeed returned, and with it the full sense of the dangers she had drawn upon herself; but neither frame nor mind was in a state to encounter such an interview as the prior demanded.

The severity of Father Francis originated, as we have before remarked, neither in weak intellect nor selfish superstition. Toward himself, indeed he never relented either in severity or discipline; toward others, benevolence and humanity very often gained ascendancy; and something very like a tear glistened in his eye as Isabella forcibly portrayed the state in which Marie still remained. And when she concluded, by frankly imparting her intention, if health were indeed restored, to leave no means untried—even to pursue some degree of severity if nothing else would do—to wean her from her mistaken faith, he not only abandoned his previous intentions, but commended

and blessed the nobler purpose of his sovereign. To his request that Marie might be restrained from all intercourse with the younger members of Isabella's female court—in fact, associate with none but strict and uncompromising Catholics—the queen readily acceded; and moreover, granted him full permission to examine the mansion of Don Ferdinand Morales, that any books or articles of dangerous or heretical import might be discovered and destroyed.

With these concessions Father Francis left his sovereign, affected at her goodness and astonished at her influence on himself. He had entered her presence believing nothing could change the severity of his intentions or the harshness of his feelings; he left her with the one entirely renounced, and the other utterly subdued.

Such was the triumph over prejudice achieved by the lofty-minded and generous woman, who swayed the sceptre of Castile. And yet, though every history of the time unites in so portraying her; though her individual character was the noblest, the most magnanimous, the most complete union of masculine intellect with perfect womanhood ever traced on the pages of the past; though under her public administration her kingdom stood forth the noblest, the most refined, most generous, ay, and the freest, alike in national position as in individual sentiment, amongst all the nations of Europe, Isabella's was the fated hand to sign two edicts,* whose consequences extinguished the lustre, diminished the virtues, enslaved the sentiments, checked the commerce, and in a word deteriorated the whole character of Spain.

For fourteen days affairs remained the same. At the end of that period the castle and city of Segovia were thrown anew into a state of the wildest excitement by a most mysterious occurrence—Marie had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Meekly had he bowed and prayed,
As not disdaining priestly aid;
And while before the prior kneeling,
His heart was weaned from earthly feeling:
No more reproach, no more despair—
No thought but heaven, no word but prayer."

BYRON.

Time passed slowly on, and no proof appeared to clear Arthur Stanley's fame. All that man's judgment could counsel was adopted—secret measures were taken throughout Spain for the apprehension of

* The establishment of the Inquisition, and expulsion of the Jews.

any individual suspected of murder, or even of criminal deeds; constant prayers offered up, that if Arthur Stanley were not the real murderer, proofs of his innocence might be made so evident that not even his greatest enemy could doubt any longer; but all seemed of no avail. Week after week passed, and with the exception of one most mysterious occurrence, affairs remained the same. So strong was the belief of the nobles in his innocence, that the most strenuous exertions were made in his favor; but, strong as Ferdinand's own wish was to save him, his love of justice was still stronger; though the testimony of Don Luis might be set aside, calm deliberation on all the evidence against him marked it as sufficiently strong to have sentenced any other so accused at once. The resolute determination to purge their kingdom from the black crimes of former years, which both sovereigns felt and unitedly acted upon, urged them to conquer every private wish and feeling, rather than depart from the line laid down. The usual dispensers of justice, the Santa Hermandad—men chosen by their brother citizens for their lucid judgment, clearness of perception, and utter absence of all overplus of chivalrous feeling in matters of cool dispassionate reasoning—were unanimous in their belief in the prisoner's guilt, and only acquiesced in the month's reprieve, because it was Isabella's wish. Against their verdict what could be brought forward? In reality nothing but the prisoner's own strongly attested innocence—an attestation most forcible in the minds of the sovereign and the nobles, but of no weight whatever to men accustomed to weigh, and examine, and cross-examine, and decide on proof, or at least from analogy, and never from an attestation, which the greatest criminals might as forcibly make. The power and election of these men Ferdinand and Isabella had confirmed. How could they, then, interfere in the present case, and shackle the judgment which they had endowed with authority, dispute and deny the sentence they had previously given permission to pronounce? Pardon they might, and restore to life and liberty; but the very act of pronouncing pardon supposed belief in and proclamation of guilt. There was but one thing which could save him and satisfy justice, and that was the sentence of "not guilty." For this reason Ferdinand refused every petition for Stanley's reprieve, hoping indeed, spite of all reason, that even at the eleventh hour evidence of his innocence would and must appear.

Stanley himself had no such hope. All his better and higher nature had been called forth by the awful and mysterious death of Morales, dealt too by his own sword—that sword which, in his wild passions,

he had actually prayed might shed his blood. The film of passion had dropped alike from mental and bodily vision. He beheld his irritated feelings in their true light, and knew himself in thought a murderer. He would have sacrificed life itself, could he but have recalled the words of insult offered to one so noble; not for the danger to himself from their threatening nature, but for the injurious injustice done to the man from whom he had received a hundred acts of little unobtrusive kindnesses, and whom he had once revered as the model of everything virtuous and noble—services which Morales had rendered him, felt gratefully perhaps at the time, but forgotten in the absorption of thought or press of occupation during his sojourn in Sicily, now rushed back upon him, marking him ingrate as well as dishonored. All that had happened he regarded as divine judgment on an unspoken, unacted, but not the less encouraged sin. The fact that his sword had done the deed, convinced him that his destruction had been connived at, as well as that of Morales. A suspicion as to the designer, if not the actual doer of the deed, had indeed taken possession of him; but it was an idea so wild, so unfounded, that he dared not give it words.

From the idea of death, and such a death, his whole soul indeed revolted; but to avert it seemed so utterly impossible, that he bent his proud spirit unceasingly to its anticipation; and with the spiritual aid of the good and feeling Father Francis, in some degree succeeded. It was not the horror of his personal fate alone which bade him so shrink from death. Marie was free once more; nay, had from the moment of her dread avowal—made, he intuitively felt, to save him—become, if possible, dearer, more passionately loved than before. And, oh! how terrible is the anticipation of early death to those that love!—the only trial which bids even the most truly spiritual, yet while on earth still *human* heart, forget that if earth is loved and lovely, heaven *must* be lovelier still.

From Don Felix d'Estaban, his friendly warder, he heard of Isabella's humane intentions toward her; that her senses had been restored, and she was, to all appearance, the same in health as she had been since her husband's death; only evidently suffering more, which might be easily accounted for from the changed position in which the knowledge of her unbelief had placed her with all the members of Isabella's court; that the only agitation she had evinced was, when threatened with a visit from Father Francis—who, finding nothing in the mansion of Don Ferdinand Morales to confirm the truth of her

confession, had declared his conviction that there must be some secret chamber destined for her especial use. As if shrinking from the interview he demanded, Marie had said to the Senora, to whose care she had been intrusted—"He need not seek me to obtain this information. For my husband's sake alone I concealed the faith in which I glory. Let Father Francis remove a sliding panel beneath the tapestry behind the couch in my sleeping apartment, and he will find not only all he seeks, but the surest proof of my husband's care and tenderness for me, unbeliever though he might deem me."

The discovery of this secret closet, Don Felix continued, had caused much marvel throughout the court. Where Morales had found her, or how he could have reconciled his conscience not only to make her his wife, but permit her the free exercise of a religion accursed in the sight both of God and man, under his own roof, were questions impossible to solve, or reconcile with the character of orthodox Catholicism he had so long borne. The examination had been conducted with the Church's usual secrecy; the volumes of heresy and unbelief (it did not signify that the word of God was amongst them) burnt; the silver lamps and other ornaments melted down, to enrich, by an image of the Virgin, the church of St. Francis; the recess itself purified with incense and sprinkled with holy water; the sign of the cross deeply burnt in the walls; and the panel which formed the secret entrance firmly fastened up, that its very existence should be forgotten. The matter, however, Don Felix added, was not publicly spoken of, as both the king and queen, in conjunction with the sub-prior, seemed to wish all that had passed, in which Donna Marie was concerned, should be gradually forgotten. Don Ferdinand's vast possessions had, in consequence of his widow's being an unbeliever, and so having no power to inherit, reverted to the crown; but in case of Marie's conversion, of which Don Felix appeared to entertain little doubt, the greater part would be restored to her. Till then, Marie was kept in strict confinement in the palace; but all harsher measures Isabella had resolved to avoid.

This intelligence relieved Stanley's mind of one painful dread, while it unconsciously increased his wish to live. Marie free! a Catholic! what could come between them then? Must she not love him, else why seek to save him? And then again the mystery darkened round her. A wild suspicion as to the *real reason* of her having wedded Ferdinand, had flitted across his mind; but the words of Estaban, so minutely repeated, seemed to banish it entirely; they al-

luded but to her husband's forbearing tenderness, felt the more intensely from its being extended by a zealous Catholic to one of a race usually so condemned and hated. In vain he tried to reconcile the seeming inconsistency of her conduct; his thoughts only became the more confused and painful, till even the remembrance of her self-devotion lost its power to soothe or to allay them.

When Don Felix again visited his prisoner, his countenance was so expressive of consternation, that Stanley had scarcely power to ask what had occurred. Marie had disappeared from the castle so strangely and mysteriously, that not a trace or clue could be discovered of her path. Consternation reigned within the palace; the king was full of wrath at the insult offered to his power; the queen even more grieved than angry. The guards stationed without the chamber had declared on oath that no one had passed them; the Senoras Leon and Pas, who slept in the room adjoining, could tell nothing wherewith to explain the mystery. In the first paroxysm of alarm they had declared the night had passed as usual; but on cooler reflection they remembered starting from their sleep with the impression of a smothered cry, which having mingled with their dreams, and not being repeated, they had believed mere fancy. And this faint sound was the only sign, the only trace that her departure was not a voluntary act.

"Father Francis! the arm of the Church!" gasped Stanley, as Don Felix paused in his recital, astonished at the effect of his words on the prisoner, whose very respiration seemed impeded.

"Father Francis has solemnly sworn," he replied, "that neither he nor any of his brethren had connived at an act of such especial disrespect to the sovereign power, and of injustice toward the queen. Torquemada is still absent, or suspicion might rest on him—he is stern enough even for such a deed; but how could even he have withdrawn her from the castle without discovery?"

"Can she not have departed voluntarily?" inquired Stanley, with sudden hope. "The cry you mention may indeed have been but fancy. Is it not likely that fear as to her fate may have prompted her to seek safety in flight?"

"Her Grace thinks not, else some clue as to her path must, ere this, have been discovered. Besides, escape was literally impossible without the aid of magic, which, however, her accursed race know well how to use. The guards must have seen her, had she passed her own threshold in any human form. The casement was untouched, remaining exactly as the Senora Leon secured it with her own hand the pre-

ceding evening ; and, even had she thence descended to the ground, she could have gone no further from the high and guarded walls. It may be magic : if so, and the devil hides himself in so fair a form, the saints preserve us ! for we know not in whom next he will be hid." So spoke, gravely, seriously, undoubtingly, a wise and thoughtful Spanish noble, of the fifteenth century ; and so then thought the whole European world. Stanley scarcely heard the last words ; for in his mind, however sorcery might be synonymous with *Judaism*, it certainly was not with *Marie* ; and he could only realize the fact of the utter impossibility of a voluntary flight.

"Had the queen seen her since her trial ?" he inquired.

"She had not ; a fact which deepens her distress ; for she fancies had Marie been nearer her person, and aware of the full extent of her merciful intentions, this might have been averted. She believes that the smothered cry alluded to was really Donna Marie's ; but if so, what the dark power is, which has so trampled on the royal prerogative, is plunged in as impenetrable mystery as everything else, in which Donna Marie has been concerned."

"Even the same dark power which seeks my destruction, and laid Morales low," replied Stanley, more as if thinking aloud than addressing his companion ; "and when the clue to one mystery is found, the rest will follow. Some fiend from hell is at work around us. Morales is gone, Marie has followed, and I shall be the next ; and then, perhaps, the demon's reign will end, and the saints of heaven triumph."

"Would to heaven a Jewess had never come amongst us," was the rejoinder ; there is always evil in their train." And the blood rushed to Arthur's cheek, his hand involuntarily clenched, and his eye glanced defiance toward Don Felix, as if, even at such a moment, insult even in thought toward Marie should not pass unquestioned ; but he restrained himself, and the emotion was unnoticed.

From that day so engrossed were the thoughts of the prisoner with vain speculations as to the fate of Marie, that the fact of his own position remaining the same, and his hours of life waning fast, seemed actually unheeded. From Don Felix, in various visits, he heard that Marie was no longer publicly spoken of ; the excitement occasioned alike by her avowal and disappearance was fast fading from the imagination of the populace. The public jousts and festivals intended to celebrate the visit of the sovereigns, but which Morales's death and the events ensuing had so painfully suspended, were recom-

mening, and men flocked to them, as glad to escape from the mourning and mystery which had held sway so long.

And now only three days intervened ere the expiration of the given month; and each day did the sub-prior of St. Francis pass with the prisoner, exhorting, comforting, and strengthening him for the dread passage through which it was now too evident his soul must pass to eternity. It was with difficulty and pain, that Stanley could even then so cease to think of Marie, as to prepare himself with fitting sobriety and humility for the fate impending; but the warm sympathy of Father Francis, whose fine feelings had never been blunted by a life of rigid seclusion, won him to listen and to join in his prayers, and, gradually weaning his thoughts from their earthly resting, raised them to that heaven which, if he truly repented of sin, the good father assured him was fast opening for him. Under the inviolable seal of confession, Arthur acknowledged his deep and long-cherished love for Marie, his dislike to her husband, which naturally followed the discovery of her marriage, and the evil passions thence arising; but he never wavered in the reiteration of his innocence; adding, that he reproached no man with his death. The sentence was just according to the appearances against him. Had he himself been amongst his judges, his own sentence would have been the same. Yet still he was innocent; and Father Francis so believed him that, after pronouncing absolution and blessing, he hastened from the prisoner to the king to implore a yet longer reprieve. But Ferdinand, though more moved by the prior's recital than he choose to display, remained firm; he had pledged his kingly word to the chief of the Santa Hermandad that the award of justice should not be waived without proof of innocence, and he could not draw back. One chance only he granted, urged to do so by an irresistible impulse, which how often comes we know not wherefore, till the event marks it as the whisper of some guardian angel, who has looked into the futurity concealed from us. The hour of the execution had been originally fixed for the sixth hour of the morning; it was postponed till noon.

The morning dawned, and with its first beams came Father Francis to the prisoner. He found him calm and resigned: his last thought of earth was to commend Marie, if ever found, to the holy father's care, conjuring him to deal gently and mercifully with a spirit so broken, and lead her to the sole fountain of peace by kindness, not by wrath; and to tell her how faithfully he had loved her to the last. Much affected, Father Francis promised—ay, even to protect, if pos-

sible, an unbeliever. And Stanley once more knelt in prayer, every earthly thought at rest. The last quarter-bell had chimed; and ere it ceased, the step of Don Felix was heard in the passage, followed by the heavy tramp of the guard. The prior looked eagerly in the noble's countenance as he entered, hoping even then to read reprieve but the stern yet sad solemnity on Don Felix's face betrayed the hope was vain. The hour had indeed come, and Arthur Stanley was led forth to death!

(*To be continued.*)

A BLESSING.

A LITTLE child hath blessed me :
 I wonder what it means !
 It seems a brighter blessing
 Than a bishop's or a queen's.
 In her snowy nightgown drest,
 Standing up to be carest,
 Softly lisping in my ear
 Pretty words,—“God bless you,” dear.”

They fill my heart with wonder :
 Of God what can she know ?
 She cannot tell the meaning
 Of the words that please me so.
 Like the church's silver bell,
 Winning souls to heaven from hell,
 Knowing not what glory lives
 In the message that it gives.

It is so sweet to hear her,—
 Her rosy mouth to see
 Form the pretty syllables
 That give such joy to me.
 Like a little mocking-bird,
 Deftly she repeats each word ;
 But they sink into my breast,
 And I know that I am blest.—*Good Words.*

JEWISH BELIEF IN GOD, AND EXPOSITION OF THE "ANGEL" OF SCRIPTURE.

(Continued from page 389.)

XII. We are mortal, and therefore do not know the nature of prophecy, and *how* the God of the universe reveals Himself to man; we are in this matter quite as ignorant as one born blind is of the manner of seeing objects at a distance by sight; we know, however, from the expressions of Scripture, that there are different degrees of eminence in prophecy, and that the seers were not all alike in their prophetic character; but without entering into a classification of the several degrees of prophecy, we will content ourselves with pointing out one great division. There are generally but two ways possible of the Supreme Being holding communion with man; first, by the Almighty's descending from His infinite height to man, and making Himself perceivable to him, by means of man's natural senses; or, secondly, by raising man to Himself in enduing him with new and exalted senses by which he is enabled to perceive his Maker. All the patriarchs and prophets have enjoyed the Divine presence, and received God's communications in the first way, except Moses, who was the only Nabbi whose prophecy was according to the second mode. But even Moses was not always of equal eminence: in the beginning of his vision of the burning bush, when he turned aside to see why the bush was not burned, he had no higher perception than other prophets in the continuation of that vision; his advance to pre-eminence was gradual. But when, after putting him in the cleft of the rock, God manifested Himself to him, and proclaimed to him the name of the Lord, he then attained the highest exaltation in prophecy. Here the new senses of Moses reached the utmost perfection of a created being, to perceive the whole infinity of God as one person, not in essence (expressed by the word פני "my face"), but His existence and infinite attributes expressed by כל טובי "all my goodness") enveloped in creation (expressed by אחורי "my back parts"), Exod. xxxiv. 19, 20, 23.

XIII. We can form no idea whatever of Moses' perception, because we have not such senses as he was endued with; we are sure of the truth of his revelation, but know nothing of its nature; we may,

however, investigate, by the aid of Scripture, the nature of prophecy of all the other Nebiim, since they obtained all the communications which God vouchsafed to give them by such natural senses as our own.

XIV. The chief object of the Mosaic religion is the knowledge of the perfect unity of God as one person, revealed in the most sacred substantive name "יהוה" which we could not otherwise have known, except by the teaching of such a prophet as Moses.

XV. I remarked on a former occasion that the idea which reason naturally leads us to form of God, is more of a plural than a singular subject. I also endeavored to show, that since the infinity of each of the Divine attributes is above our conception, we can have no other idea but of a multitude of parts which we have repeatedly presented to our mind until their number surpasses our conception. I steadily adhere to this opinion, adding now, in farther elucidation of it, that the idea of a plurality in the Deity is not only produced in our mind by the magnitude of the Divine attributes which we cannot compass with our conception; but also by their infinite aggregation into one whole. I will illustrate this as briefly as possible.

XVI. The usage of language obliges us to apply to God numerous adjectives, such as good, wise, great, merciful, etc., all of which expressions are not strictly correct, on two grounds. First, every quality denotes the possession of a subject; the sun, for example, possesses the quality of being luminous; now, every possessor of a thing is as well active in possessing it, as passive in being possessed by it; but no passive state can be attributed to God. He is the active power, and can be actuated by nothing. Secondly, every quality is the effect of the subject, which is its cause; thus, the snow is the cause of humidity, which is its effect. Now, all created beings, having had another cause for their existence, can have qualities operating as their causes from their beginning; but God, who is the first cause, and whose attributes are all, like Himself, unprecedented by any other cause, cannot possess qualities which in *Him* would be uncaused effects. Moreover, we cannot correctly attribute to God any quality as the predicate of a subject, unless we are at the same time able to make of the subject a predicate; we may say with propriety, "God is the wisdom," because we can reverse the proposition, "The wisdom is God." But, how can we by mere reason form a true idea of the unity of God? We can easily say, that one man has many qualities, because the qualities are not the man; but as the attributes of

God are God Himself, how can we have any other conception of Him than of an immense plurality? We can, indeed, have a conviction of His unity; but as our mind cannot range over His attributes neither in their infinite magnitude nor in the aggregation of their numbers, our natural conception of Him cannot but be of an indefinite plurality. Grant that the heathen philosophers, and all enlightened nations, invariably express their idea of God in the singular number; this, however, is the language of their conviction, but not of their perception. This, moreover, is the reason of the word אֱלֹהִים being used in the Pentateuch when speaking of the true God; for as there are in that book no words for convictions of the mind, but of perceptions only, the particular Divine logic with which it was written, has applied the word אֱלֹהִים, not as if stamped to signify a singular name, but to remain always a plural word, and yet to convey, with the connection of other words, the idea of One God. We find in the Bible many passages in which the word אֱלֹהִים, applied to the true God, is not only accompanied by plural adjectives, but also by plural verbs, which would give an utterly faulty construction if that word were intended to signify a singular; but the chief proof that the word אֱלֹהִים stands always in the signification of a plural is, that not only is there not in the Bible any instance where the word אֶחָד is added to אֱלֹהִים, but we find the repetition of the word ה' before אֶחָד in the sentence of שמע ישראל which would be superfluous if אֶחָד could be annexed to אֱלֹהִים. The language of the Bible needs not to be in conformity with the languages of the world, but may deviate from common construction whenever it is necessary to do so in order to indicate some particular truth; and surely there is no language in which one could say, *כי אֱלֹהִים קדושים הוּא* "for he is holy Gods;" or, in relation to one golden calf, *אלה אלהיך ישראל אשר העונך מארץ מצרים*, "These are thy Gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt" (Exod. xxxii. 4), or to call one ark "Gods," as, *ויראו הפלשתיים*, *כי אמרו בא אֱלֹהִים אל המחנה . . . מי יצילנו מיד אֱלֹהִים האֲדִירִים הָאֵלֶּה*: "And the Philistines were afraid, for they said, God is come to the camp. . . Who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty Gods? These are the Gods that smote the Egyptians" (1 Sam. iv. 7, 8). As for translations and Targumim of the Bible by Jews, they always rendered the word אֱלֹהִים in the singular, to prevent the mistake of the Gentiles; they were exceedingly cautious, in their rendering of the name of God, not only of the word אֱלֹהִים but also of ה'; but far from obtaining always the desired effect

from their deviations, their pious intention was but too often frustrated, and their renderings of many passages of the Bible. were alleged as proofs to maintain and support errors which they had never anticipated. They surely had in their time reason for rendering the word אֱלֹהִים in the singular, and we, in our time, have also reason to tell the truth, that the word אֱלֹהִים stands everywhere in the Bible in the signification of a plural, and that the Bible, nevertheless, teaches in every one of its passages, that there is no plurality in the Godhead.

(To be continued.)

H. H.

THE FOX AND THE FISHES.

IN the time of Rabbi Akiba, the Israelites were prohibited by the tyrannical government of the Romans from engaging in the study of the law. Paphos, son of Judah, came to a place where he found a large mass of people assembled, to whom Rabbi Akiba was expounding the law. The former then said to him, "Akiba, fearest thou not the government, the law of which thou violatest?" But Rabbi Akiba answered him, "I will tell thee a parable.

"A fox once took a walk along the bank of a river in which he discovered the fishes running hither and thither in the greatest confusion. He asked them, What causes this great disturbance among you? To which they replied, We fear the nets which men have spread against us. 'I will give an advice,' said the fox. 'If you desire to be safe, then come and live with me on shore, just as your fathers formerly used to live with mine.' 'What?' they exclaimed, 'art thou the one who is called the most cunning of beasts? Thou art not cunning, but the most foolish. If we are not safe here, where alone we can live, what can we expect of a place where we are sure to die?'

"Just so it is with us Israelites: if we are not safe when we adhere to our law, of which it is written, It is thy life, and the length of thy days, what have we to expect if we forsake it?"

Soon afterward Rabbi Akiba was thrown into prison, but Paphos son of Judah was also taken and put in the same place of confinement. When Rabbi Akiba saw him he asked Paphos what had brought him there, to which he replied, "Happy art thou, Rabbi Akiba, that thou sufferest for the law; and woe is thee, Paphos, that thy suffering proceeds from the vain and worthless things of the world."—*Talmud Berachoth.*

THE ORIGIN OF OBLATIONS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "MORE NEVOCHIM" OF MAIMONIDES BY JAMES

TOWNLEY, D.D.

IF we study the works of God in nature, we shall soon discover the supreme wisdom and skill of the Creator displaying itself in the creation of inferior animals; and in the subordination and connection of the various motions of their members. Similar wisdom and contrivance are also exhibited in the formation of the different parts of the human body; thus, for instance, the anterior portion of the brain is extremely soft, but the posterior portion somewhat more solid; the spinal marrow is still harder, and the more extended its elongation, the firmer is its consistency. The nerves are the instruments of sense and motion. Of these some are only necessary for the apprehension of the senses for which a gentle exertion is sufficient, as in the motions of the eyelids and the jaws; which, therefore, arise from the brain: but others are required for the motion for the limbs, and therefore proceed from the spinal marrow. But because those nerves which originate in the spinal marrow are not adequate to move the joints of the limbs, on account of their softness, the wise counsel of God has so ordered it, that fibres proceed from the nerves, and being filled with flesh, become muscles; thus, from the extremity of the nerve proceeds the muscle, which increasing in its solidity, and strengthened by the union of fibres of a finer texture, becomes a tendon, which adhering closely to the limb, enables the nerves, by this means, to move the different members of the body.

I have adduced this, as one of the clearest examples noticed in the work, "On the Usefulness of the Various Parts" (i. e. of the body); in which many admirable things are brought forward, and in which it is fully shown that every part has a manifest utility, when examined by the light of sound reason and understanding.

The same divine wisdom is also conspicuous in viviparous animals; for, because their young, when born, are exceedingly tender, and incapable of deriving their support from dry and solid food, the breasts of the female parents are therefore formed for the production of milk, that they may be nourished with that sort of fluid aliment which is suited to their temperament and feebleness, until they have gradually acquired firmness and strength. A similar mode of procedure is also

observable in the divine government, of which there are many instances in our law, wherein the transition from one thing to its opposite is not sudden and abrupt, but gradual and easy; for it is not agreeable to the nature of man to relinquish readily, and in a moment, that to which he has long been accustomed. Therefore when God sent Moses, our teacher, to render us a royal priesthood, and a holy nation; he *first* taught the *knowledge* of God; as it is said, "Unto thee it was showed, that thou mightest *know* that the Lord he is God." (Deut. iv. 35.) And again (v. 39), "Know therefore this day, and consider it in thine heart, that the Lord he is God in heaven above, and upon the earth beneath: there is none else." And *then* instructed us in the *worship* of God; as it is written, "to serve Him with all your heart and with all your soul." (Deut. xi. 13.) And again, "Ye shall serve the Lord your God, and he shall bless thy bread and thy water." (Exod. xxiii. 25.) And in another place, "You shall serve him and cleave unto him." (Deut. xiii. 4.) But as, at that time, the universal practice, and the mode of worship in which all were educated, was, that various kinds of animals should be offered in the temples in which their idols were placed, and before whom their worshipers were to burn incense and prostrate themselves; and as there were also certain persons, set apart for the service of those temples, which, as has been already shown, were erected in honor of the sun and moon, and the rest of the planetary bodies; therefore, that divine wisdom and providence of God, which so eminently shines forth in all his creatures, did not ordain the abandonment or abolition of all such worship, For it is the well-known disposition of the human heart, to cleave to that to which it has been habituated, even in things to which it is not naturally inclined. To have decreed the entire abolition of all such worship would therefore have been the same as if a prophet should come and say, "It is the command of God, that in the day of trouble ye shall not pray, nor fast, nor publicly seek him; but your worship shall be purely mental, and shall consist in meditation, not in action." On these accounts, the Creator retained those modes of worship, but transferred the veneration from created things and shadows to his OWN NAME; and commanded us to direct our religious services to HIMSELF. Thus he ordained that we should build HIM a *temple*: as it is said, "Let them make me a sanctuary." (Exod. xxv. 8.)—That an *altar* should be consecrated to His name: "An altar of earth shalt thou make unto me. (Exod. xx. 24.) That *sacrifices* should be offered to Him: "If any man of you bring an offering unto the Lord,

ye shall bring your offering of the cattle, even of the herd and of the flock." (Lev. i. 2.) And that we should bow down and burn incense before him. But, on the other hand, He forbade that any of these things should be done in honor of any other, as it is declared; "He that sacrificeth unto any god, save unto the Lord only, he shall be utterly destroyed." (Exod. xxii. 20.) And again, "Thou shalt worship no other god." (Exod. xxxiv. 14.) He also separated the priests to the service of the sanctuary, and commanded Moses concerning them; "Thou shalt anoint them, and consecrate them, and sanctify them, that they may minister unto me in the priest's office." (Exod. xxviii. 41.) And he ordained that a sufficient provision should be made for them, because they were employed in his house, and about his offerings, by those gifts which were termed the *gifts of the priests and Levites*. These things did divine wisdom enjoin, in order to eradicate idolatry, and establish the fundamental truths of the existence and unity of God; without confounding the minds of men by the total abolition of those modes of worship to which they had been accustomed, or by the necessity of acquiring a knowledge of new ones, with which they would have been utterly unacquainted.

I am aware, indeed, that these positions are not likely to obtain immediate assent, but will rather appear, at first sight, to be encumbered with difficulties, and lead men to inquire: How is it possible that precepts and practices, which are so clearly explained, as having their own particular reasons for their institution, should not have been independently instituted, but should have had reference to some other cause, as, for instance, to lead us to the *first* intention of the law? And what prevented the Divine Being from enjoining the *first* intention, and imparting to us the faculty of understanding it so that there might have been no need for those things which are only *secondary* in their intention?

In order therefore to remove these doubts, and fully to explain the point in dispute, we reply, that the law itself furnishes us with an occurrence of a similar nature, where it is said: "God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near; but—led the people about, through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea." (Exod. xiii. 17, 18.) In like manner, therefore, as God led them out of the straight road, into another, for fear of something which they could not bear, that they might ultimately attain their first object; so God enjoined those precepts, on account of something which our minds could not naturally bear, that we

might by them be led to the knowledge of the true God, and the abandonment of idolatry, which are the first intention of the law: for, as it would be irrational to suppose that the man who is every day working amongst bricks and mortar, or engaged in any similar employment, should, immediately after washing his hands, go and combat with giants; so it would be equally unnatural to expect, that those who have been trained up in the practice of those various services, and ceremonies, and modes of worship, until they have regarded them as rational, should at once renounce them all, and adopt a contrary course of action. And as by the peculiar counsel of God the Israelites were led about in the desert in order to acquire fortitude, to which their daily habits, and constant privations of delicacies and corporeal enjoyments, such as baths, &c., were particularly conducive; as contrary habits would have been to induce effeminacy; and yet their children were not habituated to similar humiliating and servile labors; and as all these things were done by the special command of God, according to what is said, "At the commandment of the Lord, the children of Israel journeyed, and at the commandment of the Lord, they pitched" (Numb. ix. 18): so also does that part of the law proceed from the divine wisdom, by which it is ordained that a kind of worship, similar to what they had been accustomed, should be continued amongst them; from which they might learn those essential truths, the belief of which constitutes the *first intention* of the law.

As to the other part of the objector's inquiry; *viz.*, "Why could not the Divine Being have enjoined His *first* intention, and imparted the faculty of understanding it?" it may be answered by retorting the question: "Why could not God have led the Israelites through the land of the Philistines, and conferred valor and martial ability upon them, that there might have been no need of the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night?"

The same skeptical disposition may also lead to another inquiry of the same kind, respecting the promises made to the obedient, and the threatenings denounced against the rebellious; and it may be asked, "When it was the primary intention and will of God, that we should receive his laws, and practice the duties they inculcated; why did He not impart the constant ability to receive and practice them, that there might have been no need to affix rewards and punishments to them, or to declare that it should be well with us if we served him, but that if we rebelled against him we should be punished, since these promises and denunciations are only designed to pursue that which is

the first and chief design of the law of God? And why did He not implant within us a disposition to embrace and practice what is agreeable to His will, and naturally to fly from everything He abhors?"

The answer to these and similar questions is this, that although God sometimes miraculously changes the nature of other beings, he does not in the same way change the nature of man, and on this ground it is that it is said, "Oh, that there were such an heart in them, that they would fear me and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children forever." (Deut. v. 29.) This also is the cause why it has been necessary to give the precepts of the law, and to subjoin to them promises, and to enforce them by rewards and punishments. As to the doctrine of miracles, I have elsewhere explained my sentiments on that subject; only it should be remarked, that what has just been observed is not to be understood as though it were impossible for God to change the nature of man, for most assuredly it is quite possible to him, and fully within the reach of his power; but the meaning is, that, according to the principles of our law, it is not his will, nor ever will be; for if it were the will of God thus miraculously to change the nature of man, there would be no need for the mission of the prophets, nor the promulgation of the law.

Reverting to our former proposition, we proceed to observe, that as oblations are a part of divine worship only according to the secondary intention of the law; but invocation, prayer, and similar duties, a part of worship approximating to the primary intention, and necessary to the attainment of it, the divine lawgiver has established a great distinction between these two kinds of worship. For, although oblations and sacrifices are offered in honor of the ever-blessed God, they are nevertheless not to be offered as before the giving of the law, when every man might offer what sacrifices he pleased, at whatever time and place he chose; or if he pleased might erect a temple and assume the priestly office; for all these things are now prohibited; a particular house has been assigned to these services, according to what is said, "Thy holy things,—thou shalt take, and go unto the place which the Lord shall choose." (Deut. xii. 26.) And to offer sacrifices in any other place is pronounced unlawful; therefore it is written, "Take heed to thyself, that thou offer not thy burnt-offerings in every place that thou seest." (Deut. xii. 13.) Nor are any permitted to bear the sacerdotal office, but those of a certain family; all these things being intended to check every kind of improper worship, and

to prevent the practice of everything which the divine wisdom judged proper to be abolished. But prayer and deprecation are duties which every one may practice in any place, whenever he pleases; the same liberty also is allowed to every one with respect to the *Zazith*, or garments with fringes; the *Mezuzah*, or schedule affixed to the door-posts; the *Tephillin*, or phylacteries made use of in prayer, and other things of a similar nature.

It is also for the reason just stated, that we find the prophets so frequently reproving men for their too great eagerness to offer sacrifices, and inculcating upon them, that they are not the first and independent object of the law, nor has the Divine Being any need of them. Thus Samuel, "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold to obey is better than sacrifice; and to hearken, than the fat of rams." (1 Sam. xv. 22.) Isaiah also inquires, "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me, saith the Lord?" (Isaiah i. 11.) And Jeremiah says, "I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt-offerings or sacrifices; but this thing commanded I them, saying, Obey my voice, and I will be your God and ye shall be my people." (Jer. vii. 22, 23.) These words of Jeremiah have, however, given rise to a very general objection; for almost every one is ready to urge, "How could Jeremiah affirm that God did not ordain burnt-offerings and sacrifices, when it is well known that the greater part of the precepts of the law relate to them?" But the meaning of his words is, what has been already intimated, and is the same as if he had said, The primary intention of every part of the law is, that ye should know me, and forsake the service of other gods, that I may be to you a God, and that ye may be to me a people; and the precepts which enjoin oblations, and command you to worship in my house, are given to instruct and assist you in this duty; for the reason why I have transferred this mode of worship to my own NAME, is to efface the remembrance of idolatry, and establish the doctrine of my unity. But these designs ye have defeated, and have had regard only to the outward worship; for ye have doubted my existence, as it is said, "*They have belied the Lord, and said, It is not he.*" (Jer. v. 12.) Ye have served idols, and burned incense to Baal, and have gone after other gods, and have come to my house, and have cleaved to, and had respect only to the temple of the Lord, and to the oblations which were not the first and principal object of the law.

There is also another way of explaining these verses of the prophet, by which the same sentiment is maintained. For, since it is clear both from Scripture and the Cabala, that the first precepts which were given to us were not those which regarded burnt-offerings and sacrifices, it might be justly affirmed, that when God brought up our fathers out of Egypt, he did not *command* them, i. e. *first* and principally concerning burnt-offerings and sacrifices. Nor is the passover of Egypt any serious objection to this explanation; for, not only did there exist a manifest reason for its institution, but it also took place in the land of Egypt, whilst the precepts referred to by Jeremiah were those which were commanded after the departure of our fathers out of that land, as it is said, "In the day that I brought you out of the land of Egypt."

The first precept given after the departure from Egypt, was that which was received by us in Marah, when it was said to us, "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God." (Exod. xv. 26.) For, "there he made a statute and an ordinance" (or judgment) (v. 25). The words of the Cabala are, "In Marah, I will give the sabbath and judgments." The "statute," therefore, refers to the *sabbath*, but the "*judgments*" or ordinances to the commandments for the prevention of sin. This, as I have already shown, is the first intention and principal object of the law, viz., to inculcate the belief of true opinions, as for instance, the creation of the world, to establish which, is the chief ground of the precepts of the sabbath, and then to banish sin from amongst men.

It is, therefore, evident, that the first precepts were not those which concerned burnt-offerings and sacrifices, which are only secondary in the intention of the law; and that what Jeremiah says, is of the very same import as what we read in the Psalms, where the people are blamed for being ignorant of the first intention of the law, and not distinguishing betwixt it and the subordinate design. "Hear, O my people, and I will speak; O Israel, and I will testify against thee: I am God, even thy God. I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices, or thy burnt-offerings, to have been continually before me. I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he-goats out of thy folds." Such also will be found to be the meaning of every other place, where these or similar expressions are used, and which the reader will do well constantly to recollect.

THE TWO TROMBONES.

A THEATRICAL EPISODE.

MR. WHIFFLES—the respected parent of our hero, Mr. Adolphus Whiffles—was an opulent Berkshire farmer, who, before retiring from his business and leaving it to his son, fancied that a visit to the great metropolis would have the effect of sharpening the wits of that amiable youth, an operation of which that young gentleman stood greatly in need. The son jumped at the idea, especially when he learned he was to set forth on his travels alone. With the parental blessing, and his purse well filled, Mr. Whiffles, junior, duly arrived in London and installed himself in economical quarters in Savoy street, Strand.

The theatres, of course, occupied a large share of Mr. Whiffles's attentions during his stay in London, and the neighborhood of stage-doors afforded him a vast amount of satisfaction. The sight of "professionals" in their every-day costume was to him a source of great gratification, and his delight when he made the acquaintance of a prominent member of the orchestra of the Royal Dash Theatre exceeded all bounds. He vowed eternal friendship for him on the spot, and there and then ratified the agreement by entertaining his new acquaintance at a *récherché* supper at the Albion. Our story opens when Mr. Whiffles and his companion—Mr. O'Leary by name—had been almost inseparables for the space of six weeks. With pain Mr. Whiffles had lately observed an expression of settled melancholy upon Mr. O'Leary's expressive countenance, and had resolutely determined to divine the cause.

"You are ill?" said our hero one evening, after they had supped at the hostelry above mentioned, and were quaffing various "whiskeys hot" to promote digestion.

Mr. O'Leary sighed, shook his head sadly, and emptied his glass by way of a reply.

"Your supper has disagreed with you; you have eaten too much," continued Mr. Whiffles tenderly.

"It isn't the supper that worries me," observed his companion; "it's the substitute."

This mysterious answer puzzled Mr. Whiffles. He thought it over seriously, then gave it up in despair, and demanded an explanation. Mr. O'Leary vigorously puffed at his cigar and proceeded to enlighten Mr. Whiffles.

It appeared from Mr. O'Leary's account that it was customary in the Royal Dash Theatre for the management to allow various members of the orchestra to absent themselves from time to time from their posts in order to attend concerts or other entertainments, on the condition that they provided efficient substitutes to fulfill their ordinary duties. As a rule, these substitutes were not hard to find; but Mr. O'Leary confessed, with tears in his eyes, that although he had searched high and low, for some unaccountable reason he could find no one able or willing to supply his place at the theatre, while he was absent to fulfill a most profitable engagement he had accepted to play at a fashionable West-End concert, the ensuing evening. Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Whiffles threw himself into the breach and proffered his services.

"Stuff!" replied Mr. O'Leary, rudely, "what do *you* know about music?"

Mr. Whiffles couldn't tell. He was quite certain about what he *didn't* know, but that he refrained from mentioning. There was a painful pause. Mr. O'Leary smoked silently on for some time, now and then darting a searching glance upon the anxious face of Mr. Whiffles, as if he were revolving some great scheme in the innermost recesses of his own mind, but as yet scarcely saw the manner in which it could be carried out. Suddenly,—

"I have it. Thanks, Whiffles, my boy. I accept your generous offer. You *shall* be my substitute," said Mr. O'Leary.

To say that Mr. Whiffles was delighted would but feebly express the state of his mind. He grasped Mr. O'Leary's hand and shook it fervently. He trembled already with excitement. His proudest hopes were about to be realized. He would be admitted behind the scenes of a theatre. Words failed to convey any idea of his feelings, as he lent a willing ear to Mr. O'Leary, who proceeded to give him the necessary instructions.

In the first place, Mr. O'Leary pointed out, there were two trombone-players in the orchestra of the Royal Dash Theatre, he himself being one, and that for the especial guidance of Mr. Whiffles he would summarily state the case as follows, premising that after the rising of the curtain on the first piece a performance upon the two trombones heralded the approach of the villain of the piece.

Further, his (Mr. O'Leary's) experience induced him to believe that in a crowded assembly *one* trombone would probably make as much noise as two; and that all Mr. Whiffles had to do, after announc-

ing himself as Mr. O'Leary's substitute, would be to take his seat leisurely in the orchestra, and, when the curtain rose, carefully watch the proceedings of the other trombone-player and imitate his every movement; so that, in reality, one trombone would make *all* the noise, although, apparently, *two* were being played. Lastly, he advised Mr. Whiffles to be careful and to mind what he was about, as the leader was a ——!

Soon afterward the friends left the Albion and proceeded on their several ways; his friend and companion already more than half repenting his rashness in embarking in the undertaking.

The sombre shades of twilight were enwrapping, as with a shroud, the streets of London, when, carrying Mr. O'Leary's trombone in his hand, Mr. Whiffles might have been observed woefully picking his way through the purlieus of Drury Lane endeavoring to find the stage-entrance of the Royal Dash Theatre. Two or three sallow-faced gentlemen were smoking short pipes in front of the entrance, and occasionally a lady or gentleman passed hurriedly in, evidently under the impression that they were behind their time; but a glance at the clock in the hall appeared to reassure them as they made their way more leisurely toward their respective dressing-rooms. Upon reference to his watch, Mr. Whiffles found that the doors had only just been opened, and he therefore had some leisure to look about him. He loitered at the door for some time, wondering, as the various members of the company made their appearance, who *this* was, and who *that* could possibly be, until a small but uncommonly sharp boy plucked him by the sleeve and said,—

“You'd better make haste; they're a goin' to ring in.”

Mr. Whiffles then became aware that he was almost alone. Without having the faintest idea of the meaning of “ringing in,” he mechanically followed the small boy down a gloomy passage, tumbled down a few steps, picked himself up, and found himself upon the stage. He had hardly time to cast a hurried glance upon the novel, not to say dreary, objects by which he was surrounded, when an elderly individual in a white beard, and whose shirt-front appeared to be plentifully besprinkled with snuff, beckoned the boy.

“Tom,” said he, “go into the music-room, and ask Mr. Lovejoy for my copy of ‘Old King Cole.’”

The boy at once complied. Rightly conjecturing that the music-room was the place wherein the musicians assembled previous to making their appearance in the orchestra, Mr. Whiffles followed the

boy down a score or so of rickety stairs, to the great detriment of his shins, into a scantily furnished apartment, situated immediately beneath the stage, wherein he found several gentlemen composedly tuning their instruments. Upon hearing Mr. Lovejoy, the leader, addressed by name, Mr. Whiffles nervously introduced himself as Mr. O'Leary's substitute.

"Very good," said Mr. Lovejoy; "he's told you every thing, I suppose?"

Mr. Whiffles bowed assentingly, and darted a piercing glance into every corner of the apartment in search of the *other* trombone. Horror! *He wasn't there!* The man upon whom he solely depended, absent! What was to be done? Retreat was out of the question; as, while he was contemplating flight, a small bell sounded, and the musicians proceeded to take their places in the orchestra. Mr. Whiffles, still bearing the fatal trombone, despairingly followed, and, ere long, found himself in the presence of the British public. The novelty of his situation so confused him that he for a moment seated himself in the chair belonging to Mr. Lovejoy, and was received with a prodigious outburst of enthusiasm, the audience supposing him to be the talented leader himself. This mistake was soon rectified by the appearance of the veritable leader, who muttered something under his breath by no means complimentary to our hero, and motioned him angrily to the seat usually occupied by Mr. O'Leary. The audience, perceiving the mistake, expressed their opinion of Mr. Whiffles in candid and unmistakable terms, as he ruefully made his way to the spot indicated by the irate conductor. After trying to reduce to something like order the sheets of music upon the stand before him, Mr. Whiffles regained sufficient courage to look around him. The house was packed from floor to ceiling; everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation, and sundry anxious voices appertaining to impatient "gods" implored the musicians to strike up at once and appease their anxiety.

Again the small bell tinkled. Mr. Lovejoy tapped his desk—raised his baton—looked on each side of him, and—stopped. He whispered the First Fiddle, then left his seat and the orchestra. Mr. Whiffles asked his next neighbor what *this* might portend; and was informed, in reply, that Puffer, the other Trombone, hadn't as yet put in an appearance.

"Couldn't they do without him?" asked Mr. Whiffles,—devoutly hoping in his heart of hearts they couldn't.

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"Wouldn't the big drum do as well?" inquired Mr. Whiffles.

His neighbor regarded him with some surprise, smiled, and continued:—

"Do without him! how can they? Don't you know that you and he begin, the moment the curtain rises, to bring on old Russet, the heavy man? He *couldn't* come on without his music, you know: as he appears at the back at first, then crosses the mountains from left to right, then from right to left, and finally comes down left upon the stage, where he expresses a variety of emotions in pantomime, and all to *your* music."

At these words Mr. Whiffles resigned all hope, and was mentally calculating the dangers to which he would be exposed if he leaped into the stalls, from thence into the pit, and fought his way out of the theatre, when the leader returned, an ominous frown upon his brow, followed by a short, fat, pale-faced gentleman, apparently of foreign extraction, who carried a trombone under his left arm. Joy! Mr. Whiffles felt a man again. This, then, was Puffler! Mr. Whiffles remembered his instructions, and watched the new-comer attentively; who, upon his part, appeared to regard him with the uttermost concern. Mr. Whiffles had occasion to shift his trombone; Puffler did likewise. Mr. Whiffles felt for his handkerchief; Mr. Puffler followed his example. All this seemed very mysterious, and Mr. Whiffles was lost in wonderment when the overture commenced. Luckily, the trombones were not wanted until the commencement of the drama. The overture ceased.

"Now look out," observed Mr. Whiffles's neighbor; "it's you now." Mr. Whiffles mechanically raised the instrument to his lips, keeping a steadfast gaze the while upon the proceedings of Mr. Puffler, who did his best to stare Mr. Whiffles out of countenance. Mr. Lovejoy looked round, and seeing the trombones perfectly ready, awaited the rising of the curtain. It was an agonizing moment. The silence was positively painful. One might have heard a pin drop. The small bell was heard again. Mr. Lovejoy tapped his desk, and the curtain slowly rose—in solemn silence! Mr. Lovejoy began beating time slowly, and had even accomplished a few strokes before he realized the fact. Turning round to ascertain the meaning of this extraordinary circumstance, his surprise and bewilderment may well be imagined at perceiving the two trombone-players hard at work, distending their cheeks to their utmost capacity, nervously manipulating

their instruments, and producing not a sound! And the most unaccountable thing was, they never took their eyes off one another. Mr. Lovejoy was transfixed with amazement.

"This is very strange," thought Mr. Whiffles. "I wonder when that fellow is going to begin!"

The little bell tinkled again and again. Mr. Russet stepped upon the stage with some amount of dignity and left it without any, under the impression that he was a trifle too soon. The stage-manager, a gentleman of excitable temperament and much addicted to the use of passionate language, who played one of the principal parts in the piece, rushed from his room, discharged on the spot an inoffensive "super" who, unfortunately, happened to cross his path; went, half-a-dozen at a time, down the score or so of rickety stairs at the imminent hazard of breaking his neck, and, appearing at the little door under the stage that led into the orchestra, demanded in unmeasured terms what the—very bad word—Mr. Lovejoy meant by such conduct, and why the—excessively-rude observation—he didn't go on? Mr. Lovejoy was too astounded to reply. He could only point, in silent wonder, to the two trombones. There they sat, puffing and blowing vigorously, but with no result. The stage-manager gesticulated violently, and nearly had a fit. The audience, unable to comprehend what was going on before their eyes, hissed loudly, and finally, the curtain fell. Then Mr. Lovejoy gave vent to his feelings. He leaped from his seat and rushed toward Mr. Whiffles, who, panting with exhaustion after his unaccustomed exertions, was wiping the perspiration from his face, wondering what on earth was going to happen next. No sooner, however, did he perceive the angry conductor advancing toward him, than, with an intuitive perception that something unpleasant was about to occur, he made a precipitate rush through the little door, and sought safety under the stage, hotly pursued by Mr. Lovejoy; who opportunely came across the foreign gentleman quietly sneaking away, and fell upon him tooth and nail. The foreign gentleman, being choleric, knocked Mr. Lovejoy down. Mr. Lovejoy, being by no means deficient in pluck, regained the perpendicular, and—in the language of the ring—let the foreign gentleman "have it." That individual next seized the astonished Whiffles and endeavored to drag him before Mr. Lovejoy, in order that he might undergo condign punishment, when the foreign gentleman slipped; they both fell, and the two trombone-players mysteriously disappeared.

They had fallen down an unused well under the stage, Mr. Whiffles

undermost. There being but little water, they were soon extricated, and, fortunately, no bones were broken.

The two gentlemen—after a rather exciting interview with the stage-manager—were, shortly afterward, permitted to take their departure.

Mr. O'Leary, next day, was duly informed of the disaster, and lost his situation. The same fate befell the unfortunate Puffer, who, it appeared upon inquiry, was really laboring under some severe indisposition that threatened to confine him to his bed; and being naturally unwilling to lose his salary, he provided a substitute, like Mr. Whiffles, utterly unable to play, and to whom he gave, in effect, instructions almost identical with those given to our hero by Mr. O'Leary.

Mr. Whiffles returned to the home of his ancestors a sadder and a wiser man. He has never been to a theatre since, and never thinks without a shudder of his terrible adventure connected with the two trombones.—*London Society.*

UNMISTAKABLE INDENTITY.

A REVEREND DOCTOR in London was what is usually termed a popular preacher. His reputation, however, had been gained not by his drawing largely on his own stores of knowledge or eloquence, but by the skill with which he appropriated the thoughts and language of the great divines who had gone before him. With fashionable audiences, lightly versed in pulpit lore, he passed for a miracle of erudition and pathos. It did, for all that, once happen to him to be detected in his larcenies. One Sunday, as he was beginning to amaze and delight his admirers, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with close attention. The preacher had hardly finished his third sentence, before the old gentleman muttered, loud enough to be heard by those near, "That's Sherlock!" The Doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much further, when his tormentor broke out with, "That's Tillotson!" The Doctor bit his lips and paused, but, considering discretion the better part of valor, again proceeded. A third exclamation of "That's Blair!" however, was too much, and fairly deprived him of patience. Leaning over the pulpit, he cried, "Fellow, if you do not hold your tongue you shall be turned out!" Without moving a muscle of his face, the grave old gentleman raised his head, and looking the doctor full in the face, retorted, "*That's his own!*"

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SERMONS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER, IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN. From Verbatim Reports by T. J. ELLINWOOD. Ninth and Tenth Series. 2 vols. New York: *J. B. Ford & Co.*

The sermons embraced in the present volumes were delivered by Mr. Beecher during the year ending September, 1873, and number in all fifty-three. Few preachers either of ancient or modern times have been so gifted as to be able for a long course of years to deliver pulpit addresses, every one of which is worthy of publication. The spoken word and the written word are, as every literary man will clearly understand, two distinct things, for, whereas the former, if well spoken, may in reality be weak and feeble and yet produce the desired impression; the latter must possess intrinsic merit and be of a sufficiently high standard of literary excellence to pass the criticism of well-educated readers. It is just here that Mr. Beecher is so pre-eminently great. Never preparing his sermons (as indeed he could not, owing to the immense labor which he otherwise undertakes), but delivering them *extempore*, a stenographic reporter takes down his words verbatim, and as such they are published. But it is not the literary merit which to us is the great attraction in Mr. Beecher's sermons. His fame as an orator, a rhetorician, and a scholar is world-wide, and does not depend merely on the literary worth of his sermons. The charm about them which impresses us most is their moral grandeur, their high elevated tone, their broad views, their sublime sentiments. They evidently come from the heart of the man, and denote him to be virtuous, moral, and honorable in all his dealings; in a word they stamp him as a good man, who has devoted his life to good thoughts and good works. For his theology we can of course have no word of comment. Believing as we most firmly do, that the entire Christian theological idea is antagonistic to revelation, to reason, and to common-sense, we cannot do otherwise than regard Mr. Beecher's theological stand-point as irrational and illogical in the extreme, hence in the perusal of his sermons we are always compelled to draw a marked distinction between the theologian and the man. And yet in comparison with other Christian clergymen, Mr. Beecher's theology may never be said to spoil the beauty of his sermons; for so big is his heart, so truly noble is his nature, so lofty are his

thoughts, and above all, so vigorous are his humanitarian views, that, in spite of his theology, he rises to a height towering far above all the petty doctrines of this or that creed, and when thus, he is indeed a minister of religion, a preacher of the word of Truth.

A friend said recently in our hearing, "I do so love to hear Mr. Beecher preach, for he does not speak at all like a minister, but really talks sense." Knowing our friend's general want of appreciation for the clerical calling and those who follow it, we were much amused at this witty blending of compliment and sarcasm. Without indorsing so harsh a judgment or so sweeping an imputation as his words convey, we do think that in a degree he was not very far from the truth. It is indeed astonishing what an amount of folly ministers will speak in endeavoring to impress their audiences with the necessity of accepting some pet doctrine or dogma of their respective creeds, and which, for all practical purposes, are as utterly useless appendages to true religion as the noise of a coach is to the coach itself. In the one case as in the other, however, the sermonizer can no more get along without his "gush" than can the coach without its noise. When therefore the preacher, whoever he may be, discards the romance and folly and superstition and bigotry of his creed and stands upon the broad and elevated platform of moral religion—the great end and aim of all systems of theology—he should undoubtedly command the respect and esteem of every lover of truth, whatever his private views or predilections may be. Such a preacher is Mr. Beecher, and for this, if for no other reason, we cordially recommend the perusal of his sermons to the young and old of all denominations. Christians will admire his theology, and Jews, having heard it repeatedly and knowing full well its value, will reject it immediately, so to neither class will there be any harm done; whereas as both Judaism and Christianity teach in many respects similar doctrines of morality and virtue, of love to mankind and the duties incumbent upon all alike, and as these teachings are really the burden of nearly all Mr. Beecher's sermons, they may be read with general benefit.

COOMASSIE AND MAGDALA: The Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. By HENRY M. STANLEY. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

The discoverer of Livingstone has again delighted his numerous admirers by the production of a volume full of romantic details of travels in a wild country and of battles with savages. As the preface informs us, it is "written to record two grand successes gained by

English soldiers in East and West Africa." The accounts of these expeditions were detailed in the newspapers at the times they occurred, but the descriptions then given were at best but meagre when compared with the graphic and glowing pictures drawn by the author of the present work. Mr. Stanley has certainly turned all his experience and knowledge of Africa to good account. It will be remembered that, as correspondent of the *New York Herald*, he accompanied the army of Sir Robert Napier in the Abyssinian campaign, which was terminated by the capture of the fortress of Magdala and the suicide of the Emperor Theodore. "Magdala," says Mr. Stanley, "was a town planted on the top of a mountain about 10,000 feet above sea-level, amid gigantic mountains piled one upon another, grouped together in immense gatherings—profound abysses lying between 2000, 3000, and even 4000 feet deep—a region of indescribable wildness and grandeurs. It was an almost impregnable stronghold, situated 400 miles from the point of disembarkation—the strange, weird country, full of peaks and mountains, and ruggedness lay between it and the sea. The scenes which flanked the march bristled with rocks and crags, but they possessed the charm of novelty and picturesqueness, and the country was one of the most healthy countries on the face of the earth. The march was ever full of interesting incidents, more especially as we drew near the end. A battle was fought, Magdala was taken by assault, then fired, and utterly destroyed. The Emperor committed suicide; the captives were released; and the conquerors returned to the sea flushed with unequal success, having suffered the smallest loss that could possibly follow an invasion of a hostile country."

In the same capacity of "special reporter" Mr. Stanley entered Coomassie, the capital of the Ashantee kingdom, with the army of Sir Garnet Wolseley, and it is the progress and result of that campaign which make up the other half of his book. A brief summary of this campaign is thus given in Mr. Stanley's own words:

"Coomassie was a town insulated by a deadly swamp. A thick jungly forest—so dense that the sun seldom pierced the foliage; so sickly that the strongest fell victims to the malaria it cherished—surrounded it to a depth of 140 miles seaward, many hundred miles east, as many more west, and 100 miles north. Through this forest and swamp, unrelieved by any novelty or a single pretty landscape, the British army had to march 140 miles, leaving numbers behind sick of fever and dysentery. Five days' hard fighting ended the march, and Coomassie was at the mercy of the conquerors to sack and burn to the ground."

Mr. Stanley, as has already been seen in his previous works, is

neither an elegant nor a classical writer, but he is so exceedingly interesting and readable that his want of scholarship will hardly be felt, if indeed it even be perceptible to the ordinary reader. He certainly has much to tell the public worth knowing, and he knows pretty well how to tell it, and this is about all that the general public will look to.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR PRACTICAL USE, edited by JAMES HINTON. With an Introduction by E. L. YOUMANS. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

The work before us, and which is unquestionably one of the best of its kind, is designed, as its name honestly indicates, to impart that precise physiological knowledge which is always requisite for practical use. It does not give a detailed description of experiments that have to be performed to verify important facts; but, assuming the facts, it explains their consequences, and deduces therefrom general valuable rules. Dr. Hinton and his associate writers have evidently had one grand aim in view, viz., to present to the reader just that kind of information which can be made available for the preservation of health. Many physiological text-books seem to ignore this essential consideration and labor under the great disadvantage of being entirely too scientific for general purposes. While we do not mean to imply that the present work does not contain an excellent amount of science, we do certainly mean that the authors have very wisely refrained from using any more scientific physiological language than is actually necessary for the proper exposition of the subjects treated. As Prof. Youmans justly observes in his introduction, "the science of physiology is of immense extent; and a student may be occupied for years in mastering it, and may fill his mind with facts and laws of the greatest scientific interest, without ever reaching the applications of the subject to the preservation of health."

As illustrative of the practical remarks which in reality constitute the great merit of the volume, we extract the following from the Second Essay "On the Faculty of Hearing:"—

"There are several things very commonly done which are extremely injurious to the ear, and ought to be carefully avoided. . . . And first, children's ears ought never to be boxed. We have seen that the passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane especially adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it? . . . Many children are made deaf by boxes on the ear in this way. . . . It tends to dull the sen-

sibility of the nerve, even if it does not hurt the membrane. I knew a pitiful case, once, of a poor youth who died from a disease of the ear. . . . Of course his hearing had been dull; and what had happened was that *his father had often boxed his ear for inattention*. Most likely that boxing on the ear, diseased as it was, had much to do with his dying."

There are twenty-one essays or chapters in the work, of which the following are their titles:—The Brain and its Servants, The Faculty of Hearing, The Eye and Sight, The Sense of Smell, The Sense of Taste, Digestion, The Skin—Corpulence, The Bath—The Sense of Touch, Notes on Pain, Respiration, Taking Cold, Influenza, Headache, Sleep, Sleeplessness, Ventilation, The Liver and its Diseases, The Action of Alcohol, Muscular Motion as Exemplified in the Human Body, Occupation and Health, Training and Gymnastics.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD, with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., LL.D. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Bros.

These two volumes from the pen of Mr. Motley may be regarded more as a history than a biography. In this view they form a continuation or sequel of the other works, written by the author on the "Dutch Republic" and "United Netherlands." There is no doubt that the advocate and seal-keeper of Holland—John of Barneveld—was really the founder of the commonwealth of the United Provinces, and that in the history of his career, we read also the history of Holland and the Dutch Republic during a troubled period of forty years. We may even go farther than this, and say with the author: "The history of Europe, especially of the Netherlands, Britain, France, and Germany cannot be thoroughly appreciated without a knowledge of the designs, the labors, and the fate of Barneveld." Mr. Motley has therefore produced no unimportant contribution to historical research. His great industry, however, has somewhat overstepped its mark, for his immense resources seem to overburden him, and it would perhaps have been better had he made a more concise summary of documents quoted in full and facts narrated in detail. Notwithstanding this defect, if such it can be called, the work is certainly worth a careful study, for it "is full of lessons, examples, and warnings for the inhabitants of all free states."

RESPONSIBILITY IN MENTAL DISEASE. By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D.
New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Another valuable addition has been made by the above work to the series of popular monographs now in course of publication in New York, London, Paris, and Leipsic, under the title of the "International Scientific Series." This series, which is entirely an American project, having been originated by Dr. E. L. Youmans, the talented editor of *The Popular Science Monthly*, is intended to embody the results of recent inquiry in the most interesting departments of advancing science. The present addition is one which is destined to occupy a high place among works on insanity and the disordered manifestations of the human mind. Its author, Dr. Henry Maudsley, is well known in London medical circles as a distinguished authority in that especial branch of medical practice, and his book contains the information that needs to be generally known. It is, in fact, a thorough presentation of all those principles which must be taken into account in estimating human responsibility. As such it will be seen that it is valuable not only to the medical and legal professions, but to all who would properly prepare themselves for the duties and responsibilities of life. Written on an entirely new plan, it will doubtless supply a want which has long existed.

THE BRIO-A-BRAC SERIES, edited by R. H. STODDARD. New York:
Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Under the general title given above, Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. are now issuing a handsome and attractive series of books, in which are collected personal reminiscences of famous poets, novelists, humorists, artists, actors, musicians, and other notable men and women. Two volumes of the series have been already published, the first entitled "Personal Reminiscences by Chorley, Planché, and Young," and the second, "Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens." In both of these the editor has been very happy in his selection, and has brought together a fund of choice and fresh anecdote and gossip which cannot fail to beguile away many hours of the reader's time in most innocent and amusing recreation. The second volume will, we think, prove doubly acceptable to the American public, because of the intimate relations both Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens had with this country. The prefaces to both volumes, written by Mr. Stoddard, contain biographical sketches of the authors whose names form the titles of the books. That the series which has been so well inaugurated

will meet with a large and appreciative circle of readers is beyond all doubt. The third volume, to be issued soon, will be entitled, "Mérimée, Lamartine, and Sand."

THE EXPANSE OF HEAVEN: A Series of Essays on the Wonders of the Firmament. By R. A. PROCTOR, B.A. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

In this delightful little book Mr. Proctor has left to his American admirers a legacy which will help them to remember much of what he said in his recent able course of lectures, and even to continue the study of the subjects treated by him. Of all Mr. Proctor's works we think "The Expanse of Heaven" will be his most popular one. Always interesting and attractive as a writer, he is peculiarly so in the present instance. That he is thoroughly master of all the questions of astronomy was evident to all who heard his lectures, and this impression will be greatly strengthened by a perusal of his new volume. It will be seen also that it covers the ground very fully of his lectures, though in a more amplified and finished style. There are thirty topics considered, to select any of which as being the most interesting would indeed be a difficult task.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS AND OTHER LECTURES. By REV. F. D. MAURICE. Edited, with a preface by THOMAS HUGHES. London and New York: *Macmillan & Co.*

Although it seems that during the life-time of the late Rev. F. D. Maurice he did not meet with that general appreciation to which his talent and energy entitled him, yet no sooner was he in his grave than the British public suddenly awoke to his sterling worth. For a time panegyrics on the defunct clergyman appeared in all the papers and periodicals, and his eulogy was spoken from almost every Christian pulpit. This doubtless created a renewal of interest in his writings, among which the present volume takes an important place. It consists of lectures delivered on various occasions during a wide lapse of time, but in all of them there is much to interest, to benefit the reader. He handles his subjects skillfully, and his style is always pleasant and readable. The titles of the thirteen lectures which form the present volume are as follows: On the Friendship of Books, On Words, On Books, On the Use and Abuse of Newspapers, On Christian Civilization, Ancient History, English History, Spencer's "Faerie Queene," Milton, Milton considered as a Schoolmaster, Edmund Burke, Acquisition and Illumination, On Critics.

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 10.

FREEMASONRY, JUDAISM, AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY D. E. DE LARA.

(Continued from page 408.)

FREEMASONRY promotes education, and would have it free, universal, compulsory, and unsectarian. By the term Education Freemasonry understands not merely mental culture, not merely literary and scientific acquirements, but the training of the intellect, the feelings, the moral and pure religious principles. Freemasonry aims at rendering man as wise and as good—not always as it is desirable that he should be rendered, which is but seldom possible, depending as it does upon the physical organization of each individual, and upon surrounding influences; but as wise and as good as his physical organization—that is, his moral and intellectual susceptibleness (for on this depends the formation of his character, this is the foundation upon which the moral and social structure is to be raised) will admit of his being rendered.

This is an undeniable truth, though it ever has been a thorn in the flesh of theologians, who assert that man's character depends entirely on the will; that it is within his power to be good or bad, a saint or a sinner. They might with equal truth assert that it is within the power of the will to be wise or foolish. Gradually, however, and, what is not a little curious, unawares, they have been compelled to admit the truth—a truth which completely undermines their system. Thus in the *Herald*, which is every Sunday very religious, and all the other days of the week outspoken, in its issue of 3d of August, 1874, in an editorial headed "Child Criminals," the struggle between theology and truth is made evident. It is made so from the very caution employed in treating the subject-matter of the article. "Man," says

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by RAPHAEL D'O. LEWIN, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

the writer, "is *very much** the creature of circumstances. He is *mostly* what his surroundings have made him." Why not speak the whole truth, namely, that the circumstances exercise on man a greater or less influence *according to his physical organization*?

No man whose natural inclinations are evil can be made a good man. If he has received from Nature the courage or boldness to follow their bent, he will do so openly; if cunning, caution, fear, pride, the love of offspring (for many a bad man can be and often is a very affectionate father), he will indulge them secretly, cautiously; for inclination is not action, any more than speech is truth. Thus the natural inclination being the foundation, and this depending entirely upon the conformation of the brain and upon the nervous system, the character will be developed according to such physical organization; the *action* will be regulated jointly by this and the surrounding circumstances.

The cat, metamorphosed into a princess, retained the nature of a cat; she acted as the cat at sight of the mouse; had that mouse not made its appearance, she would have acted (never felt) as a princess. You can never change the boy Pomeroy into a Howard; a Howard metamorphosed into a tiger would still retain the Howard nature in a tiger's body. The Lucrezia Borgia might have remained at heart what Nature had made her, though shut up in a nunnery of the strictest order: the pure Lucrezia, even at the court of an Alexander VI. or a Louis XV., would still have remained the worthy and noble wife of Brutus. "Remove our boys from the tenement-houses," says the journalist. Many have been removed, and after attaining man's estate been put in high places, and those who in youth had been little vagabonds and petty thieves proved, when they were surrounded by circumstances favorable to the more free and more bold development of their character, great vagabonds, great ruffians, and thieves on a higher scale. There are individuals, families, populations, races, into whom vice does not, because it cannot, enter; there are individuals, families, populations, races, that delight in vice, crime, brutality, and immorality. Nature made them what they are, and you may remove them from the tenement-houses to mansions in Fifth avenue, you will not root out the weeds that are of Nature's growth. Shall we then abandon the hope of improving? By no means. "Place man," says Freemasonry, "from his infancy in the midst of such circumstances as will act most favorably, *as far as*

* The italics are mine.

possible, on the formation of his character. Protect him against the insidious influences of evil. Educate him, lead his thoughts into a good channel, and though the subject of your exertions may not answer your expectations and realize your hopes, it is highly probable, it is almost certain, that *his offspring will be born better* than himself. For thought, mind, intellect, soul—call it what you please—that union or combination of sentiment and reason, acts upon animated matter just as animated matter, and the physical, material man acts upon the intellect, mind, thought, reason, or soul.

I shall now endeavor briefly to show the influence Freemasonry exercises on education, and through education on the moral and social as well as intellectual condition of the community—that is, on the individuals of which communities are composed—as far as the circumstances already alluded to will permit the exercise of such influence.

I can state with certainty and truth, for I speak from personal observation during a long series of years, and after careful and impartial inquiry and investigation, that wherever Freemasonry is not interfered with, but allowed free scope for the exercise of its beneficent influence, education is widespread and flourishing. Wherever education is promoted, vice and crime diminish. On the other hand, wherever it meets with opposition, wherever it is proscribed or condemned, there education languishes, is partial, doled out, limited, defective, and often bad; and there also crime, vice, immorality, cruelty, and inhumanity are rampant.

Among the Teutonic dialects speaking nations, governments act upon the principle that “knowledge is power” *for good*, and that man cannot know too much of fact, of truth; that the sure foundation of a state is laid in knowledge, not in ignorance; and that every sneer at education, at culture, at book-learning (which is the wisdom of the experience of mankind) is a sneer at intelligent liberty, inviting national degeneracy and ruin. In the other countries, the Latin dialects speaking nations, on the contrary, we are told—I give the very words:—“We ought to beware of new-fangled science.” “We ought not to encourage intellectual pride.” “Much reading ought to be discountenanced.” One writer says that “the education of youth ought to be limited to that which will enable them to become smart and active money-getting men and women of the world,” and no more.

Let us only look near home. In New Mexico, up to the year 1870, in a population of 92,000, 48,836 over ten years of age

could not read; upward of 80 per cent. are even own illiterate.* Indeed, when in New Mexico it was proposed, some time previous to 1872, to establish free schools, 87 votes were cast for it and over 5,000 against it. And what is the condition of New Mexico? A recent traveler speaks of it as "a haunt of banditti," "an effete civilization."

One of the most resplendent virtues as well as most sacred duties of Freemasonry is charity—the charity of tolerance and forbearance, not lightly judging men by their actions, but endeavoring to discover the cause and inducement; it does not approve, much less condemn hastily. The charity, moreover, which holds out the helping hand of universal brotherhood to the suffering, the distressed, the oppressed; the charity of a Spanish Las Casas and an American Sumner, an English Howard and a German Heine, a Catholic Frere, and a Protestant Peabody, a Jewish Touro and a Hindoo Rahmon Roy; the charity of an Elizabeth Fry, a Florence Nightingale, a Grace Darling, a Mattie Stevenson; the Jewish charity that builds asylums for orphans, the Catholic charity that establishes reformatories for erring youth, and becomes the loving foster-mother of the foundling; the Protestant charity that gives a home to homeless children and opens to them a career of usefulness to others and of prosperity to themselves; the charity of the journalist who visits the abodes of want and destitution and thus points the way to the manifestation of that benevolence which in this city, in this country, is never found sleeping. The charity of the thousands of noble women, so justly entitled to the name of "Sisters," who amidst the blood and fire of the battlefield, or braving the pestilential atmosphere of the hospital ward or sick-chamber, risk health and life to bring aid, relief, hope, and religious consolation to suffering humanity: and let me add, the charity of a Bergh of New York, of a Martin of Ireland, a John Wesley of England—the kind-hearted founder of Methodism who warned us, nearly a century before Bergh, that the dumb beasts will rise in judgment against those who inflict pain and suffering upon them. Such is the charity of Freemasonry, which does not inquire into a fellow-being's creed, but into his need. In short, Freemasonry seeks to dispel the clouds of ignorance, superstition, and untruth, and to break down the artificial barriers of rank and caste; to unite all good men in carrying on the great work which looks to the ultimate

*The reader is respectfully referred to my "Defence of our National System of Education against the Attacks of the Catholic Press," published in the *New Era* between June, 1878, and August, 1874.

enfranchisement of the human race from the bondage of evil, embracing as it does in its teachings the highest moral rectitude, founded on the fatherhood of God as a common parent, and the brotherhood of man as His offspring.

Such, then, I believe to be the nature of that institution which is known under the name of Freemasonry. Such are its objects, such its aspirations; such the teachings under which the human family is to be united, and by the holy bands of brotherhood led into and kept in the path of philanthropy, wisdom, knowledge, and truth; and this is in reality all the mystery about it.

Now is it not reasonable to suppose that such an institution would be appreciated universally? It is not. It has, as I have already observed, its opponents—can count its enemies by millions. It is hated; hated for what it teaches, and we have seen what its teachings are, and hated for what it teaches *not*. For instance: it is a singular fact that the enemies of Freemasonry studiously confound religion, virtue, morality, and faith, and wish to make it appear that they are convertible terms. Freemasonry inquires, whether they be so, and finds they are not.

Religion, virtue, and morality may be sisters and proceeding hand in hand, lend each other assistance and support; but they are distinct, different, and can exist and act separate and independent of one another. And so can faith or belief exist and operate separate and apart from either religion, morality, or virtue and even humanity, and indeed turn her back upon all. Of this fact both history and experience furnish ample evidence.

Ask some men, some bodies of men, what virtue is, what religion is. Can they tell you? To be sure, they can. Hear them.

The Hindoo will tell you that virtue and religion are abstinence from animal food, and self-inflicted torture and mutilation.

The Moslem, that they consist in abstinence from wine, in subsisting during the whole month of the Rhamadan upon one meal in the twenty-four hours, and in making five ablutions daily.

The Muscovite, in feasting during Lent upon dried mushrooms boiled in hempseed-oil, and during the Easter week upon hard-boiled eggs and brandy. Strange that all sects more or less carry on a petty warfare against the kitchen.

The holy hermit makes religion consist in dwelling in a cave, feeding upon roots and herbs, shunning human habitation, and avoiding intercourse with his fellow-men, running away as fast as his enfeebled

legs will carry him at the sight of a woman, and flagellating himself when unfortunately he has happened to set his eyes on one. The holy Mormon, on the contrary, in taking a hundred wives unto his capacious bosom.

It is religion and virtue in the Thug to strangle not less than five hundred unwary travelers.

Some men believe virtue and religion to consist in robbing weeping mothers of their children; others, as the author of *Hudibras* informs us, in hanging a cat on Monday for killing a mouse on Sunday.

The ancient Egyptians would have embalmed the precious remains of that cat and deified it, and called that religion and virtue.

Oh! It is religion, virtue, morality, and faith; it is a sacred duty in the Spaniards in Cuba to massacre Freemasons, confiscate their property, doom their widows to a life of pariahs, hunt their young orphan daughters like blood-hounds, mutilate and strangle them in their arms, and all this for no other crime than because their husbands and fathers had been Freemasons.

No, no! Truth and virtue and religion are not convertible terms, neither virtue nor morality teaches what faith may teach, what the condemned criminal is so often taught whilst standing under the gallows, that heaven is attached to the scaffold by a few feet-lengths of rope; that the greater the sinner the greater the saint; that there is no merit in virtue; that crime and sin have nothing to apprehend on the brink of the grave; that the guiltless will bear the punishment due to the guilty; that the debt he owes has long since been paid for him even in advance, and that "good deeds will hang like millstones round his neck to draw him deeper into the gulf of destruction." No! Freemasonry teaches that virtue and religion and morality can exist without vegetating upon mushrooms, without abstaining from a glass of lager-beer on Sundays, without massacring Freemasons, and that it is not absolutely necessary to die a felon's death in order to take a leap into heaven.

There is a dogma which Freemasonry does *not* teach, and on which account it is thoroughly hated. It is this. I give it verbatim as I find it laid down: "No man has *any* right to be of *any* religion but one" (it matters not which—that of the writer); and "people that have no religion have no conscience that people who have religion are bound to respect." I have quoted the very words. If any man were to tell me that the religion which *I* profess is the only one that leads to

heaven, and unless he professes *my* religion he would be damned, I would tell him that he utters an untruth.

Freemasonry denies the whole of these propositions as equally false, unjust, and pernicious, as propositions that have inflicted more suffering and misery than all the conflagrations, wars, pestilence, and earthquakes combined. How can a man be of any religion of the truth of which he is not convinced? And what evidence can he have of its truth without inquiry? But his inquiry is never calm, never impartial. Rarely, very rarely is a man's creed the result of inquiry at all. It is selected for him by his teachers, and he finds it ready made for him at his birth, and he is taught that *their* creed is the only true creed of the 1000 creeds in the world, and that the 999 are false, sinful, and soul-destroying. He is promised and threatened. Promised that after his death he will enjoy a never-ending life of happiness or bliss, a sort of "glory". (whatever that may be); whether as the Indian on the heavenly hunting grounds, with plenty of Buffalo meat and fire-water, and with liberty to scalp any number of pale-faced spirits; or, if he be a Moslem, in a charming pavilion perfumed with musk and attar of roses, smoking from a golden pipe most delicious heavenly opium, and attended by never *less* than 725 beautiful damsels; or, if he be a Buddhist, in constantly gazing upon the divine countenance without blinking once.

In the classic days of Homer, the saints used to while away their time in promenading in the Elysian fields, but—

"Old times are changed, old manners gone."

In this present utilitarian age, those fields are probably sown with cabbages and onions, or corn and cotton. The saints are transferred to heaven, where (as idle now as then) they are seated upon thrones, dressed in robes of the finest muslin, retaining their pure whiteness to all eternity, so as never to require the aid of a heavenly washer-woman; the head adorned with a crown of the purest Californian gold, of a workmanship almost equal to that of Benvenuto Cellini, "discoursing music" upon harps, inferior only to that produced upon that instrument by the Italian boys in our streets. On the other hand, man is threatened that his soul will be conveyed by Lucifer to Gehenna or Tophet or Eblis or Hell or a lake of brimstone or kerosene oil and fire, where there will be wailing and weeping and gnashing of teeth, and rowdying almost as bad as he may have known to exist in New York, and in which lake he will be flound-

ering like a fish in a pond, a toy and sport to a long-nailed, long-tailed, bull-horned, hook-nosed, green-scaled, harpoon-armed, cross-eyed being called the Devil and Satan and Apollion, "going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour"—a being omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, constantly inciting men, women, and little children—the 1300 millions constituting the human race—to evil, and such for the mere gratification of burning, roasting, broiling, grilling, and frying their souls after death—a fictitious personage—the offspring of the brain of theological despotism, and its agent in ruling and deceiving trusting and trembling ignorance—in a word, the chief character in the theological drama, the real God of theology—the Devil!

The Freemason, on the contrary, following the advice of Jefferson,* "shakes off all the fears and servile prejudices under which weak minds are servilely crouched. He fixes reason firmly in her seat; and calls to her tribunal every fact, every opinion. He is not frightened away from inquiry by any fear of its consequences. He neither believes nor rejects anything because any other person or descriptions of persons have rejected or believed it. His own reason is the greatest gift of heaven, and he is answerable, not for the rightness, but uprightness of the decision." It is needless to state that for entertaining such views the Freemason is cordially hated by the advocates of a devil, and the teachers and kindlers and stirrers-up of hell-fire.

The Freemason is tolerant. He does not hate his fellow-man because that man's opinion happens to be opposed to his own on some, most probably altogether worthless matter, understood by neither.

Freemasonry rejects all belief in the miraculous or the marvelous unless supported by satisfactory evidence. *Prima facie*, the structure of the universe seems, from all that can be known of it, to be incompatible with the occurrence of physical miracle. "The forces of nature," says Herder, "are eternal as the Godhead in which they inhere. *All is, was, and ever will be* in conformity with beneficent, beautiful, necessary law, twin-sister of eternal power, mother of all order, security, and happiness." Miracles can either be accounted for as the result or operation of natural laws, or they are fictitious. If a leaky ship is kept afloat and prevented from sinking, it

* Jefferson's letter to his young ward, Peter Carr.

is either because the leak was not large enough to bring on such a catastrophe, or the ship was saved by human labor and skill. Should the leak be too large to prevent such skill and labor from saving the ship, no miracle will save it. A man, bound hand and foot, thrown into the sea must be drowned; if thrown into the fire, he will be consumed by the flames—no miracle will or can save him; if nailed to a cross, no miracle will draw the nails.

But admitting that the deity *could* depart from the laws once and forever established by Him, it requires evidence to show that He does so or ever has done so, whilst experience shows that He does not. Salvations from misfortune, sickness, danger, sufferings are invariably produced by natural causes. This was illustrated on a recent occasion by Dr. Carpenter from the following occurrence. It is the relation of a very remarkable case which occurred at Baltimore, in the cholera-epidemic of 1840. "Though the poor-house," he said, "was supposed to have been free from any liability to its attack—and there was no prevalence of cholera in the town—yet at two or three miles' distance from Baltimore, and in an open, salubrious situation, there was a most fearful outbreak in this poor-house, thirty dying in a day, out of about eight hundred. This was traced to a defect of drainage, which was at once rectified, and immediately the plague was stayed." With reference to this Dr. Carpenter asked: "Does any gentleman in this room believe that if all Baltimore had gone down on its knees for a week, God would have been induced to avert the visitation?" And it may be asked, Could or would any but human knowledge, skill, and labor have averted the calamity; or the action of the elements? Theology teaches—I quote the very words—that man is bound to believe in metaphysical and theological mysteries which no human intellect can fathom, which neither prophets nor angels can understand.

In this the nineteenth century, whilst I was writing what you are now reading, persons were, in the neighboring country of Mexico, after a formal and regular trial, burnt alive for witchcraft. One of the proofs of guilt was the following: The accused were made to take three swallows of holy water, after which one of them vomited—what do you think?—why, bunches of hair and fragments of an old woollen blanket.

Now this is very mysterious, no doubt, and ought to be believed and revered as such. Freemasonry, however, denies and rejects mystery. God, it says, is the fountain of wisdom and justice, and

cannot require man to believe in the mysterious, the obscure, the absurd. What He wills that man should know, He will naturally and justly announce so plainly, intelligibly, so unequivocally, that even a child must be able to understand it.

Freemasonry holds with the editor of the *Herald* and with every thinking man, that the age of mystery has passed, and that men will only receive as true what they can clearly understand, especially in matters of religious belief.*

For entertaining this opinion, for rejecting mysteries which have drenched the earth in blood, and changed many a paradise into a Golgotha, Freemasonry is hated—thoroughly hated.

“Neither by wisdom nor by science can man know God,” so says theology. But can he know Him by ignorance or folly?

“Man,” says Freemasonry, “by science aided by wisdom, *does* know God. *He* is the very fountain of wisdom, but also of justice. He knows how far the human intellect extends. What He will that man should know, He has shown him by laying open before him the book of nature, of creation; by endowing him with the faculty of observing, inquiring, comparing, reflecting, and reasoning. In His revealed and written will, God has shown man his duties. In that volume, almighty wisdom and justice must be expected to speak plainly, clearly, intelligibly, so that whoever reads may understand.”

If, then, Freemasonry be told that in this or that or another volume there are passages too mysterious to be understood, requiring human explanation and comment, susceptible of a variety and often contrariety of meanings, or so obscure, so equivocal, so contradictory that they become sources of strife, contention, hatred, and persecution, Freemasonry denies that such is or can be the word of God. For this, too, Freemasonry is hated, condemned, anathematized.

THE TWO GATES OF HEAVEN.

“God,” says St. Pierre, in his *Harmonies of Nature*, “has placed upon earth two gates that lead to heaven; He has set them at the two extremities of life—one at the entrance, the other at the issue. The first is that of innocence; the second, that of repentance.”

* “Herald” of Monday, June 15th, 1874. What an admission from such a quarter!

THE VALE OF CEDARS; OR, THE MARTYR.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“Oh! blissful days,
When all men worship God as conscience wills!
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew.
What tho' the skeptic's scorn hath dared to soil
The record of their fame! What tho' the men
Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize
The sister-cause Religion and the Law
With Superstition's name! Yet, yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture and in death—
These on Tradition's tongue shall live; these shall
On History's honest page be pictur'd bright
To latest time.”

GRAHAM.

RETROSPECTION is not pleasant in a narrative; but if Marie has indeed excited any interest in our readers, they will forgive the necessity, and look back a few weeks ere they again arrive at the eventful day with which our last chapter closed. All that Don Felix had reported concerning the widow of Morales was correct. The first stunning effects of her dread avowal were recovered, sense was entirely restored, but the short-lived energy had gone. The trial to passively endure is far more terrible than that which is called upon to *act* and *do*. She soon discovered that, though nursed and treated with kindness, she was a prisoner in her own apartments. Wish to leave them she had none, and scarcely the physical strength; but to sit idly down under the pressure of a double dread—the prisoner's fate and her own sentence—to have no call for energy, not a being for whom to rouse herself and live, not one for whose sake she might forget herself and win future happiness by present exertion; the Past, one yearning memory for the husband, who had so soothed and cherished her, when any other would have cast her from his heart as a worthless thing; the Present, fraught with thoughts she dared not think, and words she might not breathe; the very prayer for Stanley's safety checked—for what could he be to her?—the Future shrouded in a pall so dense, she could not read a line of its dark page, for the torch of Hope was extinguished, and it is only by her light we can look forward; Isabella's affection apparently lost forever; was it

marvel energy and hope had so departed, or that deadening despondency seemed to crush her heart and sap the very springs of life ?

But in the midst of that dense gloom, one ray there was, feeble indeed at first, as if human suffering had deadened even that, but brightening and strengthening with every passing day. It was the sincerity of her faith—the dearer, more precious to its followers, from the scorn and condemnation in which it was held by man.

The fact that the most Catholic kingdom of Spain was literally peopled with secret Jews, brands this unhappy people with a degree of hypocrisy, in addition to the various other evil propensities with which they have been so plentifully charged. Nay, even amongst themselves in modern times, this charge has gained ascendancy ; and the romance-writer who would make use of this extraordinary truth, to vividly picture the condition of the Spanish Jews, is accused of vilifying the nation, by reporting practices opposed to the upright dictates of the religion of the Lord. It is well to pronounce such judgment *now*, that the liberal position which we occupy in most lands would render it the height of dissimulation and hypocrisy, to conceal our faith ; but to judge correctly of the secret adherence to Judaism and public profession of Catholicism which characterized our ancestors in Spain, we must transport ourselves not only to the *country*, but to the *time*, and recall the awfully degraded, crushing, and stagnating position which *acknowledged Judaism* occupied over the whole known world. As early as 600—as soon, in fact, as the disputes and prosecutions of Arian against Catholic, and Catholic against Arian, had been checked by the whole of Spain being subdued and governed by Catholic kings—intolerance began to work against the Jews, who had been settled in vast numbers in Spain since the reign of the Emperor Adrian ; some authorities assert still earlier. They were, therefore, nearly the original colonists of the country, and regarded it with almost as much attachment as they had felt toward Judea. When persecution began to work, “ 90,000 Jews were compelled to receive the sacrament of baptism,” the bodies of the more obstinate tortured, and their fortunes confiscated ; and yet—a remarkable instance of inconsistency—*they were not permitted to leave Spain* ; and this species of persecution continued from 600 downward. Once or twice edicts of expulsion were issued, but speedily recalled : the tyrants being unwilling to dismiss victims whom they delighted to torture, or deprive themselves of industrious slaves over whom they might exercise a lucrative oppression ;” and a statute was

enacted, "that the Jews who had been baptized should be *constrained*, for the honor of the Church, to preserve in the *external practice* of a religion which they *inwardly* disbelieved and detested."

How, then, can compelled obedience to this statute be termed hypocrisy? Persecution, privation, tyranny, may torture and destroy the body, but they cannot force the mind to the adoption of and belief in tenets, from which the very treatment they commanded must urge it to revolt. Of the 90,000 Jews forcibly baptized by order of Sisebut, and constrained to the external profession of Catholicism, not ten, in all probability, became actually Christians. And yet how would it have availed them to relapse into the public profession of the faith they so obeyed and loved in secret? To leave the country was utterly impossible. It is easy to talk now of such proceedings being their right course of acting, when every land is opened to the departure and entrance of every creed; but it was widely different then, and, even if they could have quitted Spain, there was not a spot of ground, in the whole European and Asiatic world, where persecution, extortion, and banishment would not equally have been their doom. Constant relapses into external as well as internal Judaism there were, but they were but the signal for increased misery to the whole nation; and by degrees they ceased. It was from the forcible baptism of the 90,000 Hebrews, by Sisebut, that we may trace the origin of the secret Jews. From father to son, from mother to daughter, the solemn secret descended, and gradually spread, still in its inviolable nature, through every rank and every profession, from the highest priest to the lowest friar, the general to the common soldier, the noble to the peasant, over the whole land. There were indeed some few in Spain, before the final edict of expulsion in 1492, who were Hebrews in external profession, as well as internal observance; but their condition was so degraded, so scorned, so exposed to constant suffering, that it was not in human nature voluntarily to sink down to them, when, by the mere continuance of external Catholicism—which from its universality, its long existence, and being in fact a rigidly enforced statute of the state, *could* not be regarded either as hypocrisy or sin—they could take their station amongst the very highest and noblest of the land, and rise to eminence and power in any profession, civil, military, or religious, which they might prefer. The subject is so full of philosophical inquiry, that in the limits of a romance we cannot possibly do it justice; but to accuse the secret Jews of Spain of hypocrisy, of departing from the pure ordinances of

their religion, because *compelled* to simulate Catholicism, is taking indeed but a one-handed, short-sighted view of an intensely interesting topic. We may often hope for the *present* by considering the changes of the *past*; but to attempt to pronounce judgment on the sentiments of the *past* by reasoning of the *present*, when the mind is always advancing, is one of the weakest and idlest fallacies that ever entered the human breast.

Digression as this is, it is necessary clearly to comprehend the situation in which Marie's avowal of her religion had placed her, and her reason for so carefully wording her information as to the existence of the secret closet, that no suspicion might attach itself to the religion of her husband. Her confession sent a shock, which vibrated not only through Isabella's immediate court, but through every part of Spain. Suspicion once aroused, none knew where it might end, or on whom fall. In her first impulse to save Arthur, she had only thought of what such confession might bring to herself individually, and that was, comparatively, easy to endure; but as the excitement ceased, as the dread truth dawned upon her, that, if he must die at the expiration of the given month, her avowal had been utterly useless, the dread of its consequences to the numerous secret members of her faith appalled her, and caused the firm resolve under no circumstances to betray the religion of her husband. Him indeed it could not harm; but that one so high in rank, in influence, in favor with sovereigns and people, was only outwardly a Catholic might have most fatal consequences on all his brethren. That he should have wedded a Jewess might excite surprise, but nothing more; and in the midst of her varied sufferings she could rejoice that all suspicion as to his race and faith had been averted. She felt thankful also at being kept so close a prisoner, for she dreaded the wrath of those whom her avowal might have unwittingly injured. Such an instance had never been known before, and she might justly tremble at the chastisement it might bring upon her even from her own people. As long as she was under Isabella's care she was safe from this; all might feel the vibration, but none dared evince that they did, by the adoption of any measures against her, further than would be taken by the Catholics themselves.

Knowing this, her sole prayer, her sole effort was to obtain mental strength sufficient under every temptation, either from severity or kindness, to adhere unshrinkingly to the faith of her fathers—to cling yet closer to the love of her Father in heaven, and endeavor, with all

the lowly trust and fervid feelings of her nature, to fill the yearning void within her woman's heart with his image, and so subdue every human love. It seemed to her vivid fancy as if all the misfortunes she had encountered sprung from her first sin—that of loving a Nazarene. Hers was not the age to make allowances for circumstances in contradistinction to actual deeds. Then, as unhappily but too often now, all were sufferings from a misplaced affection—sprung, not from her fault, but from the mistaken kindness which it exposed her to without due warning of her danger. Educated with the strong belief, that to love or wed beyond the pale of her own people was the greatest sin she could commit, short of actual apostasy, that impression, though not strong enough so to conquer human nature as to arm against love, returned with double force as sorrow after sorrow gathered round her, and there were none beside her to whisper and strengthen, with the blessed truth that God afflicts yet more in mercy than in wrath; and that his decrees, however fraught with human anguish, are but blessings in disguise—blessings, sown indeed with tears on earth, to reap their deathless fruit in heaven.

But though firmly believing all her suffering was deserved, aware that when she first loved Arthur, the rebel-thought—"Why am I of a race so apart and hated?" had very frequently entered her heart, tempting her at times with fearful violence to give up all for love of man; yet Marie knew that the God of her fathers was a God of love, calling even upon the greatest sinner to return to Him repentant and amending, and that even as a little child such should be forgiven. He had indeed proclaimed himself a jealous God, and would have no idol worship, were it by wood or stone, or, far more dangerous, of human love; and she prayed unceasingly for strength to return to Him with an undivided heart, even if to do so demanded not only separation from Stanley—but a trial in her desolate position almost as severe—the loss of Isabella's confidence and love.

Few words passed between Marie and her guardians; their manner was kind and gentle, but intercourse between rigid Catholics and a proclaimed Jewess, could not be otherwise than restrained. From the time that reason returned, the queen had not visited her, doing actual violence to her own inclinations from the mistaken—but in that age and to her character natural—dread that the affection and interest she felt toward Marie personally, would lessen the sentiments of loathing and abhorrence with which it was her duty to regard her faith. Isabella had within herself all the qualifications of a

martyr. Once impressed that it was a religious duty, she would do violence to her most cherished wishes, sacrifice her dearest desires, her best affections, resign her most eagerly pursued plans—not without suffering indeed, but according to the mistaken tenets of her religion, the greater personal suffering, the more meritorious was the deed believed to be. This spirit would, had she lived in an age when the Catholic faith was the persecuted, not the persecutor, have led her a willing martyr to the stake; as it was, this same spirit led to the establishment of the Inquisition, and expulsion of the Jews—deeds so awful in their consequences, that the actual motive of the woman-heart which prompted them is utterly forgotten, and herself condemned. We must indeed deplore the mistaken tenets that could obtain such influence—deplore that man could so pervert the service of a God of love as to believe and inculcate that such things could be acceptable to Him; but we should pause, and ask, if we ourselves had been influenced by such teaching, could we break from it? ere we condemn.

Isabella's own devoted spirit could so enter into the real reason of Marie's self-abnegation for Arthur's sake, that it impelled her to love her more; while at the very same time the knowledge of her being a Jewess, whom she had always been taught and believed must be accursed in the sight of God, and lost eternally unless brought to believe in Jesus, urged her entirely to conquer that affection, lest its indulgence should interfere with her resolution, if kindness failed, by severity to accomplish her conversion. She was too weak in health, and Isabella intuitively felt too terribly anxious as to young Stanley's fate, to attempt anything till after the expiration of the month; and she passed that interval in endeavoring to calm down her own feelings toward her.

So fifteen days elapsed. On the evening of the fifteenth, Marie feeling unusually exhausted, had sunk down, without disrobing, on her couch, and at length fell into a slumber so deep and calm, that her guardians, fearing to disturb it, and aware that her dress was so loose and light, it could not annoy her, retired softly to their own chamber without arousing her. How many hours this lethargic sleep lasted, Marie knew not, but was at length broken by a dream of terror, and so unusually vivid, that its impression lasted even through the terrible reality which it heralded. She beheld Arthur Stanley on the scaffold about to receive the sentence of the law—the block, the axe, the executioner with his arm raised, and apparently already

deluged in blood—the gaping crowds—all the fearful appurtenances of an execution were distinctly traced, and she thought she sprung toward Stanley, who clasped her in his arms, and the executioner, instead of endeavoring to part them, smiled grimly as rejoicing in having two victims instead of one; and as he smiled, the countenance seemed to change from being entirely unknown to the sneering features of the hated Don Luis Garcia. She seemed to cling yet closer to Stanley, and knelt with him to receive the blow; when, at that moment the scaffold shook violently, as by the shock of an earthquake, a dark chasm yawned beneath their feet, in the centre of which stood the spectral figure of her husband, his countenance ghastly and stern, and his arm upraised as beckoning her to join him. And then he spoke; but his voice sounded unlike his own:—

“Marie Henriquez Morales! awake, arise, and follow!”

And with such extraordinary clearness did the words fall, that she started up in terror, believing they must have been spoken by her side—and they were! they might have mingled with, perhaps even created her dream. She still lay on her couch; but it seemed to have sunk down through the very floor of the apartment* she had occupied, and at its foot stood a figure, who, with upraised arm, held before her a wooden cross. His cowl was closely drawn, and a black robe, of the coarsest serge, was secured round his waist by a hempen cord. Whether he had indeed spoken the words she had heard in her dream Marie could not tell, for they were not repeated. She saw him approach her, and she felt his strong grasp lift her from the couch, which sprung up, by the touch of some secret spring, to the place whence it had descended, and she heard no more.

* I may be accused in this scene, of too closely imitating a somewhat similar occurrence in *Anne of Geierstein*. Such seeming plagiarism was scarcely possible to be avoided, when the superstitious proceedings of the *vehmic* tribunal of Germany and the *secret* Inquisition of Spain are represented by history as so very similar.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"ISABEL.—Ha! little honor to be much believed,
 And most pernicious purpose—seeming, seeming
 I will proclaim thee, Angelo! look for't;
 Sign me a present pardon——
 Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
 Aloud what man thou art.

"ANGELO.—Who will believe thee?
 My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
 My vouch against you, and my place i' the State,
 Will so your accusation overweigh
 That you will stifle in your own report
 The smile of Calumny."

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Marie recovered consciousness she found herself in a scene so strange, so terrific, that it appeared as if she must have been borne many miles from Segovia, so utterly impossible did it seem that such awful orgies could be enacted within any short distance of the sovereigns' palace, or their subjects' homes. She stood in the centre of a large vaulted subterranean hall, which, from the numerous arched entrances to divers passages and smaller chambers that opened on every side, appeared to extend far and wide beneath the very bowels of the earth. It was lighted with torches, but so dimly, that the gloom exaggerated the horrors which the partial light disclosed. Instruments of torture of any and every kind—the rack, the wheel, the screw, the cord, and fire—groups of unearthly-looking figures, all clad in the coarse black serge and hempen belt; some with their faces concealed by hideous masks, and others enveloped in the cowls, through which only the eyes could be distinguished, the figure of the cross upon the breast, and under that emblem of divine peace, inflicting such horrible tortures on their fellow-men that the pen shrinks from their delineation. Nor was it the mere instruments of torture Marie beheld: she saw them in actual use; she heard the shrieks and groans of the hapless victims, at times mingled with the brutal leers and jests of their fiendish tormentors; she seemed to take in at one view, every species of torture that could be inflicted, every pain that could be endured; and yet, comparatively, but a few of the actual sufferers were visible. The shrillest sounds of agony came from the gloomy arches, in which no object could be distinguished.

Whatever suffering meets the sight, it does not so exquisitely affect the brain as that which reaches it through the ear. At the former

the heart may bleed and turn sick ; but at the latter the brain seems, for the moment, wrought into frenzy ; and, even though personally in safety, it is scarcely possible to restrain the same sounds from bursting forth. How then must those shrill sounds of human agony have fallen on the hapless Marie, recognizing as she did with the rapidity of thought, in the awful scene around her, the main hall of that mysterious and terrible tribunal, whose existence from her earliest infancy had been impressed upon her mind, as a double incentive to guard the secret of her faith ; that very Inquisition, from which her own grandfather, Julien Henriquez, had fled, and in which the less fortunate grandfather of her slaughtered husband had been tortured and burnt.

For a second she stood mute and motionless, as turned to stone ; then, pressing both hands tightly on her temples, she sunk down at the feet of her conductor, and sought in words to beseech his mercy ; but her white lips gave vent to no sound save a shriek, so wild that it seemed, for the moment, to drown all other sorrows, and startle even the human fiends around her. Her conductor himself started back ; but quickly recovering—

“ Fool ! ” he muttered, as he rudely raised her. “ I have no power to aid thee ; come before the superior—we must all obey—ask him, implore him, for mercy, not me.”

He bore her roughly to a recess, divided off at the upper end of the hall, by a thick black drapery, in which sat the Grand Inquisitor and his two colleagues. One or two familiars were behind them, and a secretary sat near a table covered with black cloth, and on which were several writing implements. All wore masks of black crape, so thick that not a feature could be discerned with sufficient clearness for recognition elsewhere ; yet, one glance on the stern, motionless figure, designated as the Grand Inquisitor, sufficed to bid every drop of blood recede from the prisoner’s heart with human terror, at the very same moment that it endowed the *woman* with such supernatural fortitude that her very form seemed to dilate, and her large eye and lovely mouth expressed—if it could be, in such a scene, and such an hour—unutterable scorn. Antipathy, even as love, will pierce disguise ; and that one glance lit up, with almost bewildering light, in the prisoner’s mind, link after link of what had before been impenetrable mystery ! Her husband’s discovery of her former love for Arthur ; his murder ; the suspicion thrown on Stanley ; her own summons as witness against him ; her present danger ; all, all were traced

to one individual, one still working and most guilty passion, which she, in her gentle purity and holy strength, had scorned. She could not be deceived—the mystery that surrounded him was solved—antipathy explained; and Marie's earthly fate lay in Don Luis Garcia's hands! The Grand Inquisitor read in that glance that he was known; and for a brief minute a strange, an incomprehensible sensation thrilled through him. It could scarcely have been fear, when one gesture of his hand would destine that frail being to torture, imprisonment, and death; and yet never before in his whole life of wickedness had he experienced such a feeling as he did at that moment beneath a woman's holy gaze. Anger at himself for the sensation, momentary as it was, increased the virulence of other passions; but then was not the hour for their betrayal. In low, deep tones, he commenced the mockery of a trial. That her avowal of her faith would elude torture, by at once condemning her to the flames, was disregarded. She was formally accused of blasphemy and heresy, and threatened with the severest vengeance of the Church which she had reviled; but that this case of personal guilt would be mercifully laid aside for the present, for still more important considerations. Was her late husband, they demanded, of the same blaspheming creed as herself? And a list of names, comprising some of the highest families of Spain, was read out and laid before her, with the stern command to affix a mark against all who, like herself, had relapsed into the foul heresy of their ancestors—to do this, or the torture should wring it from her.

But the weakness of humanity had passed; and so calm, so collected, so firm, was the prisoner's resolute refusal to answer either question, that the familiar to whom she had clung for mercy looked at her with wonder. Again and again she was questioned; instruments of torture were brought before her—one of the first and slightest used—more to terrify than actually to torture, for that was not yet the Grand Inquisitor's design; and still she was firm, calm, unalterable in her resolution to refuse reply. And then Don Luis spoke of mercy, which was to consist of imprisonment in solitude and darkness, to allow time for reflection on her final answer—a concession, he said, in a tone far more terrifying to Marie than even the horrors around her, only granted in consideration of her age and sex. None opposed the sentence; and she was conducted to a close and narrow cell, in which no light could penetrate save through a narrow chink in the roof.

How many days and nights thus passed the hapless prisoner could


not have told, for there was nothing to mark the hours. Her food was delivered to her by means of a turnscrew in the wall, so that not even the sight of a fellow-creature could disturb her solitude, or give her the faintest hope of exciting human pity. Her sole hope, her sole refuge was in prayer; and, oh! how blessed was the calm, the confidence it gave.

So scanty was her allowance of food, that more than once the thought crossed her whether or not death by famine would be her allotted doom; and human nature shuddered, but the spirit did not quail! Hour after hour passed, she knew not whether it was night or day, when the gloom of her dungeon was suddenly illumined; she knew not at first how or whence, so noiseless was the entrance of the intruder, but gradually she traced the light to a small lamp held in the hand of a shrouded individual, whom she recognized at once. There was one fearful thrill of mortal dread, one voiceless cry for strength from Heaven, and Marie Morales stood before Don Luis erect and calm, and firm as in her hour of pride.

Garcia now attempted no concealment. His mask had been cast aside, and his features gleamed without any effort at hypocritical restraint, in all the unholy passions of his soul. We will not pollute our pages with transcribing the fearful words of passions contending in their nature, yet united in their object, with which the pure ear of his prisoner was first assailed—still lingering desire, yet hate, wrath, fury, that she should dare still oppose, and scorn, and loathe him; rage with himself, that, strive as he might, even he was baffled by the angel purity around her; longing to wreak upon her every torture that his hellish office gave him unchecked power to inflict, yet fearing that, if he did so, death would release her ere his object was attained; all strove and raged within him, making his bosom a very hell, from which there was no retracting, yet whose very flames incited deeper fury toward the being whom he believed their cause.

"And solitude, darkness, privation—have they so little availed that thou wilt tempt far fiercer sufferings?" he at length demanded, struggling to veil his fury in a quiet, concentrated tone. "Thou hast but neared the threshold of the tortures which one look, one gesture of my hand, can gather around thee; tortures which the strongest sinew, the firmest mind, have been unable to sustain—how will that weakened frame endure?"

"It can but die," replied the prisoner, "as nobler and better ones have done before me!"



"Die!" repeated Garcia, and he laughed mockingly. "Thinkest thou we know our trade so little that such release can baffle us? I tell thee, pain of itself has never yet had power to kill; and we have learned the measure of endurance in the human form so well, that we have never yet been checked by death, ere our ends were gained. And so will it be with thee, boldly as now thou speakest. Thou hast but tasted pain!"

"Better the sharpest torture than thy hated presence," calmly rejoined Marie. "My soul thou canst not touch."

"Soul! Has a Jewess a soul? Nay, by my faith, thou talkest bravely! An thou hast, thou hadst best be mine, and so share my salvation; there's none for such as thee."

"Man!" burst indignantly from the prisoner. "Share thy salvation! Great God of Israel! that men like these have power to persecute thy children for their faith, and do it in thy name! And speak of mercy! Thou hast but given me another incentive for endurance," she continued, more calmly addressing her tormentor. "If salvation be denied to us, and granted thee, I would refuse it with my dying breath; such faith is not of God!"

"I came not hither to enter on such idle quibbles," was the rejoinder. "It matters not to me what thou art after death, but before it mine thou shalt be. What hinders me, at this very moment, from working my will upon thee? Who will hear thy cry; or, hearing, will approach thee? These walls have heard too many sounds of human agony to bear thy voice to those who could have mercy. Tempt me not by thy scorn too far. What holds me from thee now?"

"What holds thee from me? God!" replied the prisoner, in a tone of such thrilling, such supernatural energy, that Garcia actually started as if some other voice than hers had spoken, and she saw him glance fearfully round. "Thou darest not touch me! Ay, villain—blackest and basest as thou art—thou darest not do it. The God thine acts, yet more than thy words blaspheme, withholds thee—and thou knowest it!"

"I defy him!" were the awful words that answered her; and Don Luis sprang forward.

"Back!" exclaimed the heroic girl. "Advance one step nearer, and thy vengeance, even as thy passion, will alike be foiled—and may God forgive the deed I do."

She shook down the beautiful tresses of her long luxuriant hair,

and, parting them with both hands around her delicate throat, stood calmly waiting in Don Luis's movements the signal for her own destruction.

"Fool!" he muttered, as involuntarily he fell back, awed—in spite of his every effort to the contrary—at a firmness as unexpected as it was unwavering. "Fool! Thou knowest not the power it is thy idle pleasure to defy; thou wilt learn it all too soon, and then in vain regret thy scorn of my proffer now. Thou hast added tenfold to my wild yearning for revenge on thy former scorn—tenfold! ay, twice tenfold, to thy own tortures. Yet, once more, I bid thee pause and choose. Fools there are, who dare all personal physical torment, and yet shrink and quail before the thought of death for a beloved one. Idiots who for others sacrifice themselves; perchance thou wilt be one of them. Listen, and tremble; or, sacrifice, and save! When in thy haughty pride, and zenith of thy power, thou didst scorn me, and bidding me, with galling contempt, go from thy presence as if I were a loathsome reptile, unworthy even of thy tread, I bade thee beware, and to myself swore vengeance. And knowest thou how that was accomplished? Who led thy doting husband where he might hear thine own lips proclaim thy falsity? Who poisoned the chalice of life, which had been so sweet, ere it was dashed from his lips by death? Who commanded the murderer's blow, and the weapon with which it was accomplished? Who laid the charge of his murder on the foreign minion, and brought thee in evidence against him? Who but I—even I? And if I had done all this, thinkest thou to elude my further vengeance? I tell thee, if thou refuse the grace I proffer, Arthur Stanley dies; accept it, and he lives!"

"And not at such a price would Arthur Stanley wish to live," replied Marie calmly. "He would spurn existence purchased thus."

"Ay, perchance, if he knew it; but be it as thou wilt, he shall know thou couldst have saved him and refused."

"And thinkest thou he will believe thee? As little as I believed him my husband's murderer. How little knowest thou the trust of love! He will not die," she continued emphatically; "his innocence shall save him—thy crime be known."

"Ay!" replied Garcia, with a sneering laugh. "Give thyself wings as a bird, and still stone walls will encircle thee; dwindle into thin air, and gain the outer world, and tell thy tale, and charge Don Luis Garcia with the deed, and who will believe thee? Thinkest

thou I would have boasted of my triumphant vengeance to aught who could betray me? Why my very tool, the willing minister of my vengeance—who slew Morales merely because I bade him—might not live, lest he should be tempted to betray me; I slew him with my own hand. What sayest thou now—shall Stanley live, if I say, Let him die?”

There was no reply, but he looked in vain for any diminution in the undaunted resolution which still sustained her.

“I go,” he continued, after a pause. “Yet, once more, I charge thee choose; accept the terms I proffer—be mine—and thou art saved from all further torture thyself, and Stanley lives. Refuse, and the English minion dies; and when thou and I next meet, it will be where torture and executioners wait but my nod to inflict such suffering that thou wilt die a thousand deaths in every pang. And, Jewess—unbeliever as thou art—who will dare believe it more than public justice, or accuse me of other than the zeal, which the service of Christ demands? Choose, and quickly—wilt thou accept my proffers, and be mine? Thou must, at last. What avails this idle folly of tempting torture first?”

“Thou mayest kill my body, but thou canst not pollute my soul,” was the instant reply, and its tones were unchanged. “And as for Stanley, his life or death is not in thine hands; but if it were, I could not—nay, thus I *would* not—save him. I reject thy proffers, as I scorn thyself. Now leave me—I have chosen!”

Don Luis did not reply, but Marie beheld his cheek grow livid, and the foam actually gather on his lip; but the calm and holy gaze she had fixed upon him, as he spoke, quailed not, nor changed, The invisible door of her cell closed with a deep, sullen sound, as if her tormentor had thus, in some measure, given vent to the unutterable fury shaking his soul to its centre; and Marie was alone. She stood for many, many minutes, in the fearful dread of his return; and then she raised her hand to her brow, and her lip blanched and quivered, and, with a long, gasping breath, she sunk down upon the cold floor—all the heroine lost in an agonized burst of tears.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Hovers the steel above his head,
Suspended by a spider thread;
On, on! a life hangs on thy speed;
With lightning wing the gallant steed!
Buoy the full heart up! It will sink
If it but pause to feel and think.
There is no time to dread his fate:
No thought but one—too late, too late!"

MS.

Too soon did Marie realize the power of Don Luis to exercise his threatened vengeance! Two days after that terrible interview, she was again dragged to the hall of judgment: the same questions were proposed as before, whether or not she would denounce the secret followers of her own creed, and confess her late husband's real belief; and the same firm answers given. We shrink in loathing from the delineation of horrible tortures applied to that frail and gentle being—shrink, for we know that such things actually have been; and women—young, lovely, inoffensive as Marie Morales—have endured the same exquisite agony for the same iniquitous purpose! In public, charged to denounce innocent fellow-beings, or suffer; in private—in those dark and fearful cells—exposed to all the horror and terror of such persecution as we have faintly endeavored to describe. It is no picture of the imagination, delighting to dwell on horrors. Would that it were! Its parallel will be found, again and again repeated, in the annals—not of the Inquisition alone—but of every European state where the Romanists held sway.

But Marie's prayer for superhuman strength had been heard. No cry, scarcely a groan, escaped her. She saw Don Luis at her side; she heard his hissing whisper that there was yet time to retract and be released; but she deigned no reply whatever. It was not his purpose to try her endurance to the utmost in the first, second, or third trial; though so enraged at her calmness as scarcely to be able to restrain it even before his colleagues, and with difficulty controlling his fiendish desire to increase the torture to its utmost at once, he remanded her to her dungeon till his further pleasure should be known. She had fainted under the intolerable pain, and lay for many successive hours too exhausted even to raise to her parched lips the pitcher of water lying near her. And even the gradual cessation of

suffering, the sensation of returning power, brought with them the agonized thought, that they did but herald increased and increasing torture.

One night—she knew not how long after she had been remanded to her cell, but, counting by suffering, it felt many weary nights and days—she sunk into a sleep or trance, which transported her to her early home in the Vale of Cedars. Her mother seemed again to stand before her ; and she thought, as she heard her caressing voice, and met the glance of her dove-like eyes, she laid her head on her bosom, as she was wont to do in her happy childhood ; and peace seemed to sink into her heart so blessedly, so deeply, that the very fever of her frame departed. A voice aroused her with a start ; it was so like her mother's, that the dream seemed lingering still.

"Marie, my beloved one," murmured the voice, and a breath fanned her cheek, as if some one were leaning over her. She unclosed her eyes—the words, the voice, still so kept up the illusion, though the tones were deeper than a woman's, that even the hated dress of a familiar of the Inquisition could not create alarm. "Hast thou forgotten me, my child ? But it matters not now. Say only thou wilt trust me, and safety lies before us. The fiends hold not their hellish court to-night ; and the arch-fiend himself is far distant, on a sudden summons from the king, which, though the grand Inquisitor might scorn, Don Luis will obey. Wilt come with me, my child ?"

"Ay, anywhere ! That voice could not deceive : but 'tis all vain," she continued, the first accents of awakened hope lost in despondency—"I cannot rise."

"It needs not. Do thou hold the lantern, Marie ; utter not a word—check even thy breath—and the god of thy fathers shall save thee yet."

He raised her gently in his arms ; and the hope of liberty, of rescue from Don Luis, gave her strength to grasp the light to guide them. She could not trace their way, but she felt they left the dungeon, and traversed many long, damp, and narrow passages, seemingly excavated in the solid earth. All was silent, and dark as the tomb ; now and then her guide paused, as if to listen ; but there was no sound. He knew well the secret path he trod.

The rapid motion, even the sudden change, almost deprived Marie of consciousness. She was only sensible, by a sudden change from the close, damp passages to the free breezes of night, that she was in the open air, and apparently a much freer path ; that still her guide

pressed swiftly onward, apparently scarcely feeling her light weight; that, after a lengthened interval, she was laid tenderly on a soft, luxurious couch—at least so it seemed, compared with the cold floor of her cell; that the blessed words of thanksgiving that she was safe broke from that strangely familiar voice; and she asked no more—seemed even to wish no more—so completely was all physical power prostrated. She lay calm and still, conscious only that she was saved. Her guide himself for some time disturbed her not; but after changing his dress, and preparing a draught of cooling herbs, he knelt down, raised her head on his knee, with almost woman's tenderness, and holding the draught to her lips, said gently—

“Drink, beloved child of my sainted sister; there is life and health in the draught.”

Hastily swallowing it, Marie gazed wildly in his face—the habiliments of the familiar had been changed for those of a Benedictine monk; his cowl thrown back, and the now well-remembered countenance of her uncle Julien was beaming over her. In an instant, the arm she could still use was thrown round him, and her head buried in his bosom; every pulse throbbing with the inexpressible joy of finding, when most desolate, one relative to love and save her still. Julien left not his work of healing and of security incomplete; gradually he decreased, by the constant application of linen bathed in some cooling fluid, the scorching fire which still seemed to burn within the maimed and shrivelled limb; parted the thick masses of dishevelled hair from her burning temples, and bathed them with some cooling and reviving essence; gently removed the sable robes, and replaced them with the dress of a young novice which he had provided; concealed her hair beneath the white linen hood, and then, administering a potion which he knew would produce deep and refreshing sleep, and so effectually calm the fevered nerves, she sunk down on the soft moss and heath which formed her couch, and slept calmly and sweetly as an infant for many hours.

Julien Morales had entered Segovia in his monkish garb, as was frequently his custom, on the evening of the trial. The excitement of the whole city naturally called forth his queries as to its cause; and the information imparted—the murder of Don Ferdinand, and incomprehensible avowal of Judaism on the part of his niece—demanded a powerful exercise of self-control to prevent, by a betrayal of unusual grief and horror, his near relationship to both parties. Hovering about the palace, he heard of Isabella's merciful intentions

toward Marie ; and feeling that his presence might only agitate, and could in nothing avail her, he had resolved on leaving the city without seeing her, when her mysterious disappearance excited all Segovia anew.

Julien Morales alone, perhaps, amidst hundreds, in his own mind solved the mystery at once. Well did he know the existence of the secret Inquisition. As we narrated in one of our early chapters, the fate of his father had so fixed itself upon his mind, that he had bound himself by a secret, though solemn oath, as his avenger. To accomplish this fully, he had actually spent ten years of his life as familiar in the Inquisition. The fate of Don Luis's predecessor had been plunged in the deepest mystery. Some whispered his death was by a subtle poison ; others, that his murderer had sought him in the dead of night, and instead of treacherously dealing the blow, had awakened him, and bade him confess his crimes—one especially ; and acknowledge that if the mandate of the Eternal, " Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," were still to govern man, his death was but an act of justice which might not be eluded. Whether these whispered rumors had to do with Julien Morales or not, we leave to the judgment of our readers. Suffice it, that not only was his vow accomplished, but, during his ten years' residence in these subterranean halls, he naturally became familiarized with all their secret passages and invisible means of egress and ingress—not only to the apparently private homes of inoffensive citizens, but into the wild tracts of country scattered round. By one of these he had, in fact, effected his own escape ; and in the mild benevolent Benedictine monk—known alike to the cities and solitudes of Spain—none would have recognized the former familiar of the Inquisition, and still less have imagined him the being which in reality he was—a faithful and believing Jew.

To him, then, it was easy to connect the disappearance of Marie with the existence of the Holy Office, even though he was entirely ignorant of Garcia's ulterior designs. In an agony of apprehension he resolved on saving her if possible, even while he trembled at the delay which must necessarily ensue ere he could arrange and execute his plans, more especially as it was dangerous to associate a second person in their accomplishment. With all his haste and skill he was not in time to save her from the barbarity of her misnamed judges. His very soul was wrung, as he stood amongst the familiars a silent witness of her sufferings ; but to interfere was impossible. One thing,

however, was favorable. He knew she would not again be disturbed till a sufficient time had elapsed for the recovery of such strength as would enable her to endure further torture ; and he had, therefore, some time before him for their flight.

Her voluntary avowal of her faith—aware too, as she was, of the existence of the Inquisition—had, indeed, perplexed the good uncle greatly ; but she was in no state, even when partially recovered from physical weakness, to enter into explanation then. He saw she was unhappy, and the loss of her husband might well account for it. To the rumors which had reached him in Segovia, as to the suppositions of the real cause of Stanley's enmity to Morales, and Marie's self-sacrifice, he would not even listen, so completely without foundation did they seem to him.

4 The second evening after their escape, they left the cave to pursue their journey. Father Ambrose—for so, now he has resumed his monkish garb, we must term Julien—had provided a mule for the novice's use ; and thus they leisurely traversed the desolate and mountainous tract forming the boundaries of the provinces now termed old and new Castile. Neither uncle nor niece spoke of their destined goal ; Marie intuitively felt she was proceeding to the Vale of Cedars, the only place of safety now for her ; but, so engrossed was her mind with the vain thought how to save Arthur, that for herself she could not frame a wish.

The second evening of their journey they entered a small, straggling village, so completely buried in mountains that its existence was unknown save to its own rustic inhabitants. The appearance of a monk evidently caused an unusual excitement, which was speedily explained. The chief of the villagers approached Father Ambrose, and, addressing him with the greatest respect, entreated him to follow him to his house, where, he said, lay a man at the point of death, who had, from the time he became aware of his dangerous position, incessantly called for a priest to shrive him from some deadly sin. He had been found, the villager continued, in a deep pit sunk in a solitary glen half-way to Segovia, with every appearance of attempted murder, which, being supposed complete, the assassins had thrown him into the pit to conceal their deed ; but chancing to hear his groans as he passed, he had rescued him, and hoped to have cured his wounds. For three weeks they seemed to progress favorably, but then fever—occurring, he thought, from great restlessness of mind—had rapidly increased, and, after ten days of fearful struggle between life and death, mortification

had ensued, and hope could exist no longer. At first, Perez added, he seemed to shrink from the idea of priestly aid, only harping on one theme—to get strength enough to reach Segovia, and speak to the king. They had thought him mad, but humored him; but now he was almost furious in his wild cries for a priest, not only to shrive him, but to bear his message to the king. They had tried to gratify him, but their distance from any town or monastery had prevented it; and they now, therefore, hailed Father Ambrose almost as sent from heaven to save a sinner by absolution ere he died.

This tale was told as the monk and novice hastened with Perez to his house. The poor inhabitants thronged his path to crave a blessing, and proffer every attention their simple means afforded. Fearing for Marie, Julien's only care was for the supposed novice; and therefore Perez, at his request, eagerly led her to a large comfortable chamber, far removed from the bustle of the house, and left her to repose. But repose was not at that moment possible, even though her slightly returning strength was exhausted, from the fatigue of a long day's travel. Fruit and cakes were before her; but, though her mouth was parched and dry, she turned from them in loathing; and interminable seemed the space till Father Ambrose returned. Ere he spoke, he carefully closed and secured the door, and exclaimed, in a low, cautious tone, "My child, this is indeed the finger of a righteous God—blessed be His name! The unhappy man to whose dying bed they brought me——"

"Is the murderer of my husband!" interposed Marie in a tone of almost unnatural calmness. "I knew it from the first moment Perez spoke. We have but to think of one thing now—Stanley is innocent, and must be saved!"

"And shall be, if possible, my child; but there are fearful difficulties in the way. The unhappy man conjures me not to leave him, and is in such a horrible state of mental and bodily agony that I fear if I do, he will commit some act of violence on himself, and so render his evidence of no avail. We are not much above sixty miles from Segovia, but the roads are cross and rugged; so that it will need steadiness and speed, and instant audience with the king."

"But time—have we time?" reiterated Marie. "Say but there is time, and every other difficulty shall be smoothed."

"There is full time: the execution is not till the second day after to-morrow. Nay, my child," he added, observing her look of doubting bewilderment, "suffering makes the hours seem longer than they

are. Fear not for time, but counsel me whom to send. Who amongst these poor ignorant rustics will ever reach the king—or, failing him, the Chief Hermano—and make his tale so sufficiently clear as to release the prisoner, and send messengers here with the necessary speed to take down this man's confession? He cannot linger two days more. Would that I could go myself; but I can leave neither him nor thee."

"And it needs not," was the firm reply. "Father, I myself will do thy errand. There must be no delay, no chance of hesitation in its accomplishment. Ah! do not look upon me as if my words were wild and vain; were there other means I would not speak them—but he must be saved!

"And again at the sacrifice of thy safety—perchance thy life! Marie, Marie! what hold has this young stranger upon thee that thou shouldst twice so peril thyself? Thy life is dearer to me than his—I cannot grant thy boon."

"Nay, but thou must. Listen to me, my second father! If Stanley dies, his blood is on my head!" And struggling with strong emotion, she poured forth her whole tale.

"And thou lovest him still—him, a Nazarene—thou, child, wife of an unstained race! And is it for this, thy zeal to save him?" ejaculated Julien, retreating several paces from her—"Can it be?"

"I would save him because he is innocent—because he has borne more than enough for me; for aught else, thou wrongest me, father. He will never be to me more than he is now."

It was impossible to resist the tone of mournful reproach in which those simple words were said. Julien pressed her to his bosom, bade God bless her, and promised, if indeed there were no other means, her plan should be adopted; objection after objection, indeed, he brought forward, but all were overruled. She pledged herself to retain her disguise, and to return with Perez, without hesitation, and accompany her uncle to the vale, as intended. But that she should start at once, he positively refused. How could she hope to accomplish her journey without, at least, two hours' repose? It was then late in the evening. At six the next morning all should be ready for her journey, and there would be still more than twenty-four hours before her; Marie tried to be content, but the horrible dread of being too late did not leave her for a moment, even in sleep, and inexpressibly thankful was she when the morning dawned. Julien's provident care had been active while she slept. Perez, flattered at the trust re-

posed in him, had offered himself to accompany the young novice to Segovia: and at the appointed hour he was ready, mounted himself, and leading a strong, docile palfrey for brother Ernest's use. He knew an hostelry, he said, about twenty miles from the city, where their steeds could be changed; and promised by two hours after noon, the very latest, the novice should be with the king. It could be done in less time, he said; but his reverence had told him the poor boy was unusually delicate, and had, moreover, lost the use of his left arm; and he thought, as there was so much time before them, it was needless to exhaust his strength before his errand was done. Julien expressed his entire satisfaction, gave them his blessing, and they were rapidly out of sight.

Once or twice they halted to give their horses rest and refresh themselves; but so absorbed were the senses of Marie, that she was unconscious of fatigue. Every mile they traversed seemed bearing a heavy load from her chest, and enabling her to breathe more freely; while the fresh breeze and exciting exercise seemed actually to revive her. It wanted rather more than an hour for noon when they reached the hostelry mentioned by Perez. Two fleet and beautiful horses were speedily provided for them, bread and fruit partaken, and Perez, ready mounted, was tasting the stirrup cup, when his friend demanded—

“Is it to Segovia ye are bound?”

“Yes, man, on an important errand, charged by his reverence Father Ambrose himself.”

“His reverence should have sent you two hours earlier, and you would have been in time for one of the finest sights seen since Isabella—God bless her!—began to reign. They were common enough a few years back.”

“What sight; and why am I not in time?”

“Now, art thou not the veriest rustic to be so entirely ignorant of the world's doings? Why, to-day is the solemn execution of the young foreigner whom they believe to have murdered Don Ferdinand Morales—the saints preserve him! He is so brave a fellow, they say, that had it not been for this confounded hostelry I would have made an effort to be present: I love to see how a brave man meets death. It was to have been two hours after day-break this morning, but Juan here tells me it was postponed till noon. The king——”

He was proceeding, when he was startled by a sharp cry, and Perez, hastily turning, caught the novice as he was in the act of fall-

ing from his horse. In an instant, however, he recovered and exclaiming, in a thrilling tone of excitement—

“Father Ambrose said life or death hung upon our speed and promptness; he knew not the short interval allowed us. This young foreigner is innocent—the real murderer is discovered. On, on, for mercy, or we shall be too late!”—gave his horse the rein, and the animal started off at full speed. Perez was at his side in an instant, leaving his friend open-mouthed with astonishment, and retailing the marvelous news into twenty different quarters in as many seconds.

Not a word was spoken; not a moment did the fiery chargers halt in their headlong way. On, on they went; on, over wide moors and craggy steepes; on, through the rushing torrent and the precipitous glen; on, through the forest and the plain, with the same unwavering pace. Repeatedly did Marie’s brain reel, and her heart grow sick, and her limbs lose all power either to guide or feel; but she neither spoke nor flagged—convulsively she grasped the reins, and closed her eyes, as the voice and hand of her companion urged their steeds swifter and yet swifter on.

An exclamation from Perez roused her. The turrets of Segovia were visible in the distance, glittering in the brilliant sun; but her blood-shot eye turned with sickening earnestness more toward the latter object than the former. It had not yet attained its full meridian—a quarter of an hour, perhaps twenty minutes, was still before them. But the strength of their horses was flagging, foam covered their glossy hides, their nostrils were distended, they breathed hard, and frequently snorted—the short, quick, sound of coming powerlessness. Their steady pace wavered; their heads drooped; but, still urged on by Perez’s encouraging voice, they exerted themselves to the utmost—at times darting several paces suddenly forward, then stumbling heavily on. The cold dew stood on Marie’s brow, and every pulse seemed stilled. They passed the outer gates—they stood on the brow of a hill commanding a view of the whole city. The castle seemed but a stone’s throw from them; but the sound of muffled drums and other martial instruments were borne toward them on the air. Multitudes were thronging in one direction; the Calle Soledad seemed one mass of human heads, save where the scaffold raised its frightful sign above them. Soldiers were advancing, forming a thin, glittering line through the crowds. In their centre stood the prisoner. On, again, dashed the chargers—scarcely a hundred yards separated them from the palace-gate. Wildly Marie glanced back once more—there

were figures on the scaffold. And at that moment—borne in the stillness more loudly, more heavily than usual, or, at least, so it seemed to her tortured senses—the huge bell of the castle chimed the hour of noon!

CHAPTER XXVI.

“The outmost crowd have heard a sound,
Like horse’s hoof on harden’d ground;
Nearer it came, and yet more near—
The very deathmen pause to hear!”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN his private closet, far removed from the excitement stirring without, King Ferdinand was sitting, on the morning appointed for Stanley’s execution: several maps and plans were before him, over which he appeared intently engaged; but every now and then his brow rested on his hand, and his eyes wandered from their object; Isabella was at work in a recess of the window near him, conversing on his warlike plans, and entering warmly into all his measures, as he roused himself to speak of them, or silent when she saw him sunk in thought. The history of the period dwells with admiration on the domestic happiness of Ferdinand and Isabella, and most refreshingly do such annals stand forth amid the rude and stormy scenes, both in public and private life, most usual to that age. Isabella’s real influence on the far less lofty and more crafty Ferdinand was so silent, so unobtrusive, that its extent was never known, either to himself or to her people, till after her death, when in Ferdinand’s rapid deterioration from the nobler qualities of earlier years, it was traced too clearly, and occasioned her loss to be mourned, yet more than at the moment of her death.

The hour of noon chimed, and Ferdinand, with unusual emotion, pushed the papers from him.

“There goes the knell of as brave and true a heart as ever beat,” he said. “If he be innocent—as I believe him—may Heaven forgive his murderer! Hark! what is that!” he continued hurriedly, as the last chime ceased to vibrate; and, striding to the door of his cabinet he flung it open and listened intently.

“Some one seeks the king! follow me, Isabel. By St. Francis, we

may save him yet!" he exclaimed, and rapidly threading the numerous passages, in less than a minute he stood within the hall.

"Who wills speech of Ferdinand?" he demanded. "Let him step forth at once and do his errand."

"I seek thee, King of Spain! was the instant answer, and a young lad in the white garb of a Benedictine novice, staggered forward. "Arthur Stanley is innocent! The real murderer is discovered; he lies at the point of death sixty miles hence. Send—take his confession; but do not wait for that. Fly, or it is too late. I see it—the axe is raised—is flashing in the sun; oh, stop it ere it falls!" And with the wild effort to loose the grasp of an old soldier, who more supported than detained him, his exhausted strength gave way, and they laid him, white, stiff, and speechless, on a settle near.

With his first word, however, Ferdinand had turned to a trusty soldier, and bade him "fly to stop the work of death;" and the man needed not a second bidding: he darted from the hall, flew through the castle-yard, repeated the words to the first individual he met, by whom it was repeated to another, and by him again on and on till it reached the crowds around the scaffold; where it spread like wild-fire from mouth to mouth, reaching the ear of Don Felix, even before his eyes caught the rapidly advancing soldier, whom he recognized at once, as one of his sovereign's private guards; impelling him, with an almost instinctive movement, to catch the upraised arm of the executioner at the very instant he was about to strike.

"Wherefore this delay, Don Felix? it is but a cruel mercy," sternly inquired the Chief Hermano, whose office had led him also to the scaffold.

"Behold and listen; praised be the holy saints, he is saved!" was the rapid reply, as the voice of the soldier close by the foot of the scaffold was distinguished bidding them "Hold! hold! the king commands it. He is innocent; the real murderer is discovered!" and then followed a shout, so loud, so exulting, that it seemed to have burst from those assembled hundreds at the same instant. The prisoner heard it, indeed; but to his bewildered senses—taking the place as it did of the expected blow—it was so utterly meaningless that he neither moved nor spoke; and even Don Felix's friendly voice charging him—"Up, Stanley! up, man! thou art saved—thine innocence made known!" failed to convince him of the truth. He rose from his knees; but his limbs shook, and his face—which had changed neither hue nor expression when he had knelt for the fatal blow—was

colorless as marble. He laid his trembling hand on Father Francis's arm, and tried to speak, but he could not utter a sound.

" 'Tis true, my beloved son : thy sinful thoughts have been sufficiently chastised ; and the mercy of Heaven publicly revealed. Our prayers have not been said in vain ; thine innocence is known—the guilty one discovered !"

To doubt these solemn accents was impossible, and though the effort was mighty to prevent it, nature would have sway, and Stanley laid his head on the prior's arm, and burst into tears. And the wild shout that again awoke, seemed to clarion forth a thrilling denial to the charge of weakness, which on such openly demonstrated emotion, some hearts dead to the voice of nature might have pronounced.

King Ferdinand had not been idle while this exciting scene was enacting ; questioning briefly but distinctly the villager who had accompanied the novice ; the latter still remaining in a state of exhaustion precluding all inquiries from him. Perez, however, could only repeat the lad's words when informed that the execution of Senor Stanley was to take place that day. Father Ambrose had merely told him that he (Perez) had rendered a most important service to more than one individual by his compassionate care of the dying man, whose desire to communicate with the king was no idle raving. He had also charged him to take particular care of the young novice, who was ailing and weakly ; that the emergency of the present case alone had compelled him to send the lad to Segovia, as his dress and ability might gain him a quicker admission to the king or queen, than the rude appearance and uncouth dialect of his companion. The father had also requested him to urge the officers, whom the king might send to take the dying man's confession, to travel at their utmost speed, for he thought death was approaching fast.

With his usual rapidity of thought and decision, Ferdinand's orders were given and so quickly obeyed, that even before the arrival of the sub-prior and Don Felix with the released prisoner, a band of men, headed by Don Alonzo and two of the chief officers of the Santa Hermandad, had already started for the village. The king still retained Perez, not only to reward him liberally, but that his tale might be repeated to the proper authorities, and compared with that of the novice, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered to give it. The entrance of Stanley effectually prevented his giving more than a pitying glance toward the poor boy, who had been raised on one of the benches, surrounded by the soldiers, who were doing all their rude kindness suggested to revive him.

Isabella had followed her husband to the hall, and been a quiet but penetrative observer of all that followed. She had started as the voice of the novice met her ear, and made a few hasty steps forward; but then checked herself, and quietly watched the proceedings of the soldiers. Perceiving how wholly ineffectual their efforts appeared she advanced toward them. With the most reverential affection the men made way for her. They had been so accustomed to see her on the battle-field, tending the wounded and the dying, soothing their anguish and removing their cares, ay, and more than once doing the same kindly office in their rude and lowly homes, that her appearance and gentle tending of the boy, excited no surprise whatever. She motioned them all back, apparently to allow a free current of air—in reality, to prevent them from adopting her own suspicions; she did not remove the somewhat unusually tightly-secured hood; but for her, one glance on that white and chiseled face was sufficient. Her skill was at length successful, and with the first symptom of returning animation, she left him to the soldiers, and joined the throng around the king; but her eye, which from long use, appeared literally endowed with power to take in every desired object, however separated, at one glance, still watched him as he painfully endeavored to rise, and threw one searching glance toward the principal group. His eyes rested a full minute on the prisoner, with an expression which Isabella alone, perhaps, of all in that hall could read. A momentary crimson flushed his cheek, and then his face was bowed in his spread hands, and his slight frame shook, with the fervor of the thanksgiving, which his whole soul outpoured.

Perceiving that the lad had recovered his senses, Perez referred all the eager questioners to him, feeling so bewildered at the marvelous transformation of himself, in his own opinion, from an ignorant rustic, who had never seen the interior of a town, to the permitted companion of his sovereign and his nobles, and even of Isabella, and he received from her lips a few words of kindly commendation, that it was almost an effort to speak; and he longed to rush back to his village and astound them all, and still more, triumph over his friend, the hostelry-keeper, who, lord it as he might, had never been so honored.

“Come hither, boy,” said Ferdinand kindly; and the novice slowly and with evident reluctance obeyed. “We could almost wish thy tastes had pointed elsewhere than the Church, that our acknowledgments of thy exertions in our service might be more substantial

than mere thanks; however, thy patron saint shall not want a grateful offering. Nay, our presence is surely not so terrible that thou shouldst tremble thus, poor child! Hast thou aught more to communicate?—ought for our private ear, or that of her highness our consort? If not, we will not exhaust thy little strength by useless questions."

In a tone so low and faltering, that Ferdinand was obliged to bend down his head to hear, the novice replied, that if messengers had been dispatched to the village, his errand was sufficiently accomplished. Father Ambrose had merely charged him to say that the real murderer had himself confessed his crime, and that the sin had been incited by such a horrible train of secret guilt, that all particulars were deferred till they could be imparted to the authorities of justice, and by them to the sovereigns themselves. For himself he only asked permission to return to the village with Perez, and rejoin his guardian, Father Ambrose, as soon as his Grace would please to dismiss him.

"Thou must not—shalt not—return without my poor thanks, my young preserver," exclaimed Stanley, with emotion. "Had it not been for exertions which have well-nigh exhausted thee, exertions as gratuitous as noble—for what am I to thee?—my honor might have been saved indeed, but my life would have paid a felon's forfeit. Would that I could serve thee—thou shouldst not find me ungrateful! Give me thine hand, at least, as pledge that shouldst thou ever need me—if not for thyself, for others—thou wilt seek me without scruple."

The boy laid his hand on Stanley's without hesitation, but without speaking; he merely raised his heavy eyes a moment to his face, and vainly did Stanley endeavor to account for the thrill which shot through his heart so suddenly as almost to take away his breath, as he felt the soft touch of that little hand and met that momentary glance.

Who has not felt the extraordinary power of a tone—a look—a touch, which,

"Touching th' electric chain, wherewith we are darkly bound,"

fills the heart and mind with irresistible impulses, engrossing thoughts, and startling memories, all defined and united, and yet lasting for so brief a moment that we are scarcely able to realize their existence ere they are gone—and so completely, that we perplex ourselves

again and again with the vain effort to recall their subject or their meaning? And so it was with Stanley. The thrill passed, and he could not even trace its origin or fitting thought; he only saw a Benedictine novice before him; he only felt regret that there was no apparent means with which he could evince his gratitude.

On Father Francis offering to take charge of the boy, till his strength was sufficiently renovated to permit his safe return to the village, Isabella spoke, for the first time:—

“Reverend Father! We will ourselves take charge of this poor child. There are some questions we would fain inquire, ere we can permit his return to his guardian: if satisfactorily answered, a munificent gift to his patron saint shall demonstrate, how deeply we feel the exertions he has made: and if we can serve him better than merely allowing his return to his monastery, trust me we shall not fail. Follow me, youth! she continued, as the sub-prior and the king, though surprised at her words, acquiesced. The novice shrunk back and clung to the side of Perez, as if most unwilling to comply; but neither the command nor the look with which it was enforced could be disobeyed, and slowly and falteringly he followed Isabella from the hall.

(To be continued.)

SAYINGS OF HILLEL.

THE passionate man will never be a teacher.

Judge not thy neighbor till thou art in his situation.

In the place where there are no men, strive thou to be a man.

Whoever is ambitious of aggrandizing his name will destroy it.

Say not, I will repent when I have leisure, lest that leisure should never be thine.

Separate not thyself from the congregation, and have no confidence in thyself till the day of thy death.

If I do not care for my own soul, who will do it for me? If I care only for my own soul, what am I? If not now when then?

Be of the disciples of Aaron who loved peace, and pursued peace, so that thou love mankind, and allure them to the study of the law.

JEWISH BELIEF IN GOD, AND EXPOSITION OF THE "ANGEL" OF SCRIPTURE.

(Continued from page 435.)

XVII. THE difference between the idea of the Supreme Being taught in the Mosaic religion, and that entertained by all Heathen philosophers is, His perfect unity or personality, revealed in the most sacred name, "ה'. The word אֱלֹהִים is used in the Pentateuch in the same signification of a plurality of powers and attributes of the deity, as it always was in the language of the heathen and of the holy patriarchs; although the latter had, by their most eminent piety, faith, and holiness, attained to the supreme blessedness of divine communication, still they had no better knowledge of God than all other great philosophers of the ancient heathens, who, with a perfect conviction of one will in God, did not know the name of His individuality, 'ה', but worshiped His infinity, of which they had no perception, under the name אֱלֹהִים or אֵל שַׁדַּי, *i. e.*, the self-existing power, or the first cause sufficient for Himself. We do not see a higher knowledge of God possessed by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, than by Zoroaster, who taught his disciples that, "God is the first of all incorruptible beings, eternal and unbegotten; He is not compounded of parts: there is nothing equal to him or like Him; He is the author of all good; He is entirely disinterested; the most excellent of all excellent beings, and the wisest of all intelligent natures; the father of equity, the parent of good laws, self-instructed, and self-sufficient, and the first former of all nature;" nor Orpheus, whose theology was, "There is one unknown Being exalted above, and prior to all beings, the Author of all things, even of ether;" and again, "The universe was produced by Jupiter; the empyreum, the deep Tartarus, the earth, and the ocean, the immortal gods and goddesses, all that is, all that has been, and all that shall be, was contained originally in the fruitful bosom of Jupiter. He is the first and the last, the beginning and the end; all beings derive their origin from Him; He is the Primitive Father and the immortal Virgin; He is the life, the cause, and the energy of all things; there is but *one* only power, *one* only God, and sole universal King of all;" nor Pythagoras, whose religion is condensed in the following words:—"God is neither the

object of sense, nor subject to passion, but invisible, purely intelligible, and supremely intelligent; He is the universal Spirit that pervades and diffuses itself over all nature; all beings receive their life from Him; He is the one only God, who is not, as some are apt to imagine, seated above the world beyond the orb of the universe, but who is all in Himself; He sees all the beings who inhabit his immensity; He is the sole principle, the light of heaven, the Father of all; He produces everything; He orders and disposes everything; He is the reason, the life, and the motion of all beings." The above philosophers, we see, had perfectly correct ideas of God, and differed from the holy Patriarchs only in their not having been so blessed as they were, to obtain by the grace of God his supreme favor of communion, or revelation, by which he made his divine covenant with them, and gave them the assurance that He designed to be their God, and to be called in all generations, "The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."

XVIII. If the religion of the Patriarchs and the heathen philosophers could be maintained in its purity in the hearts of all men, then the Mosaic revelation would have been unnecessary, and all men would have been true worshipers of God, even though they had not known His personality as revealed in the name "יהוה". But the generality of men have never been philosophers; and having no perceptions of the infinity of God, but merely of some of his attributes, they degenerated into Polytheism, and sunk gradually into three fatal errors; first in reducing the infinite names of divine attributes to a limited number; but here the guilt does not consist in adoring too many attributes, but too few; their second error was in worshiping each attribute as a separate God, though they well knew that all their gods were united in one first cause; and the third error was, the superstition of adoring many separate gods, not abstractedly and ideally, as incorporeal beings, but as incarnate gods, visible and tangible to their senses. This constitutes true idolatry in its most pernicious form, and is the necessary consequence of the former two errors. Such is the true history of heathen idolatry. It began by worshiping God under the idea of an infinite plurality, though it had at the same time a perfect conviction of His unity. From a philosophical religion, the heathen degenerated into an inferior religion of paying their homage to a limited number of divine attributes, which they did not consider as gods, but as distinct and specified powers of one God; from this they proceeded to a more pernicious error of

representing to their minds God composed of several distinct and separate gods, or plurality in unity; and lastly, they sunk into the lowest depth of superstition, by incarnating many gods so as to have them present to their senses.

Thus the poetic power of the heathen soon peopled the world with a crowd of gods and goddesses, all clothed in bodies like children's dolls. But never could men fall into such absurd and degrading superstitions, after having been impressed with the idea of the *true* unity of the Godhead. When, however, they presented to their minds the Godhead as a *plurality in unity*, they were led to incarnate some of the gods which composed the unity, so as to make them present to their senses. The reason is very simple; for as long as there is only one infinite God, he can by no means become incarnate, so as to be confined or circumscribed within a given space (as everybody necessarily must be), since, in this case, the whole universe would become vacated and unoccupied by the Godhead; if He, for instance, should happen to be on earth, then would there be nobody at home in the heavens; or, if he should happen to be in the moon, then all shops must be closed on the earth; but if there be many gods (though in unity) some of them might as well make an excursion to some part of the earth, and live there in company of men, as all the business of the universe could be regulated by the other members of the firm.

XIX. In order to be enabled by the above remarks to understand some difficult passages in the Pentateuch and the Prophets, composing the Bible—which were never yet so explained as to meet the conviction of, and satisfy those who, with a sincere desire to worship the God of Jacob, have, nevertheless, been misled to adduce these passages in support of some errors contrary to the fundamental doctrines of the Mosaic religion—we must once more digress from the main design, and expatiate upon a very profound subject, widely treated of in the writings of the most eminent philosophers, concerning the existence of whole material worlds, and all bodies known to us by means of our senses. The profound reasoning of the ancients led them clearly to the deduction, that the mind has no means of acquiring knowledge but by the instrumentality of the different organs of sense; and all which it can learn from them is, merely changes effected in its consciousness, from which it is utterly impossible to determine anything of the bodies themselves, which are but remotely the sense-acting means. Thus, we commonly consider the

sensation of color to be produced by the sight of a colored body, whilst the body which promotes the sensation of heat is regarded as being possessed of something similar to the sensation ; whereas, in reality, matter in itself is neither colored, nor hot, cold, aromatic, or flavored ; but as such, it exists solely in the mind affected by means of the miraculous system of animal organization. And although our knowledge of nature is originated by material agency, yet all we know from it is what takes place in the mind excited in different states of consciousness or sensibility. By directing our eyes to the body, or by touching it, we erroneously impute to it qualities which are nothing else but effects produced in the mind. We know, for instance, our sensation of a stone, but as sensations are nothing stony, we have no means of knowing what a stone really is. Such is the conclusive opinion of the most acute philosophers, which will be more conspicuously evinced by the following authentic references.

XX. Aristotle taught that true philosophy has only matter of intelligence for its subject. For as the knowledge of externals is not immediate, nor acquired by the mind acting voluntarily ; but in consequence of the mind being excited by the senses, so all we can know and reason and reflect on, is what is thus originated within ourselves, which from being necessarily intellectual is not the knowledge of anything material. All we know is by means of the senses : but as these cannot receive material objects themselves, they receive their species as wax receives the form only of the seal. And as perception is only by and in the mind, the latter has nothing to perceive but sensations, which from being immaterial, have not even the semblance of the bodies by which they are caused.

Plato maintained, that the mind, in perceiving, is like a person in a dark cave, who sees not external bodies, but only their shadows on the walls, and on the ceiling within, by means of a small hole in front through which light enters ; and that the sensations in which our perceptions consist can reside in the mind only. Yet we connect them with extension, solidity, and figure, and imagine that color is something spread over the surface of bodies.

Malebranche says, externals themselves are not perceived ; it is a truth impossible to be contradicted, that we do not perceive objects without us. The sun, the moon, and stars are by no means seen, because it is not likely that the soul should sally out of the body to contemplate those objects.

Descartes takes it for granted, that what we immediately perceive

must be either in the mind or in the brain. Sound, color, taste, and smell, are sensations in the mind, which, by the laws of union between soul and body, are raised on account of certain traces in the brain; these traces are in no wise like the things they represent, or by which they are caused; neither is perception one single act of the mind, but may be resolved into an effect produced by a series of causes.

Locke maintains, that the whole contents of the mind are derived from the senses. The knowledge we have of anything, except God and our own soul, we can have only by sensations; and the having an idea in the mind no more proves the existence of that thing externally, than the picture of a man evinces his being in existence, or than a vision of a dream is thereby a true history. It is, therefore, the receiving ideas from without which gives us the knowledge of other things, and makes us know that something does exist at the same time without us, although we, perhaps, neither know nor consider how it is. H. H.

(To be continued)

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance.—*Johnson*.

I hate to see things done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—*Gilpin*.

I never listen to calumnies, because if they are untrue I run the risk of being deceived, and if they be true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.—*Montesquieu*.

When a book raises your spirit, and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, seek for no other rule to judge the work by; it is good, and made by a good workman.—*Bruyère*.

Fancy, when once brought into religion, knows not where to stop. It is like one of those fiends in old stories which any one could raise, but which, when raised, could never be kept within the magic circle.—*Whately*.

ON THE BIBLICAL PRECEPTS WHICH RELATE TO IDOLATRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "MORE NEVOCHIM" OF MAIMONIDES BY JAMES
TOWNLEY, D.D.

THE precepts of the second class* were evidently enjoined in order to preserve men from idolatry, and other false and heretical opinions of a similar tendency. Such are the precepts respecting jugglers, enchanters, astrologers, and magicians, diviners, pythoneses, or those who consult them, and others of the same cast.

A perusal of the books already noticed will fully evince that astrology or magic was formerly practiced by the Zabii and Chaldeans, and still more frequently by the Egyptians and Canaanites; and that not only they themselves believed, but that they also endeavored to persuade others that, by such arts, the most admirable operations of nature might be produced, relative both to individuals and whole provinces. But how can reason comprehend, or the understanding assent to the possibility of producing such effects by the means they adopt? As, for instance, when they gather a certain herb at a particular time, or take a certain and definite number of anything; or practice any other of their many similar superstitions. These I shall class under three heads.

The *first* includes those which relate to plants, animals, and metals. The *second* refers to the time and manner in which such works are to be performed. The *third* is formed of those which consist in human actions and gestures; as, leaping, clapping the hands, shouting, laughing, lying prostrate on the earth, burning something, producing a smoke, and lastly, pronouncing certain intelligible or unintelligible words. Such are the different kinds of magical operations.

Some of their magical operations, however, partook of all these; as when they said, Pluck such a leaf of such a herb, when the moon is in such a degree and position; or, Take the horn of such a beast, or a certain quantity of his sweat, or hair, or blood, when the sun is in the meridian, or in some other part of the heavens; or Take of such a metal, or of different metals, fuse them under such a constellation,

* Referring to the fourteen classes into which Maimonides divided the precepts of the law.

and during a certain position of the moon; then pronounce certain words, and produce a smoke from particular leaves, and, by doing this in a certain way, such and such events will follow.

Others of their magical operations they judge might be accomplished by only one of the before-mentioned kinds of superstitious actions. But these were principally to be practiced by women. . . But in all these actions, regard and reverence must be paid, say they, to the heavenly bodies, without which it will be impossible to render them effectual; since, according to them, every plant, as well as every animal and metal, has its proper star. They therefore deem these actions to be parts of the worship of the heavenly bodies, which, being pleased with certain actions, or words, or suffumigations, grant their worshipers whatever they desire.

After stating these instances furnished by their own books still extant among us, I beg the reader's attention to the following remarks.

The scope of the whole law and the very hinge on which it turns, being this, that idolatry may be banished from among us, the very name of it be blotted out, and no power of assisting or injuring mankind attributed to the stars, it necessarily follows, that every astrologer (or magician) must be slain; because every astrologer is, doubtless, an idolater, though in a peculiar and different way from that in which the multitude are worshipers of idols; and because the greater part of such works are practiced chiefly by women, therefore, the Law says, "Thou shalt not suffer a *witch* to live." (Exod. xxii. 18.) And further, because men are naturally inclined to exercise clemency to women, and to pity them, it is expressly enjoined respecting idolatry, "A man also or a *woman* shall be put to death." (Levit. xx. 27.) To which nothing similar is to be found either with regard to the profanation of the Sabbath, or any other precept.

The magicians (or astrologers) believed themselves to be able to effect many things by their magical arts and charms; such as expelling wild beasts and noxious animals, as lions, serpents, and such like, from the cities, and preventing all kinds of injuries to plants. Some also were found who pretended to prevent hail, and to defend vines from the injuries of worms by destroying them; whilst others boasted of being able to prevent the falling of leaves or fruit from trees. On this account, therefore, God declared to them in the words of the Covenant, that because of idolatry and magic, by which they thought to deliver themselves from them, those noxious creatures should be sent and continue among them, for he says, "I will also send wild

beasts among you" (Levit. xxvi. 22); and, "I will send the teeth of beasts upon them, with the poison of serpents of the dust." (Deut. xxxii. 24.) And again, "The fruit of thy land, and all thy labors, shall a nation which thou knowest not eat up;" and, "Thou shalt plant vineyards and dress them; but shalt neither drink of the wine, nor gather the grapes; for the worms shall eat them: thou shalt have olive-trees throughout all thy coasts, but thou shalt not anoint thyself with the oil; for thine olive shall cast its fruit." (Deut. xxviii. 33, 39, 40.) The sum of which is, that by those very actions which the idolaters adopt as the most likely means to establish and confirm their worship, and to persuade men that they will thereby avert the evils that are threatened them, and secure the opposite benefits,—by those very practices they will draw down upon themselves the evils they dreaded, and prevent themselves obtaining the blessing they desired. Hence the reader may perceive the design of the special blessings and curses contained in the words of the covenant, and observe their great utility. And that men might be still farther removed from every magical operation, care was taken that nothing should be done according to their rites and customs, and therefore 'all those things were forbidden, which were asserted to produce benefit by special and occult qualities and powers, contrary to common observation: on which account it is said, "Neither shall ye walk in their *ordinances*;"—nor "walk in the *manners* of the nations which I cast out before you." (Lev. xviii. 3; xx. 53.) These are what our Rabbins call *The ways of the Amorites*, and consider as branches of the magical art, because they do not originate in reason, but arise from magical practices and astrological observations, inducing them to worship and venerate the heavenly bodies; and hence they say—"That in whatever there is anything medicinal, in that there is nothing of the ways of the Amorites;" by which they only mean, that everything is lawful which is agreeable to nature and reason, and everything else unlawful. Thus when it is said,—“The tree which casts its fruit must be loaded with stones, or anointed with stibium; and it is asked, What reason can be assigned for these practices?—It is evident that the reason for loading it with stones is to weaken its power; but that for the anointing, no sufficient reason can be adduced, it is, therefore, like everything similar, to be accounted as one of the ways of the Amorites, and consequently forbidden.” In like manner, when it is inquired respecting abortions of holy things, where they must be buried? It is replied, “They must neither be suspended in a tree, nor buried where two

ways meet, because of the *ways of the Amorites*." Nor ought any doubt to arise in the mind because they freely permitted the suspension of a key on a cross-bar, or the use of foxes' teeth, since in those times they placed confidence in such things as had been approved by experience, and made use of them in medicine, in the same way that we still use a certain herb as a cure for epilepsy, by hanging it about the neck of the person afflicted; * * * * and prescribe a fumigation of vinegar made from saffron for imposthumes and dangerous ulcers. For whatever is proved useful by experience may be made use of in medicine, although other reasons may be wanting. Let the reader therefore attend to the important *matters* which have been unfolded to him, and keep them, for "they shall be an increase of joy on thy head."

(To be continued.)

A NEW-YEAR GREETING.

BY ISIDOR FURST.

Once more a year will sink to rest;
Another come to be our guest,
Then join the throng that went before;
And thus again for evermore.

Among us all, who'd dare to tell
What in its hidden bosom dwell?
Or health or ills, or joy or grief,
Or troubles long, or pleasures brief?

Before the throne of God we kneel,
To bring the thanks we deeply feel,
For all the good to us He gave,
For dear ones rescued from the grave.

We supplicate for health and strength,
And for our life-time's added length;
For mercy for repented sin,
For grace for us and for our kin.

Oh! may He lend a willing ear
To all who unto Him draw near;
May He fulfill the prayers untold,
Or of the timid or the bold.

Then will this New-Year truly be
Welcomed by all with joy and glee.
That such it be we likewise pray;
May God be with you now and aye.

Editorial Department.

SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST THE HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM OF NEW YORK.

PROVERBIAL as is the charity of the Jews, it is a somewhat lamentable fact that the great majority of those who cheerfully contribute to the support of our public benevolent institutions, take very little personal interest in the manner in which those institutions are managed. Conscious that the donations and subscriptions annually demanded of them are devoted to worthy purposes, they unwisely conclude that the great object of charity has been attained when they give liberally. Thus they rest satisfied with the belief of having fulfilled a most sacred duty, and seldom trouble themselves to inquire whether the money which they so lavishly bestow has been properly applied, and has accomplished as much good as possible. True, elaborate reports, which are never read, are always printed by order of the governing authorities and distributed among the subscribers at the expiration of each year ; but these reports do not and cannot give that precise and necessary information concerning the internal management of our institutions which can only be obtained from personal observation. Neither can a correct insight be gained by the occasional public exhibitions, demonstrations, and anniversary gatherings indulged in by all societies, but more especially by those established for the support, protection, and education of youth ; because for all these occasions, ample preparations have been made for weeks, sometimes for months in advance, so that everything may appear to the best advantage. Under such favorable circumstances, therefore, strengthened by the usual empty speeches and flattering addresses, in which the noble philanthropy of the visitors is duly commented upon, and congratulations are extended all round, these meetings generally resolve themselves into mutual admiration societies, and so the guests go home elated with what they have seen and heard, but really knowing no more of the every-day life of those institutes than they did before. If, however, the fancy picture which is so often held before their eyes were once taken down, and the true, inner life revealed, how great would be their surprise and indignation !

The foregoing reflections have been forced upon us by the painful revelation of certain grievous wrongs—the existence of which recent personal investigation has fully confirmed—affecting the interests and usefulness of one of our greatest and noblest charities—the Hebrew Orphan Asylum. Of all institutions in America, this one had always seemed to us to be not only peculiarly free from serious defects, but to be especially fortunate in being under the management of gentlemen whose ability, integrity, philanthropy, and practical judgment are well recognized. We were therefore entirely unprepared for the startling information communicated to us, or for the result of our own investigation which, in common justice to all parties, we deemed it our duty to make, before bringing the matter to the notice of the public.

That a knowledge of the facts we are about to mention is not confined to us, but is already possessed by several persons, is evident from a letter which appeared a few weeks ago in a contemporary, wherein the writer asks if it be true “that the religious education of the orphans is greatly neglected; that, while much attention is paid to the training of a brass band, little is taught to the children to remind them of their duties and hopes as Jews.” As an additional grievance the writer also states that he was told on good authority, “that instead of the ritual pursued being conservative, as originally intended, and as is provided by law, the prayer-book of the Temple Emanu-El is peremptorily used, and the boys say their prayers with their heads uncovered.” Dismissing for the present the second charge, it appears to us that the first, which tallies so exactly with a part of the disclosures made to us, is serious enough to demand thorough inquiry and immediate action. Let us see, then, how the matter stands.

At our urgent request, the Superintendent, somewhat reluctantly, consented to subject the children in our presence to a very brief and cursory examination in biblical history and the fundamental principles of Judaism. We regret, we are compelled to say, that the result of this examination convinced us that their religious training has indeed been sadly neglected. Of the 173 boys and girls, not one was able to recite correctly the ten commandments in English, much less in Hebrew. This deficiency was explained on the ground that “*they had not been as far as that yet.*” Of the festivals and holy days, some scanty knowledge was evinced, but on the subject of biblical history we are sure that the youngest class of any Sunday-school in

New York would know more. We asked the boys to recite the night-prayer they are accustomed to say, but a painful silence was our only response. "Do you never say a prayer before going to bed?" we asked. At this three little boys held up their tiny hands, and one of them recited very prettily a short prayer in German. "And who taught you that prayer?" "My mother," said he. Oh! thought we, what work is there here for our rabbis and our ministers, if they could only be induced to regard this outside labor of visiting our asylums, and imparting religious knowledge to their inmates, as a most necessary requirement of their sacred calling!

Upon further inquiry we learnt that the children are not taught any night-prayers; that religious instruction has been given to them, or at least to such as are over ten years of age, only since the past few weeks, and then only on a Saturday afternoon; and that the senior class of boys had been instructed in the Bible to the extent of the book of Genesis—a fact which we should never have discovered from the examination already referred to.

With respect to the Temple Emanu-El service being used instead of the orthodox ritual, and the boys praying without their heads being covered, we made no inquiries, first, because it seemed very plain to us that no prayer-book at all was used—which of course settled definitely the hat question—and secondly, because in our opinion it matters very little which book is used and whether or not the head be covered during prayer. For our own taste, we prefer the Emanu-El ritual to many of the other forms, and we decidedly think that to pray to God with uncovered heads is much more in accordance with modern ideas of the respect due from the inferior to the superior, which is in reality the principal object in abandoning the old Eastern habit of covering the head. But this is, of course, merely individual opinion, and we do not presume to offer it to our orthodox brethren as a settlement of the charges urged in the present case, since there is no doubt they have the right to advocate the adoption of their own views by an institute which they help to support, the more so, if, as has been stated, conservatism is provided for "by law." The only question we would ask, however, is: Is this really so? Is there any law on the subject? Let us see.

We have searched the Constitution and the By-Laws very carefully, and can find nothing whatever to justify such assertion. The only law we notice which has any reference to religious principles is the following, which we quote *in extenso*.

"The government and administration of the Orphan Asylum shall be according to the religious principles as now practiced in the Jews' Hospital of the City of New York. This section shall not be amended, suspended, repealed, or annulled, except upon a four-fifth vote of the entire members and patrons of the Society, and on notice as required by Article 10, Section 1, anything to the contrary notwithstanding."

Now will any one be good enough to tell us what are "the religious principles as now practiced in the Jews' Hospital of the City of New York?" Hospitals are to take care of sick people and to make them physically better. Religious principles, except in so far as the dietary laws are concerned, in the case of Jewish hospitals, have nothing to do with those institutions. Full-grown men and women and even little children who are suffering from bodily ailments, and who seek the shelter of hospitals, require the physician and the nurse, and not the rabbi or the theological teacher. Medicine, good treatment, and the doctor's skill are in their cases much more needed than any number of rituals, whether orthodox or reform. Nor have we ever heard that it is actually necessary to establish Bible-classes in hospitals, or to teach the inmates thereof how to say their prayers. And as far as we know of Judaism, it is especially commanded that in the case of sick people the physician's order takes precedence of every ceremonial law. Indeed it is expressly stated by the highest orthodox authority, that if the physician order the sick to eat any of the forbidden kinds of food, they may religiously and conscientiously violate the Biblical command and obey his order. See, then, to what a point the framers of the law quoted above have brought the Asylum, when they gravely decide that its "government and administration shall be according to the religious principles as now practiced in the Jews' Hospital." Yet, as if this law were the very essence of wisdom, it is not to be "amended, suspended, repealed, or annulled, except upon a four-fifth vote of the entire members and patrons of the society"—a contingency which implies an assemblage of at least 2,000 persons, and which is therefore never likely to take place.

It must be evident that this—to say the least—very silly law is the source of all the evil now existing, and which every sincere Jew, be he orthodox or reform, must sadly deplore. A Jewish Orphan Asylum that professes and agrees "to maintain, provide for, educate, and instruct" Jewish orphans should not overlook or treat indifferently the religious training of those poor children over whom it has absolute control. As members of the human family it should give them the best secular education it can afford (and for this purpose the public schools may properly be used), and should instill into their young

minds and hearts elevated views of the duties they will hereafter be called upon to fulfill in the world as citizens to one and all, irrespective of religious persuasion ; but as Jews, as members of our race, as participators with us in our mission and our faith, it should regard a proper knowledge of Judaism, of Jewish customs and ideas, and history and requirements, as indispensable features of that education. It is a duty the Asylum owes to its patrons, to the public, to itself, and above all to the children. The differences between orthodoxy and reform are certainly not so great as to produce discord in the working of a great Jewish charity such as the Asylum, and we feel sure that by mutual concessions a plan of religious training can be adopted which will be satisfactory to both parties. But to ignore religious instruction altogether because of these differences of opinion, is an injustice to both orthodox and reformers, is a crying shame which calls aloud for censure, and imperatively demands immediate redress.

We now desire to call public attention to another great wrong existing in the working of the Asylum, and which, if not of so spiritual a nature, is certainly of no little importance. The subject of proper, wholesome, and nourishing food for the children is one in which every friend of the Asylum should take some interest. On this, however, we intend to confine our remarks exclusively to but one branch of the Institute, viz., the "Industrial School."

It is doubtless well-known to our city readers that this branch consists of two divisions: the Printing Establishment and the Shoe Factory. Both these trades have been introduced so as to give the older boys the opportunity of learning some useful mechanical branch, which may hereafter aid them to earn honest livings when they leave the walls of the Asylum. The experiments in both cases have proved very successful, especially with the Printing Establishment, which now has extensive patronage and sends out excellent specimens of both book and job work. The boys apprenticed to these trades are those who have passed through the Grammar Schools, and number in all 29, their ages being from 14 to 18 years. As a matter of convenience, these boys sleep, eat, and virtually reside in the Industrial School building at the rear of the Asylum ; the meals, part of the general food, being sent over for their table. Now it must be remembered that these apprentices (and many of them have passed the stage of boyhood) are really mechanics doing a hard day's work of 8 hours. It surely is a matter of justice and right, apart from any charitable claim, that these youthful mechanics should be properly fed. Yet

how stands the case? The breakfast consists of bread and butter and a fearful liquid which is dignified by the name of coffee, and nothing more, except occasionally hominy. The dinner consists of some beef, of a very inferior quality, and which is always cooked in one especial way; of one kind of vegetable, and sometimes, though not often, a salad, and nothing more. The soup which precedes the dinner at the large tables in the Asylum is not served to the apprentices, because at their own request it has been discontinued, it being to their mind unfit for use. For supper, bread and butter again, with occasionally an apple, and some more liquid, this time known as tea, but which for color, thickness, and taste bears close relationship to the morning's coffee. Yet on the day of our visit we were honestly assured that the meals were better than usual, though we must confess it was with much hesitation we ventured to taste the viands—and certainly one taste fully contented us. Steak, roast beef, mutton, and veal, not to mention poultry, are articles which the poor apprentices only know to exist, doubtless from reading some wandering restaurant bill of fare which comes to the office to be printed. The Sunday dinner, we are told, is a trifle better, for this is the exhibition day, when the Asylum is turned into a menagerie, and visitors drop in "to see the animals feed." The Sabbath dinner, however, is, in this Jewish Asylum, worse if possible than on the ordinary week-days. As a matter of course, the mechanics are constantly grumbling, and many of them spend their little pocket money to satisfy the demands of an appetite which is honestly earned by diligent and hard work.

Now with the above facts before them, which certainly need no comment, we ask our readers whether it is not their opinion, as it is ours, that the Hebrew Orphan Asylum needs general reconstruction? If they think as we do, let them raise such a hue and cry as will speedily put an end to these evils, and make of our Asylum what it ought to be and must be, a pride and an honor to the Jewish name and race. It is only by the public voice that these evils can be cured. It is not for us to say where the blame lies, nor is it in our power to effect a change. We have fulfilled our duty as a journalist, when we point out the wrong committed in a public institute supported by the generosity of an over-liberal community. In conclusion, we have only to add that, in whatever we have said on this subject, we have had but one object in view—the interest of the Asylum, and the spiritual and physical benefit of its inmates, and moreover that we shall welcome with joy a change for the better, and will take pains to record the fact—a duty which we hope very soon to have the pleasure of performing.

NEW-YEAR THOUGHTS.

THE New Year has from time immemorial been the sacred period when Jewish pulpits all over the world thunder forth the great duty of repentance, and, in plain, unmistakable language, tell people how very bad they are, and how necessary it is for them to atone for their innumerable transgressions. Doubtless the present anniversary will, in this respect, be in strict keeping with its predecessors. Repentance is an excellent subject to preach about, and gives fine scope for passionate declamation and for a splendid display of exemplary piety and virtue. Whether or not the reverend gentlemen who thus loudly denounce sin and its consequences are themselves any more free from guile than those who listen to them, is altogether too disrespectful a consideration to enter upon. Metaphysicians and philosophers may indeed consider it a fair subject for speculation; but for our own part we tremble to think of the consequences which might befall us should we dare to tread on such dangerous ground. Besides, we have the happy faculty of being contented in many instances with things as they are, and do not care to investigate the unknown, the mysterious, and the unfathomable. Besides, we must plead guilty to a certain philosophy of our own, which tells us that, after all, ministers are only men, and that it is not only very unfair but very stupid to expect them to be angels, or to be otherwise than what nature and their congregations have made them. Of this, however, there can be no doubt: the listeners are no better than the talkers, and fully deserve the severe chastisement they are sure to receive. But what may come with very good grace from a clergyman, as the religious teacher and spiritual guide of his flock, would be exceedingly out of place in a journalist, who has plenty of his own faults to correct, and enough peccadilloes (to put it mildly) to atone for. It is true, we have read many editorials, especially at the approach of a New Year, which seemed to say as plainly as possible, "O sinner, sinner! repent, repent, and take pattern by us who are so much better and holier than thou," but these we have always regarded as exhibiting a pleasing delusion on the part of the writers, and a strange misconception of editorial privileges and prerogatives. Our readers may therefore rest assured that we have not the slightest intention of introducing any texts into this article, or of anticipating any of the sermons to be delivered on the coming New-Year's day. We trust, however, that we may be permitted to avail ourselves of a period which is really one for serious

reflection, and to remind the public of some of those duties which they have neglected to perform in the past, and for the proper fulfillment of which we unfortunately see but very little prospect in the immediate future.

Of the many important subjects which the return of New-Year's day brings vividly to the recollection of the true Israelite, there is none which demands more earnest reflection than the future of Judaism. Especially in this age and country, it is necessary to clearly appreciate the real position it now occupies among the religions of mankind, and that which awaits it when we of the present generation shall have passed from earth. There was a time when such considerations would not have been entertained for a moment, for our good old ancestors never dreamt that anything like change could ever take place in a faith which had remained unaltered for centuries. To them, Judaism was a compendium of divine laws, the least of which, if gradation were possible, was as eternal and as immutable as the Creator Himself. Judaism was in their eyes something more than a faith or a creed; it was the law of life, the regulator and guide of their actions which claimed their implicit reverence and obedience. Fortunately, however, momentous revolutions in the political and religious conditions of the world, affecting in a great measure the whole organization of society, have taken place since the age in which they lived. With the destruction of some of the worst systems of monarchical and priestly despotism, with the rapid advance of science and art, the increased facilities of international communion, and the gradual political enfranchisement of the masses in all civilized countries, the human mind, no longer kept in such servile check, commenced to assert its mighty functions by subjecting all matters to the test of rational criticism. As was to have been expected, the various religious systems were among the first subjects to engage the attention of the deepest thinkers. The chief result of this has been an almost total suppression of religious persecution, and a partial removal of those bigoted prejudices which the differences of creeds engendered among their votaries. It was in this way that what is now known as the Reform movement in Judaism begun its mission of transforming a national or race religion into a religion so broad and noble and elevated as to include in its wide embrace the entire human family.

In the prosecution of its avowed purpose, this reform had first to separate Judaism from Palestine, and thereby establish the truth of a

religious idea which is capable of outliving the national existence of the people among whom it primarily developed itself. It had to proclaim boldly that the theory and hope of a restoration of Jewish nationality were but the relics of an unhappy period, and owed their origin to the depressed condition of the Jews, who were mentally and physically prostrated by the fearful persecution to which they were subjected. As a legitimate consequence of such teaching, it had also to discard forever all those national laws and edicts which were inconsistent with the advanced stage upon which the religion had entered, thereby proving again the divine truth of the idea which can exist and exercise its sacred influence without the aid of a material covering.

The history of the Reform movement and of its achievements, especially in this country, are matters with which our readers are too familiar to need repetition here. We all know what it has done in the past; the questions which now concern us most are: What is it going to do in the future? What are the means to be employed to carry it forward to further triumphs? How are we prepared with those means? What, if any, are the defects which impede its progress, and how are those defects to be remedied?

A movement having such a lofty aim as the Reform in Judaism must, to be permanently successful, embody in its own ranks certain indispensable qualifications. The principal of these must be unity of sentiment and action, well-defined views on all vital questions of doctrine and religious teaching, institutions of learning available to all classes of the community, schools for the religious education of youth, proper text-books for the use of those schools, societies for the diffusion of such works on Jewish theology, history, and literature as are needed by the masses, and, above everything else, leaders fully qualified, both in mind and heart, to present their noble cause to the world at large.

Judged from this standpoint, the position of Judaism in America is indeed an anomalous one, for notwithstanding the fact that Judaism is fast becoming an aggressive religion and is forcing its way to a prominence never before attained since the overthrow of Jewish nationality, there has actually been little or nothing done toward preparing for the struggle which is surely coming between so-called revealed religion on the one hand, and skepticism, materialism, and infidelity on the other. Hitherto the work of reformers has been progressing in but one channel—destruction, demolition. Like a terrible whirlwind which rushes madly onward, tearing down and uproot-

ing everything which meets its fury, the reform movement has swept over the entire country and has obliterated almost every landmark which reminded one of the follies of the past. So far its work would have produced the best results had it labored with but half the zeal to build up again as it has to destroy. Maintaining the correct principle that the ground must be cleared of the ruins of ages before the sure foundations are discovered, it has injudiciously forgotten the grand aim of that principle, the rebuilding of the spiritual edifice on the original foundations. Thus it comes that the very work of clearance, intended for good, has produced only a chaotic state of restlessness, which is now fast settling down into general indifference and unbelief. How can it be otherwise, with the facts as they are?

Let us not disguise the truth from ourselves. The Reform movement does not embody in its own ranks the necessary qualifications for permanent success. Far from there being any unity of sentiment and action, there is a lamentable division between the leaders themselves which necessarily involves the followers. Discord and dissension are visible everywhere. The country is marked off by the points of the compass, and party lines are drawn between each and every point. A Western project, for example, cannot have the co-operation of Eastern Jews, because of certain jealousies unworthy of the men who foment them, and so through every section we meet with rivalries and cliques and factions, each party desiring the same great and good end, but each pulling in different directions, because the proper feeling of unity is wanting.

In like manner, there are no well-defined views on many important questions of ecclesiastical law. Doctrinal points and religious tenets are too indefinitely understood, hence the curious spectacle so often presented of one rabbi condemning as un-Jewish some opinion or official act of another rabbi. As a lady in the South, speaking on this subject, told us once, more truthfully than elegantly, "One doctor doesn't doctor as another doctor doctors," and so with the theological as with the medicinal doctors, they differ and the patients die. Doubtless this contrariety of ecclesiastical opinion is to be traced to the want of a recognized school of learning by which all disputed questions could be thoroughly argued and definitely settled. Without wishing for a revival of the *Beth Hamidrash* system, we incline to the belief that some organization among the ministers of the several congregations in America, having for its object the periodical discussion of all difficult themes, would be of inestimable advantage.

In this as in every other move, however, nothing can be accomplished because certain gentlemen of the profession keep up a perpetual wrangling among themselves.

With such a condition of affairs in high places, it follows of course that the education of the people is much neglected. It at first sight seems strange that in a country where the liberality of the Jews borders almost on extravagance, so little should be done toward promoting a correct knowledge of Judaism among the public, or fostering a taste among the Jews themselves for their own history and literature. A little reflection, however, is only needed to discover the cause of this, and those who are to be most blamed for it. Our American Israelites are too deeply immersed in commercial pursuits and too eager in the accumulation of wealth to give much heed to the cultivation of things which will bring them no immediate practical return. We do not mean by this that they are mercenary or incapable of appreciating knowledge, but simply that of themselves they are too apathetic in these matters, and have no incentive given them by those whose vocations point them out as the proper persons to undertake the initiative. In many European countries excellent institutions exist just for these purposes, and, to their credit be it said, not only are they well supported, but really do a large amount of good in diffusing religious knowledge and in strengthening the fraternal feeling which should always exist among a people who are so singularly united by the same race, religion, mission, and history. In America, however, notwithstanding that liberalism is rampant, there seems to be a general stagnation. There is no theological college or institute of any kind where the few who may have the desire to follow the ministerial calling can be trained; there are no public Jewish libraries of any importance, no text-books and few qualified teachers for our religious schools, and little or no encouragement is given even to the slight efforts which are honestly being made in some directions to remedy this deplorable state of things. Is it a matter of wonder, then, that the Judaism of the present day is fast drifting into materialism? It surely requires no prophetic spirit to foretell what its future will be unless strong measures are soon taken to check this downward tendency. Are there none among us public-spirited enough, and with sufficient love for their sacred heritage, to come boldly forward, face the danger which is so plainly visible, and awaken our people to a true sense of their duty?

We have hitherto confined our remarks to Reformed Judaism and

those who advocate it, not because of any disrespect to the opinions of our brethren who profess to be orthodox, but because we are deeply impressed with the conviction that what is termed orthodoxy in America is something very different from the true Jewish orthodoxy of former times, or even of the present day in other countries. Conservatism would perhaps be the better term to designate the American system which so fruitlessly endeavors to keep pace with the progress of the age by abrogating certain fallacies and maintaining others equally pernicious. But even this, it must be evident to every unprejudiced observer, is daily losing its hold on its own followers. Hence, in speaking exclusively of the Reform movement, we in a measure include the Conservatives. Be that as it may, however, it does not follow because we conscientiously object to the system, we should desire to exclude its adherents from participating in any work which may tend to the regeneration of Judaism in our midst. On the contrary, we are convinced that our Conservative brethren can in a great degree influence the work which has to be done. If their conservatism needs to be liberalized, our liberalism requires to be kept in check. There is much that both parties can learn from each other, and the day has surely arrived when all angry passions should be buried, all prejudices laid aside, when both Reformers and Orthodox should stand on a broad, elevated platform, seeking out the points of union which are many, and striving to reconcile the differences which are few. The time for disputing has gone by—now is the time for active, earnest, honest work.

Catholicism makes frightful inroads into the ranks of Protestantism, not because it is better or purer, but because Protestants are split up into a thousand different sects and petty denominations, each assailing the other, whereas Catholics the world over form a united and compact phalanx, having but one common object, the preservation of their faith within their fold and its extension without. In like manner, there is an enemy which, perceiving the divided ranks of Israel, and in consequence thereof their inherent weakness, has already made considerable havoc and is likely to do still further damage. And this enemy is not Christianity, as some foolish Jews pretend to believe, and as a few Christian writers would like the world to believe—but an enemy whose chief victories will be in Christendom—the enemy to all religion—materialism! Jews, however much the times may change, will never accept so irrational and heathenish an idea as Christianity, but they may succumb to the insidious advances and plausible

theories of materialism, and this is the danger which awaits us in the future. Up then, men and women of Israel, up! to the rescue! Yours is a priceless heritage, an invaluable gift from God, a boon none but madmen would despise! Do not then surrender, in your day of prosperity and political freedom, what your ancestors maintained in the darkest times of their history, at the cost of their lives!

With the commencement of a new year let us all go to work cheerfully and zealously. Every man can do something, whatever his position may be. But on our clergymen, our chiefs and leaders, a heavy responsibility devolves. Let them endeavor to strengthen the cause of religion and public morals, by using every exertion toward harmonizing the discordant elements existing in our fold, and placing Judaism before the world as a religion of truth and spirit—a religion which is indeed from God, and destined to confer eternal happiness on His children. Let our rich men too come forward with a portion of that wealth which God has given them, and devote it to the cause of Jewish education. Let every honest effort made in the right direction be encouraged and fostered, and not permitted to languish and die for the want of proper support. Let harmony reign in our councils, peace in our homes, and good-will in our hearts toward all men, whatever their religion may be.

May the coming year prove a year of joy, peace, and prosperity, not alone to Israel, but to the country which each Israelite may claim as his home; may good deeds and noble achievements mark its progress through its several stages; may religious intolerance grow less, and true religious knowledge become more diffused, and may Judaism be one of God's means in blessing mankind with even greater blessings in the future than it has in the past. Then indeed, should we be spared to witness the birth of another year, we will be enabled to place before our readers something more pleasing and more congratulatory than our present New-Year Thoughts.

THE COMING SEASON OF ITALIAN OPERA.

THE programme for the coming season of Italian opera has been duly announced, and the promises therein contained are such as we would expect from those able *impresarios*, the Messrs. Strakosch. These gentlemen clearly demonstrated last year that Italian opera can be produced in this country with all the elaborate attractions for which the houses of London, Paris, Milan, and St. Petersburg are so

justly celebrated. It is but fair to conclude, then, that the promises of the programme will be faithfully executed. Although we would have wished for the re-engagement of such artists as Nillson, Campanini, and Maurel, yet we doubt not that their places will be as worthily occupied by the artists who have been chosen to succeed them.

Mlle. Emma Albani, the prima donna soprano, is an American young lady, whose reputation has been made by her brilliant achievements in many of the European capitals, where it is said she shared the honors with no less a personage than Mlle. Adelina Patti. Her appearance in her native land is exceedingly gratifying, and will doubtless add many laurels to the wreath of fame which she, although very young, already wears. Signora Vittoria Potentini is represented to be a dramatic prima donna of superlative powers, endowed with a rich, emotional voice; to her will be assigned the *rôles* of the great heroines which since the time of Grisi have found but few capable exponents. Mlle. Marie Heilbron, with whose gifts Parisians and Londoners are familiar, comes to us with a well-earned reputation for superiority in the vocal illustration of scenes requiring intense passion and pathos. In lighter *rôles* of opera she has proved a valuable acquisition to the lyric stage. Mlle. Donadio has won the esteem and admiration of the French public for her perfect interpretation of the sparkling *rôles* of the Bellini and Donizetti repertoire. In addition to these new engagements, Messrs. Strakosch have re-engaged two popular favorites, Miss Annie Louise Cary and Mlle. Alice Maresi. The merits of these ladies are well-known to the American public, and their re-appearance in our midst will afford their numerous admirers sincere pleasure.

Of the gentlemen artists there have been five new engagements. Signor Carlo Carpi is announced as "a genuine tenore di sentimento e forza," and is moreover said to be "the finest representative of the ideal tenor to be found." This excites great expectations which, we trust, will not be disappointed. If the new tenor is all he is said to be, he is indeed a *rara avis*. Signors Debassini and Benfratelli are also tenors, doubtless intended to fill the lighter *rôles*. Signor Tagliapietra is the primo baritono, and Signor Fiorini is the primo basso. All these gentlemen are favorably known in European opera circles. The re-engagements include Signor Del Puente, whose excellent baritone voice and thoroughly artistic performances last season elicited general admiration, and Signor Evasio Scolara, who also fulfilled acceptably the parts assigned to him. Signor Emmanuel Muzio is

again director, and a more capable one it would be difficult to find. In the performance of his arduous duties he will, as heretofore, be assisted by Mr. S. Behrens.

The repertoire will include Verdi's "Messe de Requiem," Marchetti's new opera of "Ruy Blas," Wagner's "Il Vascello Fantasma," and Gounod's "Romeo e Giulietta, together with a revival of "La Stella del Nord," "Norma," "Dinorah," and the old standard operas, as well as the more modern ones, not forgetting, in this latter category, "Lohengrin" and "Aida." The season will commence at the Academy of Music on Monday, September 28.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE HEART OF AFRICA: Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871. BY DR. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH. Translated By ELLEN E. FREWER, with an introduction by WINWOOD READE. 2 vols. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

The great problem of the Nile is gradually being solved. Reluctantly is the continent of Africa yielding up her secrets, but by the aid of such noble explorers as Dr. Georg Schweinfurth—those who have preceded him, and those who will follow in his path—all her mysteries will be discovered. Already the efforts of Sir Samuel Baker, Dr. Livingston, and the many others who have devoted their lives to African explorations have been rewarded by the settlement of certain geographical problems which have been so perplexing to the students of all countries. And now there comes another giant and treads the very heart of the mighty continent, discovering in his wanderings the course of one of the chief branches of the White Nile in the low mountain region north-east of the Albert Nyanza. Valuable as this discovery is to geographical science, it does not yet completely determine the limits of the great Nile, but if it be possible for any one man to accomplish this feat, Dr. Schweinfurth is the man who will do it.

The doctor is in many respects a very fortunate explorer. He is, comparatively speaking, a young man, of a strong, vigorous constitution, having passed three years of his life in the most unhealthy and inhospitable parts of Africa without any serious sickness, or even peril from the hostility of the savages among whom he sojourned.

Indeed he seemed to have gained the friendship and good-will even of the cannibals, who did not disguise from him their little peculiarities of diet and domestic life. His vivid descriptions of the Niam-niam are intensely interesting and possess all the charm of romance. In addition to his other qualifications, Dr. Schweinfurth is an accomplished draughtsman and an experienced botanist. His sketches are works of art, and his knowledge of botany is of material service in the discovery of new species, and classification of the fine collection he obtained in the course of his travels.

An important contribution to ethnology has also been made by Dr. Schweinfurth, by his definitely settling a point which has long been in dispute, viz., the existence of a race of pygmies. There is now no doubt that such race does exist, and it is much to be regretted that little Tikki-tikki, the specimen dwarf that Schweinfurth intended to take home with him, died before he reached the sea.

The result of the doctor's travels now appears in two large octavo-volumes, handsomely printed, and ornamented with numerous maps and wood-cut illustrations. As a work of travel, it will rank among the most celebrated; while as a contribution to African exploration, it is invaluable.

YALE LECTURES ON PREACHING. BY HENRY WARD BEECHER. Second Series. New York: *J. B. Ford & Co.*

The lectures which form the present volume were delivered by Mr. Beecher before the theological department of Yale College, New Haven, Conn., in accordance with the terms of the endowment by which the lectureship was established. As a volume of homiletics it is perhaps one of the most useful in the English language, as it deals with those matters of practical detail in which young ministers need most to be instructed. The library of a divinity student, especially of the Christian denomination, is incomplete without a copy of these Yale Lectures.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

ARCTIC EXPERIENCES, containing CAPT. GEORGE E. TYSON's Wonderful Drift on the Ice-floe, a History of the Polaris Expedition, the Cruise of the Tigress, and Rescue of the Polaris Survivors. To which is added, A General Arctic Chronology. Edited by E. VALE BLAKE. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

THE MODE OF MAN'S IMMORTALITY: OR, The When, Where, and How of the Future Life. By REV. T. A. GOODWIN, A. M. New York: *J. B. Ford & Co.*

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

No. 11.

FREEMASONRY, JUDAISM, AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY D. E. DE LARA.

(Continued from page 466.)

AGAIN, theology teaches that the innumerable, the daily, hourly calamities that inflict mankind, are dispensations of Providence; the earthquakes, conflagrations of cities, the devastating pestilence, the sudden shipwrecks, the burning, drowning, mutilation of thousands of men, of helpless women, of innocent children, are the acts of God, visitations.

A daughter, unable to save a mother's life, prefers death amidst the flames by the side of that mother to safety; a young man, in his zeal to extricate from death and suffering his fellow-men buried under the ruins of a fallen building, labors from early morn to late in the night, does not even take any nourishment all that day, not to lose even a moment of time; exhausted with toil he sits down to rest, his foot slips, and he is precipitated among the ruins and crushed to atoms. Can you reconcile these facts, asks Freemasonry, with a presiding, active, omnipotent, and merciful Providence?

A very few years since, a ship is on fire, no prospect is left but death—death in the flames or in the waves. Among the large number of passengers is a family returning from Europe, consisting of man, wife, and three children. They choose a less terrible death by drowning. The mother jumps overboard, and the father throws one child after another to her, and then follows them. Here was an opportunity for a miraculous interposition of Providence. Was the miracle performed? No. But a deluded congregation is told from the pulpit, that this calamity was the hand of Providence! His object was to chastise men, so that they might prepare themselves by a

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by RAPHAEL D'O. LEWIN, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

holy life for a happy hereafter. Why not allow these women and innocent children to *live* rather than send them "unprepared" to that unknown hereafter, for the benefit of others? Was it hypocrisy or folly that dictated words that insult and slander the Deity?

In order to plunder a train, some miscreants throw obstructions on the road, the train is wrecked, scores of persons are mutilated, burnt—the thieves gather a rich booty, and walk away to enjoy the fruits of their crime. Dare you insult the Deity by asserting that this too was a visitation of Providence?

"Can you," asks the Freemason, "reconcile the *providence* of God with His non-interference in the diabolical doings, in His name, of the Inquisition; with the cruel persecution suffered by the Jews, the persecution of the early Christians by the Pagans; the extermination of the Catholics in China and Japan; the horrible religious wars between the Christian sects themselves; the rise of Moslemism six centuries after the establishment of the Christian religion, and its immense progress—can you reconcile His providence with His permission of the existence of heathenism and idolatry among three-fourths of the population of the world, now 1900 years after the birth of Christianity? Can you reconcile all this with Divine interference in human affairs?"

"Yes," says the theologian. How?

The other day, a clergyman, speaking of the Mill River calamity, stated it to be "an awful warning which had been specially sent by the Almighty to show the uncertainty of all earthly affairs, and the need of accepting the plan of redemption offered by Jesus, in order to escape a worse perdition hereafter." What should we think of the providential care and love of the father of a family, who crushes, mutilates, drowns, burns, kills two or three of his children, to teach the rest of his family the instability of human affairs, and rely upon some third person for immunity from danger, instead of relying upon their own care, intelligence, and foresight? Would we look upon such a man in any other light than in that of a tyrant or a madman? For entertaining such views the Freemason is hated by men like that father.

Freemasonry denies divine interference in human affairs; it maintains that whatever happens is the result of natural causes, that there is no effect without a cause, that the cause can only be natural, and that the laws of nature are unalterable, never can be, and never have been interfered with.

A society was formed recently at Syracuse in this State, for, if possible, abolishing, among other secret societies, Freemasonry. Futile attempt! As if such a society—the frog in the fable—could effect in these times with regard to Freemasonry, what the Inquisition—the ox in the same fable—has not been able to effect with regard to the Reformation.

I have met with Freemasons in Spain during the despotic ecclesiastical reign of Ferdinand VII., when death was the penalty for being a member of the order; I have known excellent Freemasons in Russia, though every Freemason, if detected, was, if I remember rightly, exiled to the wilds of Siberia.

At the meeting of the society at Syracuse already alluded to, Freemasonry was pronounced to be a conspiracy against the Republic; Freemasons were to be avoided and condemned as traitors to their country. Traitors to their country!

“The Mason,” says a masonic authority, “is to be a peaceable subject or citizen, and never to allow himself to be involved in riots or conspiracies against the public peace and the welfare of the nation. . . . Essentially republican in its nature, and aiming to establish political and social equality and freedom, it constantly presents to the initiated the picture of a new social order, nowhere found on earth—the ideal of a society . . . far more perfect than any existing civil organization. On this account Freemasonry has at all times found protectors among princes and nobles; many of them disdained not to take the trowel and gird themselves with the apron.”

Frederick the Great, in one of his letters, written on the 30th of January, 1777, to the National Grand Master, Prince Frederick of Brunswick, expresses himself thus: “I cannot but infinitely applaud the spirit which leads all masonic brethren to be good patriots and faithful subjects.” In another letter, written by the same prince on the 14th of February, 1777, to the venerable master of the Lodge of *Royal York de l'amitié*, at the Orient of Potzdam, we find these expressions: “The masonic society, whose sole object it is to make germinate and produce fruit of every kind of virtue in my States, may always count upon my protection. It is the glorious duty of every good sovereign, and I will never fail to fulfill it.”

So much in answer to the slanderous charge by the Syracuse convention, and its opinion that Freemasons ought to be avoided and condemned as traitors to their country.

That same society asserts Freemasonry to be a conspiracy against

God, against truth, against religion. It is made a crime and a sin in Freemasonry that it welcomes the unchanged, unregenerated, unsanctified Pagans, Mohammedans, Jews, infidels, and "so-called" Christians, to the same altar of worship at the same time, in so-called Christian countries; that on this account, too, Freemasons ought to be condemned as atheists. In France, the Sorbonne declares members of the fraternity worthy of eternal punishment.

If anything could prove the truth, the sublimity, the holiness of Freemasonry, such a condemnation from such sources is proof sufficient. Not only are Freemasons *not good* men, whatever be their religious opinions, however great their virtue, however transcendent their merit, high their intelligence, pure their lives; but they are declared to be *bad*, wicked, blind; in fact all men are bad, wicked, blind, unless they think, believe, or see as their judges think or believe or see, or profess or pretend to do.

"The common ecclesiastical opinion is merciful," said the Rev. Mr. Frothingham in one of his sermons, "toward churchmen, and harsh to the schismatic. The believer is credited with every virtue; the infidel is suspected of every vice. It is thought a large, and by some a dangerous liberality, to utter that a sceptic may be a good man; and so it is, for the admission renounces the whole theory which claims that goodness is a supernatural grace, communicated through the sacraments and credences, and of course withheld from those by whom the sacraments are neglected and the credences denied. If a church-member commits a fault, it is palliated, excused, explained away. David was not a good man . . . but as a pillar of the Jewish Church he was charitably credited with the soul of goodness, and declared to be a man after God's own heart, in spite of his incidental wickedness."*

"Mr. R. W. Emerson," said Mr. Frothingham, "a man of stainless character and irreproachable life, innocent and humane, is a rationalist. His excellence therefore is challenged. A popular orthodox divine branded him as worse than Judas Iscariot."

In confirmation of this truth I will state one or two historical facts. Prior to the invasion of Spain by the Moors, that country was governed by Gothic kings. One of these, Ricarido, was the first that embraced

* And are passion—the strongest of all animal passions—the possession of absolute and irresponsible power, the imaginary right to exercise that power, perhaps the allurements and arts of Bathsheba herself, her ambition, and above all, the deep self-condemnation, the sincere repentance, so vividly exhibited in the psalms—are all these to go for nothing?

the Roman Catholic religion. Amongst the kings that succeeded him was Siseberto, of whom the Spanish chroniclers speak in the following terms: "He displayed at the same time a character of great energy and a *most marvelous degree of humanity*." Indeed he used to shed tears on surveying the battlefield, at the miseries and sufferings caused by war, although at the same time, notwithstanding so much humanity toward both Spaniards and Goths, sheltered under the same mantle of Christianity, his heart was utterly callous to pity, hermetically sealed against all feeling of sympathy or compassion for the Jews whom he treated with a degree of cruelty that had no limits.

"He proscribed, without any exception, all who professed the Jewish religion unless they make a public profession of Christianity* (i. e. Catholic Christianity), they were to be publicly whipped, their property was to be confiscated, and they were to be abandoned and perish with hunger; death being the penalty for giving any one of them a crust of bread or a cup of water. In consequence of this horrible intolerance, between eighty and one hundred thousand Jews received baptism. Many escaped to France, and a far greater number, who obstinately remained faithful to the religion of their fathers, suffered this cruel persecution to the end."

"Apart from this persecution," continued the historian, "Siseberto was a wise and patriotic sovereign, etc." He died in the year 621.

Praise where praise is due.

In 1450, John Capistranus, Vicar-General of the Observants (a stricter order of Franciscan monks), was by Nicholas V. sent as his legate into Germany, charged with either the conversion or extermination of the Hussites, smarting under a defeat in argument with "heretics," he proceeded to Breslau, burning with hatred and revenge, and thirsting for blood. As grand Inquisitor, he fomented (in 1451) a conspiracy against the Jews, accusing them of having committed the egregious folly of "desecrating" the Host! Forty Jews were put to the torture, and their sufferings having extorted a confession from them, he ordered them to be burnt alive, and all the others to be driven from the city. He attended and superintended the torture, and instructed the executioners how to increase the sufferings of the tortured. After his death, which occurred on the 23d of October, 1456, he was assigned

* "Unless they make a public profession of Christianity" (Protestant Christianity)—condition imposed upon the Jewish members of the masonic body by the mother lodge of the Three Globes of Berlin, nearly thirteen hundred years later! "As it was in the beginning, and ever shall be, world without end." Amen.

a place amongst the deities in the heavenly pantheon. He was canonized by Pope Alexander VIII. The anniversary of the canonization of this holy man is celebrated on the 23d of October.

“Virtue received its reward.”

Whatever may be the accusations falsely brought against Freemasonry, its bitterest enemies and traducers cannot charge it with persecution on account of a difference of opinion. It has had no hand in establishing the Inquisition; it did not inspire the hordes of murderers and incendiaries known by the name of Crusaders; it did not arm the hand of the murderers during the Bartholomew festival of blood; it did not kindle the fires upon which upward of fifty thousand human beings were burnt alive, because the victims did not think and believe as their holy butchers thought and believed. It did not plunge into misery and desolation hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, nor changed fertile regions into barren deserts. It did not split the ears of quakers, nor burn young women for witchcraft. It neither put the murderous weapons into the hands of three regicides, nor kindle the pile on which Calvin caused his friend, the virtuous and learned Servetus, to be burnt. In short, Freemasonry cannot be charged with blasphemy, by charging a God of truth, of justice, and of mercy, with crimes, cruelties, and atrocities committed in His name; and with intellectual prostration, spread in order to promote what is called His cause.

In short, for maintaining that (to borrow an expression) “the road to truth is macadamized with shattered falsehoods,” Freemasonry is not only hated, but branded as Atheism! Is this true? The answer is furnished by a high masonic authority. “Freemasonry,” says the writer, “inculcates a study of God’s perfections as revealed, *not only* in the works of nature, but in His written words;” and again: “The God of Revelation is also the God of Freemasonry.”

Such then, is Freemasonry; not that of the present day, which admits as members of the order any person and every person who chooses to join the fraternity from motives of interest, either to extend business connections, or with a view to future contingencies of profit; not the Freemasonry placed under the patronage of one of the two Johns;* not the Freemasonry which tolerates upon the altar in the lodges the presence of what is called “the gospel of John”—a book placed there by that theological cunning which says: “What

* John the Baptist, or John the Evangelist.

I cannot destroy I will at least corrupt, and thus render subservient to my purpose"—a book as fit to appear in a lodge as a lunatic is fit to appear in a chemical laboratory;* not the Freemasonry which has transformed prayer and praise from the Almighty to the ashes of a man who is stated to have existed and to have died upward of 1800 years ago—not that Freemasonry; but the Freemasonry of reason, intelligence, truth, humanity, virtue, and pure religion—the Freemasonry of antiquity, which initiated into its mysteries none but men of intelligence, rectitude, and honor.

(*To be continued.*)

ON THE BIBLICAL PRECEPTS WHICH RELATE TO IDOLATRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "MORE NEVOCHIM" OF MAIMONIDES BY JAMES TOWNLEY, D.D.

(*Concluded from page 504.*)

IN our great work we have shown that it was forbidden to "round the corners of the head" (*i. e.* to shave off the hair), or to "mar the corners of the beard" (Lev. xix. 27), because the priests among the idolaters were accustomed thus to poll and shave themselves.

The same reason also exists for the precept prohibiting the wearing "garments mingled of linen and woolen," since, as we find by their books, the priests of the idolaters clothed themselves with robes of linen and woolen mixed together, besides wearing on the finger a ring made of a certain metal.

On similar grounds it is enjoined, that "the woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment." (Deut. xxii. 5.) For in the books of the idolaters it is commanded that when a man presents himself before the (image of) the *star of Venus*, he shall wear the colored dress of a woman; and when a woman adores the star of Mars, she shall appear in armor. Another reason may also be given for this prohibition, from the tendency of such actions to excite to licentiousness and in chastity.

* On this subject I intend to write a separate supplementary article.

It is also unlawful to use, or make a gain of idols (*i. e.* by buying or selling), and the reason is evident, lest any one, receiving an idol to break in pieces, should retain it whole, and at length fall into the snare himself; or by deriving profit from it, if broken in pieces and melting it or selling it, should consider it as the cause of prosperity. For the vulgar are apt to take accidental things for true and substantial reasons, as we often hear men say, From the time they dwelt in such a house; or bought that horse, or this or that thing, they have been rich, their prosperity increased, and the blessing of God has been upon them:—so that what was accidental was regarded as the true cause; and thus, by parity of reason, it might happen that from the time of selling an idol, the business of some one might prosper, his substance increase, and the sale of the image or idol thus be accounted the cause of his prosperity, and what is directly contrary to the words of the divine law might be believed. It is also to avoid the same error, that no gain is allowed to be made of the coverings of idols, or the oblations and instruments of idolatry: for in those times such was the confidence of men in the stars, that they believed life and death, and every kind of good and evil to be under their influence, on which account the law combats the opinion by every means, and, in order to eradicate it, directs against it the words of the covenant—the testimonies—the oaths and the heaviest curses, and particularly forbids us to receive or make use of any part of the price of an idol, and declares that if any one intermix it with his other property, both that and the rest of his goods shall be taken away from him, according to what is said (Deut. vii. 26), “Neither shalt thou bring an abomination into thine house, lest thou be a cursed thing like it; but thou shalt utterly detest it, and thou shalt utterly abhor it; for it is a cursed thing;” so far is it from being supposed that any good can be derived from it. Thus shall we find, on examination, that the reason for all the laws against idolatry is to eradicate whatever is erroneous, and banish it from the earth.

In enumerating the things against which we are thus warned, it is important to remark that the advocates of those opinions which are destitute of foundation or utility, in order to confirm their superstitions, and to induce belief in them, artfully intimate, that those who do not perform the actions by which their superstitions are confirmed, are always punished by some misfortune or other; and therefore, when any evil accidentally happens, they extol such actions or rather superstitions as they wish him to practice, hoping thereby to induce him to

embrace their opinions. Thus, since it is well known, from the very nature of man, that there is nothing of which men are more afraid than of the loss of their property and children, therefore the worshipers of fire declared and circulated the opinion that, if they did not cause their sons or daughters to pass through the fire, all their children would die; there can be no doubt therefore, but that every one would hasten diligently to perform it, both from their great love to their children and fear of losing them, and because of the facility of the art, nothing more being required than to lead the child through the fire, the performance of which was rendered still more probable by the children being most generally committed to the care of the women, of whose intellectual weakness and consequent credence in such things no one is ignorant. Hence the Scripture vehemently opposes the action, and uses such arguments against it as against no other kind of idolatry whatever, "He hath given of his seed unto Moloch, to defile my sanctuary and to profane my holy name." (Levit. xx. 3.) Moses therefore declares, in the name of God, that, by that very act by which they expected to preserve the life of their children, by that act they shall destroy it; because God will exterminate both him who commits the crime, and also his family: "I will set my face against that man, and against his family, and will cut him off." (Lev. xx. 5.) Nevertheless traces of this species of superstition are still existing; for we see midwives take new-born children wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and wave them to and fro in the smoke of herbs of an unpleasant odor thrown into the fire,—a relict, no doubt, of this passing through the fire, and one which ought not to be suffered. From this we may discover the perverse cunning of those men who propagated and established their error with such persuasive energy, that although it has been combated by the law for more than two thousand years, yet vestiges of it are still remaining.

The idolaters acted in a similar way also respecting riches and property, for they instituted the practice of worshiping a certain tree called *Asherah*, and ordered that one part of the fruit of it should be offered, and another part eaten in the idol-temple. They likewise enjoined that the same should be observed with regard to the first-fruits of every tree bearing edible fruit, adding that every tree would dry up and perish, its fruit fade or be diminished, or some other injury happen to it, if the first-fruits were not thus used, in the same manner, as we have before said, that they affirmed that all children would die who were not made to pass through the fire. For fear

therefore of suffering the loss of their goods, persons readily engaged to practice these things. Yet the law rose against this superstitious custom when God commanded that the fruit produced during the first three years should be burned: "When ye shall come into the land, and shall have planted all manner of trees for food, then ye shall count the fruit thereof as uncircumcised; three years shall it be uncircumcised unto you: it shall not be eaten of." (Lev. xix. 23.) For some trees bear fruit in one year, some in two, and others in three years after they are planted, according to the three methods made use of in planting, by setting, by layers or cuttings, and by grafting; no attention being paid to the sowing of fruit-stones, or kernels with the husks, concerning which the law enjoins nothing, referring only to the modes of planting most generally in use, and to the time of the first bearing of fruit by trees in the land of Israel, which generally was within the three years.

It is, however, promised that the loss of these first-fruits should be compensated by an increase of fruit afterward, at it is said, "That it may yield unto you the increase thereof." (Lev. xix. 25.) Nevertheless the fruits of the fourth year were commanded to be eaten before the Lord in his (holy) place, because the idolaters were accustomed to eat their first-fruits in the temples of their idols.

The ancient idolaters have also stated in their books, that it was a practice among them to suffer certain things, which they name, to putrefy or rot, and afterward when the sun was in a certain position, to sprinkle them, accompanied with particular magical rites, about the fruit-tree which had been planted, imagining that if this were done by the man who planted it, it would cause it to flower and bear fruit earlier than others usually do. This strange custom they consider as being similar in its nature to the operations of the speaking images which they had, and to the other magical rites which were practiced by them for the purpose of producing fruit early; but how strictly the divine law prohibits all magical operations has already been shown. It is also because of this practice that God prohibits all the fruit which trees bear for the first three years; for by this prohibition it was rendered unnecessary to endeavor to produce fruit earlier than usual; and since the trees in the land of Israel generally bore fruit in the natural way in the third year, there was no necessity for a magical rite, at that time so celebrated.

Again, among the remarkable opinions of the Zabii, are those which relate to the incision or grafting of one tree into another, affirming,

that if it be done when the moon is in such or such a position ; if it be fumigated in a certain way ; and if, at the moment of incision or grafting, certain words be spoken, then that which is produced by that tree will be exceedingly useful and salutary. But the most absurd things of this nature which they have said is at the commencement of the book, *Of Grafting Olives into Citrons* ; and, in my opinion, the medical work that in time past was hidden by Hezekiah, was of this kind. On this subject they say that, when one kind is grafted into another, the scion is to be held and inserted by a beautiful damsel during the performance of the most filthy and detestable actions : and of the frequency of this practice, in those times, there can be no doubt, lustful gratifications being superadded to the benefits supposed to be derivable from such acts. The law, therefore, prohibited כְּלֵי־אֵימָה (*Caleim*), i. e. the grafting of one tree into another (Levit. xix. 19) ; that we might be free from this heresy of the idolaters, and detest their unnatural lusts. On account also of this mode of practicing incision or grafting of trees, it was unlawful to mingle seeds of different kinds, or to sow them together ; and if the reader will examine the exposition given in the *Talmud*, of this precept respecting the grafting of trees, he will find that the punishment of scourging is everywhere ordered to be inflicted for the transgression of it, because it is the foundation of the prohibition or the principal thing to which it refers ; but the mingling of seeds is forbidden only in the land of Israel.

In the before-mentioned book, it is also stated, that they were accustomed to sow barley and dried grapes together, imagining that without this union there would not be a good vintage. The Law, therefore, *forbade the sowing of the vineyard with divers seeds* (Deut. xxii. 9) ; and enjoined that all such mixtures should be burnt. For all those rites of the Gentiles, which they believed to possess particular power and influence, were forbidden by the law, but especially those which savored of idolatry.

Farther, if we consider their rites and ceremonies, respecting agriculture, we shall find them paying attention to the planets, especially the two great luminaries, and even regulating the time of sowing by the rising of the heavenly bodies. Smoke is also to be raised, and certain circles to be made according to the number of the planets, by him who plants or sows. For they teach that all these things have a most beneficial influence upon agriculture, thereby alluring and drawing men to the worship of the stars. But on these ordinances of

the Gentiles the divine law has pronounced the prohibition, "Ye shall not walk in the manners of the nations which I cast out before you; for they committed all those things, and therefore I abhorred them." (Levit. xx. 23.) And if any of these were more notorious, or common, or manifestly idolatrous than others, it has given special and particular injunctions respecting them, as of *the fruits of the first years*; of *divers seeds and mixed garments*, &c. I cannot, therefore, but wonder at the saying of Rabbi Josiah, in which he teaches, that "these three, wheat, barley, and dried grapes, may be sown together by one throw of the hand," and have no doubt but that he had taken it from *the ways of the Amorites*.

It has thus, therefore, been shown by irrefragable demonstration, that *mixed garments*, *the fruits of the first years*, and *divers kinds of seeds*, were prohibited on account of idolatry; and lastly, that *all the ceremonies of the Gentiles* are forbidden, because, as we have already shown, they lead to idolatry.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

POLITICAL men, like goats, usually thrive best among inequalities.—*Landor*.

Most pleasures, like flowers when gathered, die.—*Young*.

He only employs his passion who can make no use of his reason.—*Cicero*.

Fishes live in the sea, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones.—*Shakespeare*.

Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners.—*Bishop Middleton*.

Scholars are frequently to be met with who are ignorant of nothing—saving their own ignorance.—*Zimmermann*.

Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great.—*Demosthenes*.

He who attempts to make others believe in means which he himself despises is a puffer; he who makes use of more means than he knows to be necessary is a quack; and he who ascribes to those means a greater efficacy than his own experience warrants is an impostor.—*Lavater*.

THE VALE OF CEDARS; OR, THE MARTYR.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

CHAPTER XXVII.

'Tis done! and so she droops. O woman-heart!
How bold and brave to do thy destined part!
Thro' sorrow's waves press firmly, calmly on,
And pause not, sink not, till the goal is won!

MS.

Nor a word passed between them, until they had reached Isabella's private cabinet; and even then the queen—though she seated herself and signed to the boy to stand before her, as desirous of addressing him—asked not a question, but fixed her penetrating eyes on his pallid features, with a look in which severity was very evidently struggling with commiseration and regard. To attempt to retain disguise was useless; Marie flung aside the shrouding hood, and sinking down at the queen's feet, buried her face in her robe, and murmured in strong emotion—

“Gracious sovereign—mercy!”

“Again wouldst thou deceive, again impose upon me, Marie? What am I to think of conduct mysterious as thine? Wherefore fly from my protection—reject with ingratitude the kindness I would have proffered—mistrust the interest which thou hadst already proved, and then return as now? I promised forgiveness, and continuation of regard, if the truth were revealed and mystery banished, and darker than ever has thy conduct drawn the veil around thee. What urged thy flight, and wherefore this disguise? Speak out, and truthfully; we will be tampered with no longer!”

But Marie vainly tried to obey; her brain was burning; the rapid ride, the sudden transition from the sickening horror of being too late to the assurance of Stanley's safety, the thought that she had indeed parted from him forever, and now Isabella's evident anger, when her woman-heart turned to her as a child's to its mother's, yearning for that gentle sympathy which, at such a moment, could alone have soothed. Words seemed choked within her, and the effort to speak produced only sobs. Isabella's eyes filled with tears.

“Speak,” she said, more gently; “Marie—say only why thou

didst fly me, when I had given no evidence, that the boon thou didst implore me to grant, had become, by thy strange confession, null and void. What urged thy flight?"

"Not my own will. Oh, no—no, gracious sovereign; I would have remained a contented prisoner with thee, but they bore me away to such scenes and sounds of horror that their very memory burns my brain. O madam! do with me what thou wilt, but condemn me not to return to that fearful place again. Death, death itself—ay, even such a death as Arthur has escaped—were mercy in its stead!"

"Of what speakest thou, Marie? Who could have dared bear thee from our protection without thine own free will? Thy mind has been overwrought and is bewildered still; we have been harsh, perchance, to urge thee to speak now: repose may—"

"Repose! Oh, no—no; let me remain with thee!" she sobbed, as forgetful of either state or form, her head sunk on Isabella's knee. "He has borne me from your highness' power once; he can, he may, I know he will again. Oh, save me from him! It was not because of my faith he bore me there, and tempted and tortured and laughed at my agony; he taunted me with his power to wreak the vengeance of a baffled passion upon me—for, as a Jewess, who would protect me? O mighty sovereign! send me not from thy presence. Don Luis will take me from thy very roof again."

"Don Luis!" repeated Isabella, more and more convinced that Marie's sufferings had injured her brain. "What power can he have, so secret and so terrible? Marie, thou ravest!"

"Do I rave?" replied the unhappy girl, raising her right hand to her throbbing brow. "It may be so; perhaps it has all been a dream—a wild and fearful dream!—and I am awakened from it now; and yet—yet how can it be; how came my arm thus if it had not been reality—horrible, agonizing reality!" And as she spoke she removed the covering from her left arm. Painfully Isabella started: the beautiful limb hung powerless from wrist to shoulder, a dry and scorched and shriveled bone.

"And couldst thou think thy sovereign would ordain, or even permit, such suffering?" she exclaimed, after a moment's pause, passing her arm fondly round Marie, whom she had raised from the ground to a cushion by her side. "My poor unhappy child, what is this dark mystery? Who can have dared to injure thee, and call it justice, zeal—religion, perchance! Mother of Mercy! pardon the pro-

fanation of the word! Try and collect thy thoughts, and tell me all. Who has dared thus insult our power?"

"Don Luis!—Don Luis!" repeated Marie, clinging like an infant to the Queen, and shuddering with terror at the very recollection of a power which she had faced so calmly. "Oh, save me from him! torture itself I could bear, but not his words."

"Don Luis!" reiterated the astonished queen. "What has he to do with torture? Who is he—what is he, my poor child, that his very name should thus appal thee? He may indeed have dared speak insulting words, but what power has he thus fearfully to wreak his vengeance?"

"Who is he—what is he?" repeated Marie, looking with surprise in the queen's pitying face. "Does not your Highness know—and yet how shouldst thou?—his very office is as secret as his own black nature? Has your Highness never heard men whisper of a secret Inquisition, hiding itself even in thy domains? O my Sovereign, it was there they dragged me! [her voice sunk to a low shuddering whisper] and he was grand master there; he—even Don Luis! And he will bear me there again. Oh, save me from those fearful sounds—those horrid sights: they glare before me now!"

"And I will save thee, my child! ay, and root out these midnight horrors from my kingdom," exclaimed Isabella, indignation flashing in her eye, and flushing on her cheek. "Once we have been insulted—once deceived; but never to us can such occur a second time. Fearfully shall this deed of infamy recoil upon its perpetrators! Tremble not thus, my poor girl, no one shall injure thee; no one can touch thee, for we are warned, and this fearful tale shall be sifted to the bottom! Child of a reprobate faith and outcast race as thou art, thinkest thou that even to thee Isabella would permit injury and injustice? If we love thee too well, may we be forgiven, but cared for thou shalt be; ay, so cared for, that there shall be joy on earth, and in heaven for thee yet!"

At another moment, those words would have been understood in their real meaning; but Marie could then only feel the consoling conviction of security and love. It was not merely personal kindness which had so bound her to her sovereign; it was the unacknowledged but felt conviction, that Isabella had penetrated her secret feelings, with regard to Arthur Stanley; and yet not a syllable of this had ever passed the queen's lips. Oh, true sympathy seldom needs expression, for its full consolation to be given and received! The heart recog-

nizes intuitively a kindred heart, and turns to it in its sorrow or its joy, conscious of finding in it repose from itself. But only a woman can give to woman this perfect sympathy; for the deepest recesses, the hidden sources of anguish in the female heart no man can read.

Engrossed as Isabella was by the mysterious information imparted by Marie, indefinitely yet forcibly confirmed by her, then unusual, knowledge of the past history of Spain, she was more easily satisfied with Marie's hurried and hesitating account of her escape, than she might otherwise have been. To proclaim her relationship with Father Ambrose was ruin to him at once. He had been one, she said with truth, who had received great obligations from her family, and had vowed to return them whenever it should be in his power so to do; he had, therefore, made the exertion to save her, and was about taking her to her childhood's home on the frontiers of Castile, the only place, it appeared to him, sufficiently secret to conceal her from Don Luis's thousand spies; but that on the providential discovery of the real murderer, and the seeming impossibility of ever seeing the king himself in time—she paused.

"Could he send thee on such a rapid errand, my child, and suffering thus?" gently inquired Isabella.

"No, gracious madam," was the unhesitating rejoinder, though a burning blush mounted to her very temples; "it was my own voluntary choice. It was my unhappy fate to have been the actual cause of his arraignment; it was but my duty to save him if I could."

"And thou wouldst have returned with Perez had we not penetrated thy disguise?"

"Yes, gracious Sovereign." And the flush faded into paleness, ashy as before; but the tone was calm and firm.

The queen looked at her intently, but made no further observation; and speedily summoning her before trusted attendants, placed the widow of Morales once more in their charge; imparted to them as much of Marie's tale as she deemed requisite, and the consequent necessity for her return to the queen's care; nay, her very existence was to be kept secret from all save those to whom she herself should choose to impart it. Gratified by her confidence, they were eager to obey; and so skillfully did they enter into her wishes, that their very companions suspected not the identity of the prisoner, in whom, they were told, their sovereign was so much interested. Curiosity might have been busy with very many, but their vague conjectures fell far

short of the truth; Catharine Pas was the only one of Isabella's younger maidens to whom the real fact was imparted.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

'Twas a dark tale of crime, and awed and chilled
E'en indignation seeming horror still'd,
Men stood beside a murd'rer's couch of death,
Watching the glazing eye and flickering breath—
Speaking with look and hurried sign alone,
Their thoughts, too terror-fraught for word or tone.

MS.

THE indignation excited in the queen's mind against Don Luis was destined, very speedily, to be increased. Ferdinand had had time to become half angry, and quite impatient, ere his messengers dispatched to the village returned. Stanley had been released—was regarded by all as innocent; but this was literally only from a peasant's word and the half broken intelligence of an exhausted boy: he wanted proof, and a vague dread would take possession of him that his fate was but temporarily suspended. At an early hour the next day, however, Don Alonzo returned; and Ferdinand's impatient anger was averted, when he found the delay had been occasioned by their determination, to convey the dying man to Segovia, and the caution necessary for its accomplishment. The Hermanos had already noted down his confession; but it was so fraught with extended and dangerous consequences, that they felt, they dared not act on their responsibility: all suppressing measures must proceed from the sovereigns themselves. Perez was again summoned, and at once swore to the identity of the dying man as the individual he had rescued from a deep pit, in a lonely mountain-pass, about twenty miles from his village; and the man, whose eagerness to speak was evident, though his voice was so faint as scarcely to be intelligible, commenced his dark and terrible tale.

The indignation of the sovereign, and of those whom he had chosen to be present, was excited to the utmost, mingled with horror as the mysterious fates of many a loved companion were thus so fearfully solved; but none felt the recital with the same intensity of emotion as the sub-prior, who, with head bowed down upon his breast, and hands tightly clenched, knelt beside the penitent. It was not indignation, it was not horror; but agony of spirit that a religion which he

loved better than himself, whose purity and honor he would have so jealously guarded, that he would have sacrificed life itself for its service, should have been made the cover for such unutterable villainy. Few imagined the deeds of painful mortification and bodily penance which, in his solitude, the sub-prior afterward inflicted on himself; as if his individual sufferings should atone for the guilt of his brethren, and turn from them the wrath of an avenging God.

Horrible as were the details imparted, incomprehensible as it seemed that so extended and well-organized a power should exist so secretly throughout Spain, as to hide itself even from the sovereigns and ministers of justice themselves, yet none doubted what they heard. Sovereigns and nobles well knew that the inquisition had been established both in Castile and Arragon centuries before, and that the annals of those kingdoms, though mentioning the resistance of the people against this awful power, had been silent as to its entire extirpation.

In the first part of his narrative the man had spoken shrinkingly and fearfully, as if still in dread of vengeance on his betrayal; but his voice became bolder when he confessed his own share in the late atrocious crime. Accustomed by the strictest and most rigid training, to obey, as familiars, the will of their superiors without question—to be mere mindless and feelingless tools, to whom death itself was awarded, if by word or hint, or even sign, they dared evince themselves to be as other men—he had, at the command of the Grand Inquisitor, deeply drugged Senor Stanley's evening draught, and, while under its potent influence, had purloined his sword; waylaid Don Ferdinand in the Calle Soledad, effectually done the deed, and—aware that it would be many hours ere the English Senor could arouse himself from the stupefying effects of the draught—had intended returning to his chamber still more effectually to throw on him the suspicion of the murder. It happened, however, that it was the first time he had ever been chosen by his superiors as their tool for actual murder, and the magnitude of the crime, from the greatness of, and universal love borne toward the victim, had so appalled him, that, combined with the raging storm and pitchy darkness, he had felt utterly bewildered. Not well acquainted with Segovia, he had found himself, after more than an hour's wandering—instead of, as he expected, again near the Senor's lodgings—in the self-same spot whence he had started, and close by the body of his victim. The sight horrified and bewildered him yet more, and he crept behind a low wall, resolved on remaining

there till the tempest had at least partially subsided, and then fulfill the remainder of his instructions; knowing that to fail in any one point, would be the signal of his own destruction. Fortune, however, so far favored him, as to send the young English Senor to the very spot, and there was therefore no occasion for his further interference. He tarried till he had seen Stanley's arrest, and had heard the loud execrations of all proclaiming him the murderer—and then returned to his employers.

The education of the familiars had so far failed with him, that, though aware of its danger, thoughts would enter his mind, as to how Don Ferdinand Morales could have offended the dread power which he served, and why the foreign Senor should be thus implicated in the deed. He hoped to have concealed these doubts; but from the issue, he imagined that some unguarded word spoken to a companion, must have betrayed him. He was chosen by the Grand Inquisitor as his companion, on some secret expedition two days after the trial, unsuspecting of the danger awaiting him, till the desolate scene on which they unexpectedly entered flashed terror on his mind. His superior had there paused, told him that from the witness of Beta, the servant girl, it was quite evident he had disobeyed part of the instructions given, or his *return* to Arthur's lodgings would have been heard by her as well as his *departure*, and thus at once have implicated the Englishman as the real murderer; that though chance had thrown equal suspicion upon him, it did not remove his disobedience, and so he was doomed to death; and the blow, instantaneously given, felled him insensible to the ground. When he recovered his senses, he found himself lying in a deep pit, where he had evidently been thrown as dead. The wounds and contusions received in the fall, as far as he could recollect, by producing a most excruciating sense of pain, roused him from temporary insensibility, and he was convinced he heard his murderer's voice—though he could not see him—exclaim distinctly, as if he were leaning over the mouth of the pit, "There goes my last doubt: other men might call it their last fear, but I know not the word! Three victims for the possession of one—and who will now dare to brand me? I had slain that faltering craven without his disobedience, he dared to *think* upon his deed."

Almost insensible from agony as he was, these words had impressed themselves indelibly; causing the burning desire to live and be revenged. And the opportune succors of the villager, Perez,

with a party of woodmen; the completely hidden site of the village to which he had been conveyed, and the at first favorable healing of his wounds, appeared to give him every hope of its accomplishment. He had resolved on communicating his tale to none save to Ferdinand himself, or to the Chief Hermano, under strict promise to reveal it to the sovereign: but his intense anxiety had evidently prevented the attainment of his desire, by producing fever; and thence arose his wild and almost maniac cravings to make confession, and bind some holy monk, by a solemn vow, to convey it to the king.

It was not till the conclusion of this momentous narration, that the king permitted any questions to be asked; and those he then demanded were so concise and clear, that but few words were needed in which to couch the reply.

"And the designer of this hellish plot, the real murderer—through thy hand, of one brave friend, and almost another—is the same who has murdered thee?" he inquired, after learning the exact sites of these mysterious halls; information which caused some of the bravest hearts to shudder, from their close vicinity.

The man answered at once in the affirmative.

"And he dares assume, in this illegal tribunal, the rank of Grand Inquisitor?"

"Ay, gracious liege."

"And his name?—that by which he is known to man? Speak! And as thy true confession may be the means of bringing a very fiend to justice, so may thy share in his deeds be pardoned."

An indescribable expression passed over the fast stiffening features of the dying. He half raised himself, and laying his clammy hand on Ferdinand's robe, whispered, in clear and thrilling tones:

"Bend low, my liege; even at this moment I dare not speak it loud; but, oh! beware of those who affect superior sanctity to their fellows: there is one who in the sunshine stands forth wisest, and purest, and strictest; and at midnight rules arch fiend—men call him **DON LUIS GARCIA**. *He* is Don Ferdinand's murderer! *He* sought Senor Stanley's death and mine; but instead of a victim, he has found an accuser! His web has coiled round himself—flee him! avoid him as ye would a walking pestilence, or visible demon! Minister as he may be of our holy father, the Pope, he is a villain—his death alone can bring safety to Spain. Ha! what is this? Mother of mercy! save me! The cross! the cross! Absolution! The flames of hell! Father, bid them avaunt! I—a true confession." The words were lost

in a fearful gurgling sound, and the convulsion which ensued was so terrible, that some of the very bravest involuntarily turned away; but Stanley, who had listened to the tale with emotions too varied and intense for speech, now sprung forward, wildly exclaiming:

"Three victims for one! Where is that one? Speak—speak in mercy! O God he dies and says no word!"

The eyes of the dying man glared on him, but there was no meaning in their gaze; they rolled in their sockets, glazed, and in another minute all was stiff in death.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Doth Heaven

Woo the free spirit for dishonored breath

To sell its birthright? Doth Heaven set a price

On the clear jewel of unsullied faith

And the bright calm of conscience?"

MRS. HEWANS.

A PRIVATE council immediately followed the confession received; but though it continued many hours, no active measures could at once be decided upon. Secret and illegal, according to Spanish law, as this tribunal was, it was yet an instrument of the Pope, acknowledging his supremacy alone, and, in consequence, always receiving his protection. Civil justice, it appeared, could not reach those who were protected by the head of the Church; but Ferdinand's mind was far too capacious to admit this plea. Rooted out of his dominions—in its present form, at least,—he resolved it should be, and Isabella confirmed the resolve. Not only was its secret existence fraught with the most awful crimes and injustice, regarded generally, but it was derogatory and insulting to that sovereign power which Ferdinand and Isabella had both determined on rendering supreme. Father Francis, whose usual energy of thought and counsel appeared completely annihilated from the fearful tale he had heard, strenuously urged the sovereigns to await the arrival of Torquemada, the queen's confessor, who was now every hour expected, and whose sterner and more experienced mind would give them better counsel. To this both sovereigns agreed, but one measure they adopted at once. As Grand Inquisitor, the principal actor in this atrocious

drama might be servant of and solely answerable to the Pope; as Don Luis Garcia he was subject to Ferdinand and Isabella, and as such amenable to the laws of Spain. A schedule was therefore drawn up, stating that, whereas the man commonly known as Don Luis Garcia had been convicted of many atrocious and capital crimes, and, amongst the gravest, of having instigated and commanded the murder of Don Ferdinand Morales, and done to death his own tool, the real committer of the deed, that Arthur Stanley might be charged with, and executed for, the same; the sovereigns of Spain called upon their loving subjects—of every rank and every degree, in all and every part of the realm—to unite in endeavoring to discover and deliver up the said Don Luis Garcia to the rigor of the law. An enormous reward was offered for delivering him alive into the hands of justice, and half the sum, should he have resisted to the death. The proclamation was made by sound of trumpet in various parts of Segovia, and copies sent, with all possible speed, to every city, town, and even village, over Spain. A correct description of his person accompanied the schedule, and every possible measure was adopted that could tend to his apprehension. So strong was the popular feeling against him that every class, almost every individual, felt it a personal duty to assist, in this case, the course of justice. He had deceived all men, and all men in consequence leagued themselves against him. So secretly, and yet so judiciously, were the plans for his seizure carried on, and so universal the popular ferment, that it appeared marvelous how he could have escaped; and yet weeks merged into months, and, though the measures of the Santa Hermandad in no way relaxed, Don Luis was still at large, and effectually concealed. We may here state at once—though it carries us much in advance of our present scene—that Father Francis resolved at all costs to purge the Church of Spain from this most unholy member; and, authorized by the sovereigns, made a voluntary pilgrimage to the court of St. Peter's, obtained an audience with the Pope, laid the case before him, and besought the penalty of excommunication to be fulminated against the hypocrite who had dared to use, as cover for most atrocious villainy, the pure and sacred ordinances of the Church. Alexander the Sixth, himself a worker of such awful crimes that he was little capable of entering into the pure and elevated character of the sub-prior, heard him calmly, smiled sneeringly, and then informed him he was too late. The worthy and zealous servant of Rome, known to men as Don Luis Garcia, had been before him, made con-

fession of certain passions as exciting erring deeds, to which all men were liable, had done penance, received absolution, and was in a fair way of rising to the highest eminence in the Church.

Father Francis remonstrated, urged, dared to speak bolder truths than had ever before reached the papal ear, but all without effect : and this truly good and spiritual man returned to Spain stricken to the dust. He reported the failure of his mission ; heard, with bowed head and aching soul, the natural indignation of Ferdinand, and the quieter, but to him still more expressive sorrow, at this fearful abuse of her holy religion, from Isabella ; and then, with an earnestness impossible to be resisted, conjured the royal permission to retire entirely from all interference in public life. He could not, he said, support the weight of shame, which, falling on his Church, had affected him individually. Vain were the royal solicitations, vain the love of the people, vain the entreaties of the abbot and brethren of his convent ; he resigned the office of sub-prior, relinquished every religious and secular honor, and buried himself in the most impenetrable solitude, fraught with austerity and mortification, personal penance, and yet devoted to such extraordinary acquirements, that, though for long years his very existence was well-nigh forgotten, when next he burst upon the astonished eyes of the world, it was no longer as Father Francis, the sub-prior of a Franciscan monastery, a good and benevolent monk, but as the learned priest, the sagacious statesman, the skillful general, ay, and gallant warrior—the great and good CARDINAL XIMENES !

To wait the arrival of Torquemada, the sovereigns and their council unanimously resolved. It was but a very brief delay, and would permit a more effectual extermination of the secret office than could be decided upon by the laity alone. Ere the day closed, and in presence of the sovereigns, of all the nobles, officers of state, the Santa Hermandad, and principal citizens, Arthur Stanley was formally pronounced INNOCENT of the crime with which he had been charged. The golden spurs, which had been ignominiously hacked from his heels, were replaced by the aged Duke of Murcia ; knighthood again bestowed by the king ; and Isabella's own hand, with winning courtesy, presented him a sword, whose real Toledo blade, and richly jeweled hilt, should replace the valued weapon, the loss of which had caused him such unmerited suffering and shame.

"May it be used for us as faithfully and nobly as its predecessor," were Isabella's concluding words ; "and its associations, Senor Stanley, be naught but those of joy."

The young man's cheek burned, but there was a deep shadow on his countenance, which neither the honors he received, nor his own urgent efforts had power to remove. He looked wistfully after the sovereigns as they quitted the church, then with an irresistible impulse, broke from the throng with whom he had been endeavoring to join in animated converse, and suddenly kneeling before Isabella exclaimed in low, agitated tones:

"*She*—she may still be in the villain's power. O my liege, wait not for Torquemada's arrival and leave her to die! He will wreak his full vengeance upon her."

"Trust me for her safety, my young friend; measures have been already taken to secure it," was Isabella's instant reply, in a tone so full of sympathy, that Arthur caught her robe, and pressed it to his lips.

She smiled kindly and passed on, still accompanied by Ferdinand, not a little astonished at her words, and still more so when Marie's whole tale was imparted to him.

On retiring to rest that night, his thoughts still engrossed with vain speculations as to the destined fate of Marie—Arthur, half unconsciously, unsheathed Isabella's magnificent gift, to judge of the temper of the blade; and, as he did so, a scroll, which had been twisted round the steel, fell to the ground. He raised it with hasty curiosity, but his heart throbbed as he recognized the handwriting of the queen, and deciphered the following words:—

"To Senor Stanley, in secrecy and confidence, these: The eye of love is said to pierce through all disguises. In this instance it has proved less discriminative than woman's sympathy, and woman's penetration. She in whom we believe Senor Stanley interested, and to whose exertions he owes the publication of his innocence in time to save life as well as honor, is safe, and under the protection of her queen. Let this suffice for present peace, and speak of it to none.

"ISABELLA R."

Arthur's first impulse was to press the precious letter to his lips, and gaze upon it till every letter seemed transferred from the paper to his heart; his next was to sit down on the nearest seat, and bury his face in his hands, actually bewildered by the flash of light which with those brief words came. Disguise—exertion—could it be possible? Nay, it must be! The soft touch of that little hand, the speaking look of those lovely eyes, again thrilled through his very soul, and he knew their meaning now. Mysterious, bewildering as

it was, the novice, the poor, exhausted, seeming boy—was Marie ! Again he owed his life to her ; and the wild yearning to gaze on her again, to clasp her to his bosom, to pour forth his gratitude, to soothe and shield, became so painfully intense, as almost to banish the joy which her rescue from danger ought to have occasioned. Had it not been for her refusal to bear witness against him, not even the month's grace would have been allowed him ; he would have been executed at once. She had saved him then—she had saved him now ! And his heart so swelled he knew not how to contain its fullness, how to calm it down, to wait till the queen's further pleasure should be known. But hope sprung up to give him comfort ; Isabella would accomplish her intention of conversion ; Marie could never resist her, and then—then, oh ! she would be all, all his own, and life shine, for both the brighter, for its former tempest clouds. Meanwhile, he had such sweet thoughts, such lovely images, to rest on. He owed his life, his honor, to her ; and he thought that it was his devoted gratitude which so deepened love. How sweet is such illusion ! how refreshingly soothing to be grateful, when the object of that gratitude has been, and is still, the dear object of our love ! How often we deceive ourselves, and imagine we are experiencing the strongest emotions of gratitude, when, had an indifferent person conferred the same benefit, we might feel it indeed, but it would more pain than pleasure ; and be an obligation so heavy that we should never rest, till in some measure, at least, it was returned. How contrary the impression of benefits from those we love !

Never before had the appearance of the queen's confessor, the stern, and some said cruel, Torquemada, been hailed with such excitement. He was speedily informed of the late transactions, and his counsel most earnestly demanded by both sovereigns. He required some days to deliberate, he said, so momentous and important was the affair ; and when he did reply, his counsel was entirely opposed to what many hoped, and Ferdinand expected. Indignant as he declared himself to be, at the abuses in religion, he yet put a strong and most decided negative on the royal proposition, of utterly exterminating this unlawful tribunal. With all his natural eloquence, and in most forcible language, he declared that, if kept within proper bounds, restrained by due authority, and its proceedings open to the inspection of the sovereign, and under him, the archbishops, and other dignitaries of the Church, the inquisition would be a most valuable auxiliary to the well-doing and purifying of the most Catholic kingdom. He produced

argument after argument of most subtle reasoning, to prove that every effort to abolish the office in Spain had been entirely useless: it would exist, and if not publicly acknowledged, would always be liable to abuse and desecration; that the only means of exterminating its secret and too arrogant power, was to permit its public establishment, and so control it that its measures should be open to the present, and to every successive sovereign. He allowed the necessity, the imperious necessity of rooting out the *secret* office; but he was convinced this could not be done, nor in fact would the Church allow it, unless it should be recognized in the face of all Europe, as based on alike the civil and religious laws of Spain.

On Ferdinand the wily churchman worked, by proving that his royal prerogative would be insured rather than injured by this proceeding; that by publicly establishing the Inquisition, he proved his resolution to control even this power, and render it a mere instrument in his sovereign hand; that his contemplated conquest of the Moors could not be better begun than by the recognition of a holy office, whose glory it would be to bring all heathens to the purifying and saving doctrines of the Church of Rome. Ferdinand, though wary and politic himself, was no match for Torquemada's Jesuitical eloquence; he was won over to adopt the churchman's views with scarcely an effort to resist them. With Isabella the task was much more difficult. He appealed guardedly and gently to her tender regard for the spiritual welfare of her people, sympathized with her in her indignant horror of the crimes committed under religion's name, but persisted that the evil of a secret Inquisition would never be remedied, save by the measure he proposed. He pledged himself never to rest, till the present halls and ministers of darkness were exterminated from every part of Spain; but it could only be on condition of her assent to his counsel. He used all his eloquence; he appealed to her as a zealous Catholic, whose first duty was to further and purify her faith; but for four days he worked in vain; and when she did give her consent, it was with such a burst of tears, that it seemed as if her foreboding eye had indeed read the shrouded annals of the future, and beheld there, not the sufferings of individuals alone, but of the decline and dishonor of that fair and lovely land, which she had so labored to exalt. Ere another year from that day had passed, the Inquisition was publicly established throughout the kingdom; and Torquemada, as first Grand Inquisitor, reaped the reward of his persevering counsel, and sealed, with blood, the destiny of Spain.

To her confessor, Isabella revealed the story of Marie, and her own intentions. Torquemada heard the tale with a stern severity, little encouraging to the queen's ideas of mercy; he insisted that her conversion *must* be effected; if by kindness and forbearance, well and good; but if she were obstinate, harshness must be resorted to; and only on that condition would he grant Isabella the desired blessing on her task. He did not fail to bring forward the fact of a zealous Catholic, such as Don Ferdinand Morales, wedding and cherishing one of the accursed race, and conniving at her secret adherence to her religion, as a further and very strong incentive for the public establishment of the Inquisition, whose zealous care would effectually guard the sons of Spain from such unholy alliances in future. He urged the supposition of Marie's having become the mother of children by Ferdinand; was it not most probable, nay, certain, that she would infuse her own unbelief in them; and then how mixed and defiled a race would take the place of the present pure Castilians. Isabella could reply nothing satisfactory to this eloquent reasoning. The prejudices of education are strong in every really earnest heart; and though her true woman's nature revolted at every thought of severity, and toward one so suffering as Marie, she acknowledged its necessity, in case of kindness failing. Under the seal of confession, she imparted her full plan to Torquemada, entering more into minute particulars than she had done even to her husband, or in words to herself. It was so fraught with mercy and gentleness that Torquemada gave his consent, believing it utterly impossible, if Marie really loved, as Isabella fancied, that she could resist.

On the departure of her confessor, the queen communed, as was her frequent custom, long and severely with her own heart. What was the cause of her extreme dislike to using harshness? With any other member of that detested race, she felt Torquemada's counsel would have been all-powerful; she would have left it all to him. It was then mere personal regard, fear of the suffering which, did she cause Marie increase of pain, she should inflict upon herself, and this must not be. She was failing in the duty she owed her religion, if she could not summon resolution to sacrifice even affection at its shrine. And so she nerved herself to adopt Torquemada's stern alternative, if indeed it were required. How strange is self-delusion! how difficult, even to the noblest, most unselfish natures, to read another spirit by their own! Isabella felt it might be a duty to sacrifice affection for religion, and nerved herself to its perform-

ance at any cost. And yet that Marie should do so, she could not believe; and if she did, harshness and suffering were to be her sole reward! Oh, that in religion, as in everything else, man would judge his brother man by his own heart; and as dear, as precious, as his peculiar creed may be to him, believe so it is with the faith of his brother! How much of misery, how much of contention, of cruelty and oppression, would pass away from this lovely earth, and give place for Heaven's own unity and peace, and harmony and love.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Oh, bear me up
Against the unutterable tenderness
Of earthly love, my God! In the sick hour
Of dying human hope, forsake me not!" MRS. HEMANS.

For some months all was gayety and rejoicing in Segovia, not a little heightened by the exciting preparations for the much-desired war. The time had now come when Ferdinand could, with safety to the internal state of his kingdom, commence the struggle for which he had so impatiently waited, since the very first hour of the union of Arragon and Castile. Troops were marshaling secretly all over Spain; the armorers and smiths were in constant requisition. The nobles were constantly flitting from their hereditary domains to the court, eager and active to combine all the pomp and valor of a splendid chivalry with the more regular force: standing armies, which in almost every European land were now beginning to take the place of the feudal soldiery, so long their sole resource. It was necessary for Ferdinand, ere he commenced operations, to visit his own dominions; a measure he did not regret, as it effectually concealed his ulterior plans from the Moors, who were also at that time too much disturbed by internal dissensions, to give more than a cursory glance on the movements and appearances of their Christian foes.

In the festivals of the palace the young Englishman was naturally the hero of the day; the best feelings of the Spanish character had been called into play toward him; he had been unjustly accused and seriously injured; been subject to dishonor and shame; and

many might say it had all sprung from prejudice against him as a foreigner. The very failing of the Spaniards in this case also operated in his favor; their national jealousy called upon them to make publicly manifest the falsity of such a supposition, and he was courted and fêted by all, brought forward on every occasion, and raised and promoted both to civil and military distinction, by those very men who, before the late events, would have been the first to keep him back, yielding him but the bare and formal courtesy which, however prejudiced, no trueborn Spaniard could refuse.

Amongst Isabella's female train, Arthur Stanley was ever gladly welcomed, and his presence might have proved dangerous to more than one of Isabella's younger attendants, had not his manner been such as to preclude even the boldest and most presuming from any thought of love. One alone he certainly singled out to talk with, and treat with more attention than any other; and that one was the maiden we have more than once had occasion to mention, Catherine Pas. Rallied as she was by her companions, the young girl herself imagined there could be no danger to her peace in associating thus with the handsome young Englishman; for *she* knew, though her companions did not, the real reason of his preference for her society. Isabella had once slightly hinted from which of her attendants Stanley might hear of Marie, and given them permission to answer his queries. It was a dangerous ordeal for Catherine, but she laughed at the idea of permitting her heart to pass into the possession of one who cared nothing for her, save as she could speak of Marie.

Great was the surprise and many the conjectures of the queen's female court, when rather more than six months after her strange disappearance, the widow of Morales reappeared amongst them; not publicly indeed, for at the various fêtes and amusements of the palace, and elsewhere, Marie was never seen. Her existence, however, and safety, under Isabella's especial protection, were no longer kept secret; and her recent loss was in itself quite sufficient reason for her strict retirement. Her identity with brother Ernest, the supposed novice, never transpired; he was supposed to have returned with Perez to his guardian, Father Ambrose, who, though seen and questioned by Don Alonzo at the village, did not accompany his dying penitent to Segovia, nor, in fact, was ever seen in that city again.

The tender care and good nursing which had been lavished on Marie, had restored her sufficiently to health as to permit returning elasticity of mind. All morbid agony had passed, all too passionate

emotions were gradually relaxing their fire-bands round her heart; and strength, the martyr strength, for which she unceasingly prayed, to give up all, if called upon, for her God, seemed dawning for her. That she was still under some restraint, a sort of prisoner in the palace, Marie herself was not aware; she had neither wish nor energy to leave the castle, and therefore knew not that her egress, save under watchful guardianship, would have been denied. She had no spirits to mingle with the light-hearted happy girls, in her sovereign's train, and therefore was unconscious that with the sole exception of Catherine, whose passionate entreaties had obtained her this privilege, all intimacy with them would have been effectually prevented. It was enough, more than enough (for the foreboding dread was ever present, that such a blissful calm, such mental and bodily repose, were far, far too sweet for any long continuance) to be employed in little services for and about the person of the queen and to know that Arthur Stanley was restored to even more than former favor, and fast rising to eminence and honor.

Before the sovereigns quitted Segovia, Stanley left the court to march southward with Pedro Pas, to occupy a strong fortification on the barrier line, dividing the Spanish from the Moorish territories, and commanding a very important post, which Ferdinand was anxious to secure, and where he intended to commence his warlike operations, as speedily as he could settle affairs at Saragossa. Twice before Stanley's departure did Isabella contrive an apparently accidental meeting between him and Marie, permitting them, though in her presence, ample opportunity for mutual explanation, but not with much evident success. Stanley, indeed, was painfully and visibly agitated, finding it difficult, almost impossible to speak the feelings which had so long filled heart and mind, and been in fancy so often thrown into eloquent words, that he could not understand why in her presence words were frozen up, and he could only *feel*. Marie's cheek and lip had indeed blanched as she beheld him, but the deep and quiet calm she had so earnestly sought, even then did not forsake her; once only her voice faltered, when she conjured him to allude no longer to the past, that the exertions she made for him demanded no such gratitude as he expressed. He would have answered with his usual passionate impetuosity, but there was something in her manner which restrained him; it was no longer the timid, yielding girl, who, even while she told him of the barrier between them, had yet betrayed the deep love she felt: it was the

woman whose martyr spirit was her strength. And yet, spite of himself, he hoped. Isabella, in parting with him, had spoken such words as sent a thrill of delight over his whole being, and he quitted Segovia buoyant and glad-hearted, to wait weeks, months, he thought even years; so certain did he feel of success at last.

Isabella accompanied Ferdinand to Arragon, and determined on remaining at Saragossa during the commencement of his Moorish campaign; but she did not part from him without demanding and receiving his solemn promise to send for her as soon as the residence of females in the camp was practicable. She well knew the inspiring power of her presence in similar scenes, and the joy and increased ardor which the vicinity of near and dear relations, composing her court, would excite in the warrior camp of Ferdinand. The promise was given, and the annals of the Moorish war tell us how faithfully it was kept, and how admirably Isabella performed the part she had assigned herself.

Months glided slowly and peacefully on; as each passed, the trembling heart of Marie foreboded change and sorrow, but it was not till she had been eight months a widow that aught transpired which could account for such strange fears. Then, indeed, the trial came: she thought she was prepared, but the aching heart and failing strength with which she listened to the queen's commands, betrayed how little our best endeavors can pave the way for sorrow. Isabella spoke gently and kindly indeed, but so decisively, there was no mistaking the meaning of her words: she had waited, she said, till time had restored not only health and strength, but some degree of tranquillity to the heart, and elasticity to the mind. That, as a Jewess, Marie must have long known, the queen could not continue favor; that she was, in fact, acting without a precedent in thus permitting the attendance of an unbeliever on her person, or appearance in her court; but that she had so acted, believing that when perfectly restored to sense and energy, Marie would herself feel the necessity, and gladly embrace the only return she required—a calm deliberation of the Catholic faith, and, as a necessary consequence, its acceptance. She therefore desired that Marie would devote herself to the instructions of a venerable monk (Father Denis by name), whom she had selected for the task. That from that day Marie would not be called upon for either service or attendance on the queen, but to devote her whole mind and energies to the task proposed; and that when Father Denis brought her information that Marie accepted the cross, that

very hour she should resume her place in Isabella's court, and be the dearest, most cherished there!—be publicly acknowledged as the inheritor of her husband's vast possessions, and a future of love and joy would shine before her, so bright as to banish even the memories of the stormy past.

Marie would have replied, but Isabella, with gentle firmness, refused to hear her. "I demand nothing now," she said, "but obedience. A willing heart, and open mind, are all you need bring with you to your task: the father's holy lessons, blessed with God's grace, will do the rest. I cannot believe that all the kindness and affection I have shown have been so utterly without effect, that thou too wilt evince the ungrateful obstinacy, so unhappily the characteristic of thy blinded people. If banishment from our presence be a source of sorrow, which I do believe it is, the term of that banishment rests entirely with thyself. The sooner we can hail thee child of the Virgin, even as thou art now of our affections, the greater share of happiness wilt thou bestow upon us and upon thyself. We have heard that naught but harshness and severity can have effect on thy hardened race. It may be; but with thee, at least, we will not use it, unless—" and her voice and her look grew sufficiently stern for Marie to feel her words were no idle threat—"unless obduracy and ingratitude so conquer affection that we can see no more in the Marie Morales we have loved than a hardened member of her own stiff-necked race; then——, but we will not pain ourself or thee, by imagining what thine own will may avert. Go, and the holy Virgin bless thee. Not a word; I know what will be thine answer now; but a month hence thou wilt thank me for this seeming severity."

And Isabella turned somewhat hastily away; for her lip quivered and her eye swelled. Marie did not see these indications of emotion, and silently withdrew.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"I have lost for that Faith more than thou canst bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know.
In his hand is my heart, and my hope; and in thine
The land, and the life, which for Him I resign."

BROWN.

MARIE MORALES had had many trials. Her life had been one of those painful mysteries, as to why such a being should have been thus

exposed to scorn, which while on earth we vainly try to solve. Yet it is no imaginary picture: hundreds, ay thousands, of Israel's devoted race have thus endured; in every age, in every clime, have been exposed to martyrdom—not of the frame alone, but of the heart; doomed but to suffer, and to die. And how may we reconcile these things with the government of a loving father, save by the firm belief, which, blessed—thrice blessed—are those who feel; that, for such sufferers on earth, a future of blessedness is laid up in another and lovelier world—where there is no more sorrow, no more tears!

Her former trials had been sharp agony and strong excitement. Her present had neither the one nor the other; yet it was fraught with as heavy suffering as any that had gone before it; even though she knew not, guessed not, *all* that depended upon her conversion. It would have been comparatively easy to have endured, for her faith's sake, harshness and contempt; in such a case, self-respect rises to sustain us, and we value our own tenets the more, from their startling contrast with those which could command the cruelty we endure; but Father Denis used harshness neither of manner nor of words. Firmly impressed in his own mind, that it was utterly vain for a soul to hope for salvation unless it believed in Jesus, the Virgin, the saints and holy martyrs, he brought heart and soul to his task; and the more he saw of Marie, the more painfully did he deplore her blind infatuation, and the more ardently desire to save her from the eternal perdition which, as a Jewess, must await her. He poured forth such soul-breathing petitions, for saving grace to be vouchsafed to her, in her hearing, that Marie felt as if she would have given worlds, only to realize the belief for which he prayed; but the more her heart was wrung, the more vividly it seemed that her own faith, the religion of her fathers through a thousand ages, impressed itself upon her mind and heart, rendering it more and more impossible for her to forswear it, even at the very moment that weak humanity longed to do it, and so purchase peace. Naturally so meek and yielding, so peculiarly alive to the voice of sympathy and kindness, it was inexpressibly and harrowingly distressing to be thus compelled to resist both; to think also of all Isabella's gentle, cherishing, and manifested affection; and to know that the only return she demanded, she dared not, might not give. To some dispositions these considerations would have been of no weight whatever; to Marie they were so exquisitely painful, that she could scarcely understand how it was that, feeling them thus acutely, she could yet so clearly, so calmly,

reply to Father Denis, bring argument for argument, and never waver in her steadfast adherence to, and belief in her own creed. The very lessons of her youth, which she had thought forgotten in the varied trials which had been her portion since, returned with full—she fancied superhuman—force and clearness to her mind, rendering even the very wish to embrace the Catholic religion, futile. There was a voice within her that *would* be heard, ay above every human feeling, every strong temptation. She could not drown its clear, ringing tones; even where her mental sufferings seemed to cloud and harrow up the brain, to the exclusion of every distinct idea, that voice would breathe its thrilling whisper, telling her it was vain to hope it, she could not be in heart a Catholic; and so she dared not be in words.

A romance is no place for polemical discussion, and we will therefore leave those painful arguments unrecorded. Suffice it, that Marie's intimate acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures in their original tongue—the language of her own people—gave her so decided an advantage over the old monk, that, after nearly three months' trial, he sought his sovereign, and, with the most touching humility, acknowledged his utter incapacity for the conversion of Donna Marie, and implored her to dismiss him, and select one more fitted for the task.

Astonished, and bitterly disappointed, Isabella cross-questioned him as to the cause of this sudden feeling of incapacity, and his answers but increased her desire to compel Marie to abandon Judaism, and become—in semblance at least, a Catholic; believing fully that, this accomplished, the Holy Spirit would do the rest, and she would at least have saved her soul. She retained the father in the palace; desiring him to inform his charge that one fortnight's grace would be allowed her, to ponder on all the solemn truths he had advanced, and on her own decision whether she would not rather yield to kindness, than tempt the severity her obstinacy demanded; but, save this injunction, he was to commune with her no further. With a trembling spirit the queen again sought the counsel of her confessor, and reported the information of the holy father. Torquemada listened, with a curling lip and contracted brow. He was not surprised, he said, for it was exactly what he had expected. It was a part of their blaspheming creed, to blind by sorcery the eyes and minds of all those who had ever attempted to win them over by kind and reasonable argument. Father Denis had been bewitched, as all were, who ever

attempted to convert by other than the harshest means. Her grace must see the necessity of severity, and surely could not refuse the using it any longer. But Isabella did refuse, till her last resource had been tried; and all she asked was, if she might hold forth a powerful temporal temptation. to obtain the end she so earnestly desired? Torquemada hesitated; but at length, on being told the severe alternative which Isabella would enforce, if her first proposal were rejected, reluctantly acceded; still persisting that nothing but the rack and the flame, or fatal expulsion, would ever purge Spain from the horrible infection of so poisonous a race. Isabella heard him with a shudder; but, thankful even for this ungracious sanction, waited, with trembling impatience, the termination of the given fourteen days; hoping, ay praying in her meek, fervid piety, that the mistaken one might be softened to accept the proffered grace, or her own heart strengthened to sacrifice all of personal feeling for the purifying by fire and consequent salvation, of that immortal soul now so fearfully led astray.

It was with little hope that the father again sought Marie. Bewitched he might be, but he was so impressed with the fervid earnestness of her gentle spirit; with the lofty enthusiasm that dictated her decision; so touched with the uncomplaining, but visible suffering, which it cost her to argue with, and reject the voice of kindness—that it required a strong mental effort in the old man to refrain from conjuring his sovereign to permit that misguided one to remain unmolested, and wait, till time, and prayer, from those so interested in her, should produce the desired effect. But this feeling was so contrary to the spirit of the age, that it scarcely needed Torquemada's representations to convince him, that he was experiencing the effect of the invisible sorcery with which the race of Israel always blinded the eyes of their opponents. The kind old man was awed and silenced by his stern superior. Liberty of conscience was then a thing unheard of; and therefore it was that so much of the divine part of our mingled nature was so completely concealed, that it lost alike effect or influence. It was not even the subjection of the weak to the strong; but the mere superiority of clerical rank. The truest and the noblest, the most enlarged mind, the firmest spirit would bend unresistingly to the simple word of a priest; and the purest and kindest impulses of our holier nature be annihilated, before the dictates of those who were supposed to hold so infallibly, in their sole keeping, the oracles of God. The spiritual in man was kept in rigid bondage; the divinity worshiped by the Catholics of that age, represented to the mass like

the Egyptian idol, with a key upon his lips—his attributes, as his law, hid from them, or imparted by chosen priests, who explained them only as suited their individual purposes. Is it marvel, then, that we should read of such awful acts committed in Religion's name by man upon his brother? Or that we should see the purest and loveliest characters led away by priestly influence to commit deeds from which now the whole mind so recoils, that we turn away disappointed and perplexed at the inconsistency, and refuse the meed of love and admiration to those other qualities which would otherwise shine forth so unsullied? The inconsistency, the seeming cruelty and intolerance, staining many a noble one in the middle ages, were the effects of the fearful spirit of the time; but their virtues were their own. Truth, if sought, must triumph over prejudice. By inspection and earnest study of facts—of *causes*, as well as of *events*, the mind disperses the mists of educational error, and enables us to do justice, even to the injurer; and enlarges and ennobles our feelings toward one another; till we can attain that perfection of true, spiritual charity, which would look on all men as children of one common parent. Liable, indeed, to be led astray by evil inclination, and yet more by evil circumstances; but still our brethren, in the divine part of our nature; which, however crushed, hidden, lost to earth, is still existing—still undying. For such is the immortal likeness of our universal Father; in which He made man, and by which He marked mankind as brethren!

Marie's answer was as Father Denis feared. She had pondered on all he had said, and the dread alternative awaiting her; but the impossibility of embracing Catholicism was stronger than ever. The unfeigned distress of the old monk pained and alarmed her, for it seemed to her as if he were conscious that some dreadful doom was hanging over her, which he shrunk from revealing. She had not long to remain in that torturing suspense: a few hours later in the same day, she was summoned to Isabella's presence. The sensation of terror was so intense as to render obedience, for the minute, utterly impossible. Every limb shook, and again came the wild longing for power to believe as they desired; for a momentary cessation of the voice of conscience, to embrace the proffered cross, and be at rest. But it *would not* cease; and, scarcely able to support herself, she stood before the dread princess in whose hand was her earthly fate.

(To be continued.)

JEWISH BELIEF IN GOD, AND EXPOSITION OF THE "ANGEL" OF SCRIPTURE.

(Concluded from page 500.)

BERKELEY's opinion is, that sensations can never be even copies of the real objects which produce them. An affection of the mind cannot be a copy of anything resembling mind. He inquires, Can a picture in the mind and a material landscape be the same, or even a likeness of the landscape? Nothing can be perceived but ideas, and how can that which is sensible be like that which is insensible? And how can a real outward thing, which is invisible, be like the sensation of color, or any real thing not perceived, be like the sensation of sound; can anything be like a sensation, but a sensation?

Hume insists, that impressions made by the senses, and ideas, which are permanent copies of these impressions, constitute the whole with which we are acquainted. The slightest philosophy teaches, that nothing can be present to the mind but an image, or perception; and that the senses are only inlets through which the images of things are conveyed, and by which perception is originated. All philosophers agree that we do not see the external body, and that the immediate object of perception must be some image present to the mind.

Dugald Stuart contends, that all must agree we do not perceive externals immediately and of themselves. What is present to the soul, the soul only knows; the soul needs no ideas for perceiving these; and with regard to things without the soul, we cannot perceive them but by ideas. Ideas do not make bodies visible, nor does the perception of ideas represent or make known anything as the physical cause of our ideas. Perception is the first and most simple art of the mind, whereby it perceives its own ideas.

Rohault is of opinion, that all a man knows is within himself. All knowledge comes to us by the senses, and exists only within us; it consists in our own sensations, and these comprise everything we know, and which are altogether but sensible effects. Bare perception is not sufficient to convince us the thing itself exists. Our reasoning proves no more than that things without us may possibly exist.

Gassendi and Hobbes lay it down as fundamentally true, that there is not a single object of the understanding, but what is resolvable into sensible effects.

Kant denies that the mind is capable of knowing anything of what outward bodies really are. All we imagine to be, is not really so; we make it so.

Richerand observes, in vain were the organs of sense laid open to impressions of surrounding objects, in vain were the nerves fitted for their office of transmission—these impressions were to us useless, or as if they had never been, if there were not provided a seat of consciousness in the brain. It is there the sensation is felt. Light, sound, odor, and taste, are not felt by the organs of sense. The sensitive centre it is which sees and hears, smells and tastes. Sensations, in which all our perception of objects consists, are but modifications of our being.

Doctor Clarke maintains, that without being present to the mind, even the images of things could not be perceived.

Sir Isaac Newton asks, Is not the *sensorium* the place where the *sentient* subject is present, and to which the sensible species of things is brought through the nerves and brain to be perceived by the mind in that place.

Such are the opinions of some of the most exalted characters of the Gentiles, who have made the philosophy on perception their noble study through life. They all agree, that the mind alone perceives as it is excited by the senses; that its perceptions are of its own nature; and consequently, such as externals of a material nature cannot resemble.

On the authority, moreover, of the above great luminaries of mankind, we are led to the conclusion, that besides the infinite difference which exists between the perfection of God the Creator, and that of all created beings, there is still a more essential difference between the nature of His and of their existence. The former is self-sufficient for its reality, and needs not to be perceived by another being to be true; but is real for all beings, even when not perceived by them, as their existence depends entirely on His; whereas, all other beings, material and immaterial, have a real existence for those beings only who are able to perceive them.

XXI. After the above preliminary demonstrations, we are now enabled briefly to illustrate the manner of the communication of God to all prophets, Moses excepted, and clearly to show the meaning of the word מלאך "The angel of the Lord," occurring in numerous pas-

sages of the Bible ; from which it seems that not only the prophets, to whom the angel of the Lord appeared, have styled Him by the name of God and worshiped Him as such, but even the Scripture itself calls that angel by the name "7. These passages of the Bible are the chief armory from which the believers of a plurality in the Godhead have, for ages long gone by, selected their weapons to fight the battle of error against the believers in the unity of God. We have not, they still say (sometimes with a real belief in the Bible), any other guide in religion but the unerring Word of God ; and this expressly tells us that the "Messenger" is God ; now, as the Messenger must have been sent by another person, it is evident that there is in the Godhead *more than one* person ; and as there are surely two, there may as well be three persons. These passages will now, we trust, be satisfactorily explained to all those who sincerely wish to know the truth.

XXII. I have above demonstrated, that the perception of all prophets, Moses excepted, and their communion with God, was by means of their natural senses ; I have also shown that no impossibilities can come under the denomination of religious belief, even if such a belief should be demanded of a man by God Himself. Now, as the Supreme Being in His infinity and perfection can by no means be perceived by the senses of man, his communion with Him could not possibly be otherwise effected, than by the Almighty in His power descending from His height, to accommodate Himself to man with whom He deigned to commune, as a medium fitted to his senses, and to convey to his mind the idea and consciousness of His Divine presence. This was not done by the Almighty undergoing any change or metamorphosis, either in place (since He is everywhere Himself) or in His formless being, by taking upon Himself a similitude of a finite corporeal being which must be extended or limited in space in order to be perceived ; for this is as little possible for the Almighty to do as to annihilate His own being ; but the medium by which God conveyed to the prophet the idea of His presence, was the image of a person visible to the senses of the prophet, standing before him, and imparting to him a prophetic conviction of the presence of God. The person thus seen by the prophet is called "The Messenger, or delegate of the Lord," of whom God says, "My name is in him ;" that is, he represents myself. Let us consider, what idea the prophet had on perceiving that מלאך. Convinced on the one hand of the impossibility of the Almighty becoming so metamorphosed as to be limited in space, or incarnate in shape and form ; and, on the other hand, by a prophetic

sense *also* fully convinced, that the person visible to him, stood there in the capacity of God ; he could not reconcile these opposing convictions otherwise than by the conclusion, that the person before his senses was a delegate of the Supreme Being, with full authority to be believed, obeyed, and even worshiped as God Himself. Now this Angel was a real being to the prophet who perceived him, as long as that perception lasted ; but the Angel was no real being to any one else, because to all other creatures he had no existence, but was by the power of God only a momentary creation and means of communion with the prophet. It is moreover obvious, that although the prophet had reason to worship that being whom he perceived in the capacity of a delegate from God (and in so doing worshiped nobody else but God Himself) ; yet, for us that Angel not only is no God, but has even no existence at all.

XXIII. From the above remarks, it will be clearly perceived that there is no other revelation from God to men, except that which was vouchsafed to Israel "by the hand of Moses," whose basis is the belief in one personal God, made known by the name "יהוה." And as surely as *there is a God*, so surely will this doctrine ultimately become the belief of all men, who, with Israel, will in sincerity and truth worship the one only God.

"O that I may die the death of the righteous, and that my last end may be like his" (Israel's). H. H.

THUMPING WON'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN.

Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Doyle and Yelverton, quarreled one day so violently that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man (at the fists at least), knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming most vehemently, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which, Yelverton rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never ; I defy you ! I defy you ! you can't do it."

WHAT I DID WITH A SHILLING.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT.

ONE foggy evening at the commencement of November, 1871, I was returning hurriedly home, when, passing a flaring gin-shop, I noticed coming out of it a laboring man and woman. From the few words of conversation I heard passing between them, it appeared that the man, after receiving his wages, instead of going directly homeward, had entered a public house, and his wife, having found him in it, was scolding him severely for wasting his money in so useless a manner. The husband, who appeared half-drunk, endeavored to exculpate himself to his better-half. The last words I heard him utter before he and his wife were lost in the fog were, "Well, come now, I've only spent a shilling, so it's not much loss—what can a fellow do with a shilling?"

Possibly from the half-drunken, mock-dignified tone he made use of when he uttered the words, "What can a fellow do with a shilling?" they remained persistently on my mind during the evening, and when I awoke the next morning they were still fresh in my memory. On taking my seat at the breakfast-table the words again occurred to me, and on putting the question to myself, I replied—"I'll try."

I opened the teacaddy, and from it took, perhaps, half an ounce of tea, which I placed in the tea-pot, and, having poured on the boiling water, left it to draw, turning over the while in my mind the history and adventures of the half-ounce of tea, from its first starting into life on the plantations of Assam till it came into my possession, and the cost it had incurred.

I began by watching an imaginary coolie plucking the leaf in a tea-garden some twenty miles from Gowhatty, the capital of the province. It occupied the coolie but a few moments, and he placed it in a basket with some other leaves he had collected. When the basket was filled it was taken by another coolie to the tea-house, where each separate petal was rolled up between the fingers of an Assamese woman, and then placed on an iron drying-stove. There it was kept till the drying process was over, and then it was put into a bag, carried to the elephant-cart, and taken to Gowhatty. There had been some heavy rain, and the journey occupied two days. My half-ounce of tea was then carried to the packing-house, where some

Assamese carpenters had prepared a chest lined with lead for it, and some eighty pounds more of the same quality, and all was then carefully soldered down, so that its flavor and fragrance might not be lost during its journey to England.

The tea being packed, some other coolies took it to the river-side to await the steamer which was to carry it down the Bramapootra to Calcutta, where at length it arrived safely, having suffered no damage on the way.

At Calcutta the chest containing my tea was taken on shore, and placed in charge of a merchant, and after having passed through different formalities and been handled by many men, it was placed on board a ship bound to England *viâ* Suez Canal. On landing in England other men were employed to unship the chest, and it was lodged in the dock warehouses. Afterward it was sold at a public auction by a tea broker to a wholesale grocer, who, having employed one of his clerks to pay the duty at the custom-house, sold it to a retail tradesman, who in his turn sold it to my servant. And thus my half-ounce of tea had assisted in procuring the means of existence and superfluities of life to the coolies and tea-packers in Assam, the sailors on the steamer on the Bramapootra, the different agencies and porters at Calcutta, the wages of the seamen on the ship which brought it to England, the profits of the tea brokers, wholesale and retail grocers in London, besides many other individuals, and was at length placed in my tea-pot at the small cost to me of one penny, the tea having been purchased of the grocer at three shillings a pound.

As I considered the tea to be now fully drawn, I proceeded to put the sugar in the cup. How much sugar shall I use? As I have a sweet tooth in my head, say an ounce and a half for my breakfast. This sugar was grown in the West Indies. The cane was afterward cut down, placed between rollers, the juice extracted from it and evaporated in boilers, and the evaporation being completed, the sugar deposited was placed in hogsheads and sent to Kingstown. A number of persons were there employed to place it in the hold of the ship, and the insurance was paid upon it. It was then landed in London and sent to the docks, many hands and much machinery being employed in doing so. From the docks it was taken to the sugar refiners, where it was made into loaf sugar, and afterward sold to the retail tradesman, who having cut it up in small pieces, it was bought by my servant, and placed on my breakfast-table ready for use. The sugar for my breakfast had contributed to pay the wages of the black

workmen in Jamaica and the profits of the planter, the loss by wear of his machinery, and the wages of the men who placed it on board the vessel. Then there were the wages of the sailors on its journey home, the wages of the dock-laborers, the profits of the sugar refiner, the profits of the retail grocer who sold it to me, and many other agencies, till at length it was placed on my breakfast-table at a cost of something less than a halfpenny, the retail price being sixpence a pound.

The milk is easily accounted for. Whatever the farmer's cost or trouble might have been, the milkmaid or boy or man who milked the cows at midnight or before daylight in the morning so that it might be ready for my breakfast, and the man who brought it to my house in the morning, certainly all did a vast amount of work for the small cost of one halfpenny. But, after all, it sunk into insignificance when compared with the wonders done by the pennies invested in the tea and sugar.

And now what else have I to account for in the expenditure of my shilling? There are two hot rolls on the table. I am somewhat undecided whether the flour they were made from was grown in England or the Western States of America, or whether it came from Odessa or some port in the Baltic. Let us say Odessa, as that will form about an average distance. The corn must have been grown in the Russian empire, and sent from Odessa to England by steamer, where it passed through different formalities, and many merchants' and tradesmen's hands, till the flour reached my baker. During the night his journeymen were employed in preparing the dough, so that the rolls might be taken from the oven and placed hot upon my table for breakfast. The flour which composed them had thus in its due proportion given employment to the farmer and his laborers in Russia, the merchants and their various staffs of officials and porters in Odessa, contributed to the shipowner's profits, the wages of the crew and many other persons in England, including the baker and his men, till at last it was placed on my table in the shape of two nice hot rolls for the sum of twopence.

And I now have to account for two pats of Brittany butter. I leave the reader to imagine the different processes they passed through from the time the cows were milked in France till the pats of butter were placed on my breakfast table. The cost, perhaps, of the two pats of butter would be only twopence, and yet the labor and intelligence of many scores of individuals had been brought into action to

procure it, each in his turn receiving some benefit from the small sum my servant had invested for me in that delicacy.

What else have I for my breakfast? There is a box of remarkably fine sardines open on the table, and a dish with a cover over it, from which escapes a certain odor, telling in the clearest manner that a Yarmouth bloater ready cooked is concealed there from my sight. I did not want more than one of the delicacies, but as I had yet a considerable balance of my shilling to invest, I took from the tin box a very fine sardine. The fish had been caught in the Mediterranean, then taken on shore, prepared in oil, and placed in a neatly-made tin box, which was filled up with oil, and the lid soldered down. It was then sold to a merchant, who exported it to London, where again it passed through many hands prior to its being placed on the plate before me; while I, like a beneficent *genius*, had called into play no end of industries and trades for the small charge of one half-penny; for on counting the contents of the box, for which I had paid one shilling, I found in it twenty-four fish.

I have now the herring to account for. To describe the various processes it had gone through since the fisherman had extracted it from his net till it was cooked and placed on my table would occupy too much space. Suffice it to say, if the herring had not called into action so many agencies as the sardine, benefits had accrued from it to many persons—so many, in fact, as almost to make me believe that in eating my breakfast, surrounded by every comfort, and thus judiciously investing my shilling, I was playing the part of an amiable and benevolent philanthropist, well deserving the gratitude of my species. The idea how much humanity was indebted to me for my philanthropy occupied my thoughts during the whole of my breakfast, and when I rose from the table, and seated myself in an easy-chair by the fire to enjoy my newspaper, I did so with that calm, placid feeling which we all experience after having done in secret a meritorious action. But a few moments afterward I had reason to believe that I had vastly underrated my benevolent and wonder-working powers. In fact, the investment of another penny of my shilling had produced marvels a thousand times greater than all the other sums I had mentioned put together.

I had taken from my table my newspaper—the *Daily News*. Through its means I had obtained copies of the telegraphic dispatches which arrived in the course of the night. They told me that the assassins of Generals Thomas and Lecomte had been condemned

to the death which, in my opinion, they so well deserved, and that several others had been pardoned; also another telegraphic dispatch from Lyons telling me the somewhat uninteresting fact that the Count de Chambord denies the rumor of his intention to abdicate. Several other dispatches from Paris I also receive, uninteresting to myself, and possibly so to the reader. From Berlin I receive a telegraphic dispatch of the night before, informing me, among other matters, that the Imperial chancellor was about to lay a final coinage law before the government during next session. From Rome also I receive telegraphic dispatches without anything particularly interesting in them. I have several also from Madrid which arrived the previous night, the most interesting among them notifying a proposal for the sale of Cuba. And then comes another dispatch from Coblenz, informing me that last night a powder magazine had been blown up, by which two or three persons were killed, and several wounded. From Washington also I had a copy of a telegraphic dispatch telling me the cotton crops were looking better, and also detailing the state of the New-York money-market. Then follow several admirably-written notices and reviews of different books, both American and English; letters from correspondents, more or less interesting; and several cleverly-written leading articles. The Court Circular, among other matters, gives me the information that the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod preached yesterday before her Majesty at Balmoral. Then I have all Saturday's police and law news, and as much other well-written literary matter as would suffice (in quantity) to fill a three-volume novel. And all this procured by the very judicious investment of another penny from my shilling.

Among other matters in the newspaper was the judgment in a lawsuit in which a favorite niece of mine, residing in Sydney, New South Wales, was interested. I immediately folded up the paper, and, having directed it to her, I invested another penny of my shilling in a postage-stamp, and then forwarded the paper to the post-office, from whence, through divers agencies, it will be carried fifteen thousand miles, and at length be placed safely in my niece's hands. Let me see now how my account stands:—Tea, 1 *d.*; milk $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; sardine, $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; bloater, 1 *d.*; bread, 2 *d.*; butter, 2 *d.*; paper, 1 *d.*; postage, 1 *d.*; total, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*

The reader will perceive that I had still a balance of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* in my favor. What shall I do with it? Shall I give it in charity, or save it, or put it to the cost of my next breakfast? At first I liked the idea

of charity investment ; but then I remembered the person to whom I might give it would be regular whining streets mendicants, nine-hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of whom are imposters, and thus my alms might do more harm than good. The idea of carrying it over to the account of my next morning's breakfast rather pleased me at first, from an economical point of view. If I adopted the same course five mornings consecutively, on the sixth I might obtain my breakfast gratuitously. Still, I did not feel satisfied with the arrangement. It was selfish to throw over the charity portion of the question in so unceremonious a manner, even though I could not close my eyes to the fact that penny almsgiving was a very injudicious application of "that most excellent gift." And then the idea struck me whether it would not be possible to put the 2½d. to such a profitable use as should not only pay me a great deal more than the value of one breakfast, but return me sufficient surplus to allow me to give a sovereign to the funds of the Scottish hospital in London, where I knew it would be judiciously distributed. I determined to make the attempt. I invested another halfpenny of my shilling in a postal card, and sent by it a message to the editor of *Good Words*, who, as the *Daily News* informed me, was then at Balmoral, asking if he would allow the narrative of "What I Did with a Shilling" to appear in the columns of *Good Words*. Having, by return of post, received a reply in the affirmative, I sent my servant with the 2d. balance still remaining in my hand to a stationer's, telling her to bring me back as many sheets of foolscap paper as she could get for the money. She returned with three, and I occupied the next two hours in writing out clearly for the press the manner in which I had invested my shilling.

I now took the article to *Good Words* office and shall receive for it as much as will, in all probability, supply me for a hundred days with sufficient funds for similar breakfasts to the one I have partaken of this morning, one hundred copies of the *Daily News*, giving me every morning the latest intelligence, including, when the house sits, voluminous parliamentary reports, collected by gentlemen of high education, brought to the printing-office perhaps at 1 A.M. after each debate had taken place, then set up in type, printed, and placed on my breakfast table, still damp from the press. After having read each paper I shall forward it to my niece in Sydney, a distance of fifteen thousand miles, making a continuous distance for the whole hundred papers carried of not less than one million five hundred thousand miles, or in other words more than fifty times the circumference of the world, while the

surplus expended in paper, and omitting the sardine at breakfast, will afford me a balance over equal to the sum I propose sending to the Scottish Hospital.

And now, gentle reader, tell me candidly if truth is not stranger than fiction? If you do not agree with me, then tell me any fairy tale you ever read which contained any thing more wonderful than "What I Did with a Shilling."—*Good Words*.

THE SCIENTIFIC CARVER.

A JERUSALEMITE went once on particular business, to a certain place in the country, where he was suddenly taken ill. Seeing himself on the point of death, he called the master of the house, begged him to take care of his property until the arrival of his son; and for fear of imposition, not to deliver it to him, unless he first performed three clever things as a proof of his wisdom. After the lapse of a considerable time, the son arrived at the place; knowing the name of the person with whom his father usually resided, but ignorant of the particular street in which he lived, he in vain endeavored to find it out, as the people refused to give him the desired information. Whilst thus embarrassed and perplexed how to proceed, he espied a person with a heavy load of wood on his shoulders. "How much for that wood?" asked the stranger. The man mentioned a certain sum. "Thou shalt have it," said the Hebrew: "go and carry to that man's house (mentioning the name of the person of whom he was in quest), I will follow thee." The man did as he was desired. Arriving at the house, the carrier put down his load. "What is all this?" said the master of the house; "I have not ordered any wood." "True," said the carrier; "but the person behind me has." In the mean time the stranger arrived, informed the master who he was, adding, as no one would acquaint him with the place of his abode, he contrived this stratagem in order to discover it. "Thou art a clever fellow indeed," said the host, bade him enter, and insisted on his staying with him till the next day. The offer was thankfully accepted. Dinner was prepared; the cloth laid. The company, consisting of the master, his wife, two daughters, two sons, and the stranger, were seated; and the servant brought a dish containing five chickens, which was placed upon the table. "Now," said the host to his visitor, "be so kind and carve." The latter begged at first to be excused, but at last complied; and executed the office in the following manner:

—One of the chickens he divided between the master and his wife ; another between the two daughters ; the third between the two sons, and the remaining two he took for his own share. “ A very strange way of carving this ! My visitor must needs be a great glutton,” thought the master within himself, but said nothing. The afternoon and evening were passed in various amusements, and when supper-time arrived, a very fine capon was placed upon table. “ Thou hast performed the honors of the table so well this day,” said the kind host to his visitor, “ that I must request thee to carve again.” Our visitor took the capon before him, cut off its head, and placed it before the master ; the inward part he gave to the mistress of the house ; to the two daughters he gave each a wing ; to the two sons a leg each ; and kept the whole remainder to himself. “ Upon my word,” said the master, “ this is too bad ; I thought thy manner of carving at dinner very strange, but this is still more extraordinary. Pray is this the way they carve at Jerusalem ?” “ Have patience, until I explain myself, and my conduct may perhaps not appear quite so strange,” replied the visitor : “ At dinner, five chickens were placed before me ; these were to be divided amongst seven persons. As I could not perform the operation with mathematical exactness, I thought it best to do it arithmetically. Now thou, thy wife, and one chicken, made up the number *three* ; thy two daughters and a chicken made another *three* ; thy two sons and a chicken made again *three*. To make up the last number I was compelled to take the remaining chickens to myself ; for two chickens and thy humble servant made again *three*. Thus have I solved this difficult problem.” “ Thou art an excellent arithmetician, but a bad carver,” said the master ; “ but proceed.” The stranger continued : “ In my carving in the evening, I proceeded according to the nature of things. The head being the principal part of the body ; I therefore gave it thee, since thou art the head of the family. To thy wife I gave the inward part as a sign of her fruitfulness. Thy two sons are the two pillars of thy house ; the legs which are the supporters of the animal, were therefore their proper portion. Thy daughters are marriageable, and I know thou wishest to see them well settled, I therefore gave them *wings*, that they may the sooner fly abroad. As for myself I came in a boat, and intend to return in a boat ; I therefore took that part which most resembles it.”—“ Very well done,” said his kind host ; “ I am satisfied thou art the true son of my departed friend. Here is thy property ; now go and prosper.”

MEDRASH ECHOH.

Editorial Department.

THE CHARGES AGAINST THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

THE editorial in the last issue respecting the Hebrew Orphan Asylum has given rise to so much discussion, and the motives for its publication have either purposely or unintentionally been so misinterpreted, that we deem it right to call the attention of our readers once more to the original article and to the position we then assumed, and still maintain in the controversy. The charges, which were made entirely against the internal management and not against the Board of Directors, or any of its officers, were, first, that the religious training of the children was greatly neglected, and, secondly, that the food furnished the mechanics of the Industrial School was such as to justify general discontent. It is perhaps hardly necessary to assert that we were not influenced by any captious spirit, nor had any other intention save that of benefiting the inmates of the Asylum, and causing the removal of a reproach from a noble institution whose welfare we have much at heart. Since the close of last year, we have been one of the largest patrons of the Industrial School, inasmuch as we then entered into a contract for the composition, printing, and binding of the *NEW ERA* for a space of two years. This contract, which has been faithfully fulfilled on our part, was the means of bringing us into very close intimacy with the Asylum, and of strengthening the regard we always entertained for it. It was with no slight regret, therefore, that we learnt of the abuses in the internal management, a part of which only we have as yet revealed.

Months ago, "the vague rumors," as the *Jewish Messenger* terms them, had been communicated to us, not as rumors but as facts, of which our informants had ample and positive knowledge. Although believing that the information received was entirely truthful, and that it was our duty to bring the matter at once to the notice of the public, we preferred to give the Directors ample time to act without any interference from the press. We knew that "urgent private and kindly public suggestions" had been made to them on many occasions, and we were confident that their own good sense and feeling of right and justice, no less than the warm interest which they

have always taken in the institute, would induce them to promptly apply proper remedies. Serious as were the abuses, had a desire been shown to correct them even in process of time, ours would have been the last voice in the world to be raised against the management, not only because of the unpleasantness of the task itself, but because of those feelings of esteem and respect which we entertain for the directors, individually and collectively.

When, however, we saw that the abuses instead of becoming less were daily being augmented, and when moreover the general discontent had already assumed the form of a public complaint, we did what we have always done in our past career: we discarded all private or personal considerations and listened only to the call of duty. With us that call is too sacred to be disobeyed, and when our own conscience sincerely tells us that the call is rightfully made, we do not permit private feelings or thoughts of self-interest to impede our action. From this stand-point we have acted. But even then, before a single word of the last editorial was written, we visited the Asylum, to be convinced whether or not the statements of our authorities had been exaggerated. The result of that investigation we partly communicated to our readers, and in so doing we were especially careful to blame no individual, to cast no insinuations on any officer or member of the Board of Directors, but to state merely some of the facts, hoping that a proper examination would be at once made by the Board, and that the difficulties would be all quickly and amicably arranged. That this much desirable end has not yet been attained is due entirely to the strange action which the Directors have seen fit to take.

Before commenting on this, however, we call attention to the original charges which we now most emphatically reaffirm. We charged that of the 173 boys and girls, not one was able to recite correctly the ten commandments in English, much less in Hebrew; that on the subject of Biblical history a lamentable ignorance was exhibited; that, according to the Superintendent's own admission, the senior class of boys only had been instructed in the book of Genesis, and in no other part of the Bible, and that even this we were unable to discover from the examination; that no night-prayers were taught, and that, with the exception of a few little boys who had learnt a prayer from their mothers, there was not one child who was accustomed to say the shortest or simplest prayer before retiring to rest. We charged also, upon reliable information, that the mechanics of the Industrial School did not receive that substantial food, nor that change

of diet which, as hard-working youths, they required, and that in consequence thereof they were constantly grumbling. The complaint of the want of religious training did not apply to the Industrial School, neither did the charge of improper diet include the general Asylum. The remarks on the latter head were confined exclusively to the food given the 29 apprentices, who, from their ages and the nature of the work they performed, required a better table than that which was provided for them. We now beg our readers to draw a marked distinction between time past and time present. We do not charge that at this present moment the children cannot say their commandments, night-prayers, etc., or that the apprentices are not properly fed; but we do charge that at the time of our visit, the condition of things was exactly as our informers stated them, and as we found them to be. To assert that the children can pass an examination to-day in the branches above mentioned, or that a most luxurious table is set for the apprentices, is no reply to our charges, and in no way does it disprove them, but on the contrary only demonstrates that some good has already been accomplished by our article.

As to the religious conduct of the Asylum, the *Jewish Messenger*, in its issue of September 18th, indorses editorially our strictures, and says frankly that "the Directors have only themselves to blame for the fact being communicated to the press," as they "have not heeded" those "urgent private and kindly public suggestions" which were made "at and since the last annual meeting." A still stronger indorsement is to be found in the *American Israelite* of October 2d, wherein the New York correspondent of that paper, in giving an account of the present trouble, says: "This indeed is not the first time that the religious education of the orphans has been called into question. At the last exhibition, complaints were made that nothing denoted that the Orphan Asylum sheltered Jewish orphans or was supported by Jews." It is therefore evident that this grievance has been of long standing, and that repeated efforts have been made to get it remedied, but without success. Doubtless many of these complaints related to ceremonial observances and other trifling matters which, to our mind, are unimportant except in so far as the rights of those members are concerned whose principles are orthodox. To reformers it matters little whether or not the boys cover their heads at prayer, put on *tephilin*, or wear *tsitsis*, and as for the prayer-book, the majority of persons will consider the ritual of the Temple Emanuel a very desirable form and quite worthy of adoption. We therefore

should never have thought of finding fault because of any departure from orthodox custom in such cases; but between trifles like these and the broad, sound, fundamental principles of Judaism there is a wide difference. Consistently and conscientiously opposed as we are to everything which partakes of the slightest bigotry or superstition, we do not believe that it is actually necessary to uproot Judaism entirely in order to become a true reformer. For several years we have been identified with the reform movement in America; we have labored sincerely and zealously for its advancement, and hope to continue to do so; we are personally acquainted with the prominent rabbis, teachers, and men of influence in the reform school; but we have never yet heard it said that it is unnecessary for children to learn the commandments, say their prayers, or be familiar with Biblical history and the principles of Judaism. If therefore the utter want of religious training in the Asylum is supposed to be an outgrowth of the reform movement, the sooner reformers repudiate it as such, the better it will be for their own cause and for the Asylum.

In reference to the second charge, we have only to say that it was made principally upon information which we believed then and believe still to be entirely trustworthy. For nearly a year, constant complaints have reached us of the pooriness of the table provided for the Industrial School. The general dissatisfaction prevailing among the mechanics has often been a matter of personal observation, and from what we saw of the meals on the day of our visit, there certainly was just cause for complaint. We do not believe that it was the intention of the Directors to stint the supplies or purposely to provide inferior articles, but we do think that on many occasions the food was inferior in quality, and that even what was good was invariably spoiled and rendered unfit by the cooking. Indeed the sole cause of complaint seemed to be, not that the apprentices did not have enough to eat, but that what they had was not sufficiently substantial, and was moreover constantly prepared in the same distasteful way. The meals described in our last issue were exactly as they were on the day of our visit; that this was the everyday diet we were honestly assured, and upon such information we based the charge. Further comment on this subject is entirely unnecessary.

It must have been evident to every unprejudiced reader of the last editorial that our charges were made, as we have stated repeatedly, strictly against the *internal* management, and not against the Directors or other honorary officers of the Society. By the term "*internal management*," we have always alluded to those who hold official

positions within the walls of the Asylum, and who are necessarily responsible for its internal regulations and conduct. It was not our place as a journalist to designate any individual as the cause of all the wrongs we revealed. Our duty was fulfilled when we pointed out grave abuses in the working of a public institution, and it then became the province of the Directors to investigate our charges, ascertain who was at fault, forthwith apply the remedy, and correct the abuses. Had they done so, the matter would have ended quietly and speedily, much good would have been accomplished, and the public would have been spared all the noise and fuss which have since been made. Instead of this, they immediately misconstrued the article into a personal attack on themselves, and especially on the worthy gentleman who presides at their Board. Acting upon this erroneous idea, they unwisely permitted angry feelings to usurp the place of their good judgment so far as to make them forget, not only the justice, but even the courtesy to which we were entitled. It is this action on their part which has given a publicity to the abuses which we never contemplated and which we truly regret. Our readers will see, however, that when our charges have been pronounced "false and malicious," and our motives have been impugned, the matter assumes a very serious nature, and we are forced to continue its further discussion, not only in order that the abuses shall be corrected, but in common justice to our own character and the reputation of this magazine.

That the public may have the opportunity of judging impartially of the merits of the case, we place before them the following set of resolutions, which were published in some of the daily and Jewish papers of this city:

Whereas, The Trustees of this institution have read with the utmost surprise an article in the *New Era* for October, and republished in the *New York Times* of the 13th inst., reflecting unfavorably upon the management of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum—therefore

Resolved, That this Board consider the charges therein contained, false and malicious, and instigated by motives not to promote the welfare of the institution, but to gratify private animosity and malice against the chief officer of this Society.

Resolved, That in order to enable the community to judge of the truth or falsity of said charges, a committee be appointed, consisting of ten members, outside of this Board, in conjunction with the "Board of Governors," the "School Committee," and "Committee on Industrial School," to investigate such charges and report fully thereon with all convenient speed.

The glaring inconsistency of the above resolutions must be evident at first sight, for if our charges are really "false and malicious," etc., what necessity is there for the appointment of an investigating com-

mittee to judge of their "truth or falsity?" If, on the other hand, the Directors considered the charges serious enough to warrant the appointment of an investigating committee, why not have waited until that committee had investigated and reported, before pronouncing them "false and malicious?" Without entering at present upon any lengthy criticism on these resolutions, we refer our readers to the letter published by us in the *Hebrew Leader* of October 2d, and which is reproduced at the close of this article. We also desire to call attention to the fact that the Directors, though considering themselves impeached, yet gravely decided that the charges were to be investigated by a committee made up of ten gentleman of their *own appointment* outside of the Board, in conjunction with *three committees of their own Board*, which three committees consisted of thirteen Directors, thus giving themselves at once a majority at that investigation which was to judge of the "truth or falsity" of the charges, *after* they had already been pronounced "false and malicious." This part of the programme has, however, been very materially altered, for the ten gentleman outside of the Board have very properly and justly undertaken to investigate the matter without the aid of the three committees. We only allude to this, to show how hasty and inconsiderate has been the entire action of the Directors. Whatever may now be the result of this investigation, we wish it perfectly understood, that we are in no way responsible for its appointment. Our charges were preferred against the *internal management*, not against the Directors, hence the proper parties to have investigated them should have been the Directors themselves. By their own action, therefore, and not by ours, has the matter assumed its present form. Our position, however, remains unchanged, except in so far that we are now bound by every sense of honor and justice to substantiate all our charges, which we feel fully able to do before any fair and impartial tribunal. The proceedings of the Investigating Committee will be watched with no little anxiety, for by its action and the spirit in which the inquiry is conducted, our future course will be governed. A just and impartial verdict is what we shall expect and demand, and we feel sure that nothing less than this will be accepted by the public. Let us hope, therefore, that the gentlemen who compose that committee will faithfully do their duty, and show that they have no desire to protect wrong and error at the expense of honest, sincere, and well-meant truth.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR TO THE
"HEBREW LEADER."

OFFICE OF THE NEW ERA,
67 & 69 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK, }
September 30, 1874.

To the Editors of the Hebrew Leader :

DEAR SIRS: The importance of the controversy now pending between the Hebrew Orphan Asylum and the NEW ERA induces me to anticipate the regular issue of my own magazine, and to claim from you the editorial courtesy of your columns to enable me at once to repel the unjust imputation which the Directors of the Asylum have seen fit to cast on my character.

In publishing the charges against the internal management of the Asylum I was influenced solely by a sense of right and justice. I claim that it is especially the duty as well as the privilege of a journalist to point out the existence of grave abuses in the working of a great public institution, and to use every legitimate means at his command to correct them.

I had no personal ends to gain, no private animosities to gratify, no selfish desires to accomplish. Although for several months past I have been in possession of all the facts which I have only recently divulged, and of many more which I have not yet revealed, I maintained the strictest silence, hoping and believing that the good sense of the Directors would prompt them to give proper attention to the repeated urgent solicitations which were made privately in certain quarters, and it was only when I found that the evils were being daily augmented instead of lessened, that my love for the institute and my ardent desire to promote its welfare compelled me to adopt the severer course of bringing the matter to the notice of the public.

I most emphatically deny having had at any time feelings of animosity or malice against any member of the Board. To insinuate that I was influenced by political reasons is ridiculous in the extreme. That the *New York Times* saw fit to reproduce the greater portion of my article, and to use it as a weapon against an officer of the Society, was an incident which I could not foresee. Its deductions and comments were entirely its own for which I cannot be responsible. I much regret that the *Times* so used my article, for I do not consider that any greater blame is to be attached to "the chief officer" in the matter of the Asylum, than to any other of the Directors, and as far as my strictures were concerned, they applied exclusively to the *internal* management, of the faults of which, perhaps, the Directors were not fully aware. Had the gentlemen of the Board met me

in a fair and honorable spirit, I could easily have convinced them of the truth of my charges, and of the purity of my motives. Instead of this, they have permitted angry feelings so to warp their good judgment as to make them commit the glaring inconsistency of *first* pronouncing my charges "false and malicious," and *then* appointing an investigating committee to judge of their "truth or falsity." Unless the proceedings of this committee are fair to both parties, it cannot be expected that I will accept its decision as a settlement of the difficulty; for knowing the honest truth of all my charges, and being fully able to prove them before a just tribunal, I am determined to completely vindicate my own character before the public. I trust, however, that I shall not be forced to adopt this course. All that I demand is my own complete vindication, and the correction of the abuses I mentioned. If this can be accomplished by the investigation, I will cheerfully abide the result; but if not, I shall seek elsewhere for that justice to which I feel I am entitled. I am,

Yours respectfully,

RAPHAEL D'C. LEWIN,

Editor of *The New Era*.

THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM HEBREWS.

ON Thursday evening, October 29th, an entertainment for the benefit of the above charity will take place at Terrace Garden Theatre, in 58th street, between Third and Lexington avenues, and will consist of a dramatic performance by the "Germania Theatre Company," under the direction of A. Neuendorff, Esq., to be followed by dancing. It is not often that the managers of this charity come before the public for assistance, and the institution certainly deserves to be well patronized. The Home is located at 822 Lexington avenue, corner of 63d street, and supports 45 inmates, besides providing poor Jewish women in confinement with physician, clothing, and other necessary comforts. The ages of the inmates (of whom about 30 are females and the remainder are males) range between 70 and 99 years. This society was instituted and is managed exclusively by ladies. It is hoped, therefore, that all classes of the community will assist those noble-hearted sisters in their laudable undertaking. We are certain that any of our readers who will spare the time to visit the institution will be amply repaid for their trouble. The officers are: Mrs. P. J. Joachimsen, President; Mrs. L. Bamberger, Vice-President; Mrs. Z. Bernstein, Treasurer; Dr. S. N. Leo, Secretary and Physician, and the following Directresses: Mrs. J. L. Phillips, Mrs. S. Wolf, Mrs. I. Jacobs, Mrs. C. Schlessinger, Mrs. J. Loth, and Mrs. C. Lippmann. Tickets for the above-mentioned entertainment can be obtained from any of these ladies.

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 12.

FREEMASONRY, JUDAISM, AND CHRISTIANITY.

By D. E. DE LARA.

(Continued from page 527.)

It has been seen what Freemasonry really is; or, rather, what I conceive it to be; and what are its teachings. We will now endeavor to ascertain, or rather inquire, what is Judaism; and subsequently also, what is Christianity. I am aware that I am entering the thorny path of theology. I do so reluctantly, but I see no other before me, and I believe it will lead to the temple of truth perceived in the distance, and I must endeavor to reach *that*. It is well worth to make an effort, and disregard the difficulties in the way.

In these times, when, and in Christian lands* where fidelity by the Jews to the observance of the laws of Moses is unhappily the exception, not the rule;† when and where Judaism is almost reduced to Deism, albeit coupled with the Abrahamic covenant and intermarriage; when and where even marriages with non-Israelites, though of rare occurrence, and the omission of the Abrahamic covenant consequent thereon, are not only lightly spoken of, but (though very exceptionally even then) defended, by some ultra liberal Israelites of the new school;‡ when and where Jews—however rarely—receive the contaminating water of baptism, not, as in times past, by compulsion, through the fear of death and torture, but voluntarily and

* In countries not under Christian rule, where the Jews are generally oppressed, as well as in Christian lands, where they are so likewise, the Jews are faithful to the religion of their fathers.

† It is here necessary to state that we do not agree with many of the views expressed in this article by our learned contributor.—ED. NEW ERA.

‡ I, as one of the old orthodox school, cannot but condemn mixed marriages as sinful, impolitic, and pernicious. Nor are they, as far as I am aware, countenanced by the "Reform" party.

from sordid motives only ; * when and where apostates, not satisfied with forswearing God and forsaking truth, honor, and rectitude, endeavor insidiously to instil into the minds of Hebrew youth religious and moral poison ; when and where Judaism—a unit, as the divine source from which it sprang is unity—a unit under oppression, is under the ægis of religious liberty split into fractional parts ; † when and where the wisdom and learning of the sages of Israel are spoken of with the sneer of contempt, and the exemplary lives of the faithful and conscientious ‡ are cited as evidences of fanaticism and mental darkness ; lastly, in these times and in Christian lands, where and whilst in the enjoyment of protection, § few care to cast a look behind on the scenes of suffering through which Israel has passed for the sake of their union and in the cause of God, the question “ What is Judaism ? ” may not be out of season or out of place. Let me make that inquiry. Let me endeavor, not to *answer* the question, but to

* There never has been, never will be, because there never by any possibility *can* be, one single *sincere* convert from Judaism to what is called Christianity, unless he be a person of unsound mind.

† Let not the orthodox deny the name of Israelites to the “ reformed ” Jews, so long as the latter acknowledge the divine origin of the Mosaic laws ; they can conscientiously join them in the confession, שְׂמֵךְ יִשְׂרָאֵל, etc., all are in the fullest sense brethren ; though, however passionately fond of music, the orthodox detest the sight and sound of the organ in Jewish places of worship, and though appreciating a cool head, equally detest the spectacle of uncovered heads in a place dedicated to the worship of Israel's God.

‡ When in 1492 the Jews were banished from Spain, some of the exiles embarked for Fez in Morocco. The inhabitants refused to admit them, lest such an addition to the population should raise the price of provisions which had already begun to be scarce. The unhappy exiles were, however, furnished with tents, which they erected in the open fields. They had no other food but roots and grass, and even the latter was scarce, owing to the long-continued drought. Many fell victims to such a diet, and were left unburied, the survivors not having strength sufficient to dig a grave. “ As a proof,” says the historian (“ Shebeth Jehudah ”), “ of the constancy of these sufferers in the faith of their fathers, on the Sabbath day they laid themselves flat on their faces, and bit the grass with their teeth like cattle, lest by cutting or tearing it out with their hands, they should violate the Sabbath.” Were these men to arise and visit our cities on the Sabbath, how they would stare ! We cannot but condemn such acts of fanaticism, yet they prove that, under persecution, Israel remained a unit ; whenever free and unmolested, it split into religious factions.

§ The weaker, with an act of accusation held suspended over his head during eighteen hundred years by the stronger, however innocent, however righteous his cause, is in reality only tolerated, only protected ; the more powerful, especially when believing himself in the right, *can* at any time withdraw his protection. The same power that enacts a law to-day, can abrogate it to-morrow. Did not in Spain the Church make its cause the cause of God ? And did not princes and people bend the knee and obey ? And now there is Roumania.

state my views on the subject—for on this as upon that of Freemasonry I am open to correction.

Of every religion that has ever arisen, those who professed it have sooner or later split into sects. Those who remained faithful to the original creed claimed the title of orthodox; the seceders were branded by them as schismatics or heretics, and the latter returned the compliment with interest, by bestowing upon the former the name of corruptors. Jews are no exception to this rule. Thus we find them, in the middle ages of their politically independent existence, divided into Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes, etc.; at a later date, we have the Cabbalists, Chasidim, Caraites, etc. After their dispersion, persecution, as it always does, restored union, and the different sects became amalgamated into *rabbinical* Jews, which remained triumphant since 1176. The kernel, the soul of Judaism remained the Mosaic dispensation and the moral teachings of the Prophets. When persecution ceased, division revived, and now we have what is called orthodox, and what is called reformed Judaism. We will, however, endeavor to ascertain what Judaism is; or, at least, what is its spirit. It may perhaps be well, in the first place, to state what Judaism is *not*.

Theology teaches belief to be both a duty and a merit, yet common sense will tell us that it cannot be either one or the other, simply because belief is not an act of volition. If you or I do not believe in the story of Mohammed's celestial trip, or in Paul's assertion of having been "caught up into Paradise" (whether in the body or out of the body he does not know) "and heard *unspeakable* words which it is not lawful for a man to utter,"* it is because we *cannot* believe either Paul or Mohammed, equally truthful no doubt! Should you or I violate a duty, the performance of which is beyond our control? Why should it be considered a *sin* in a rational being to believe in the story of Leda and the cunning Jupiter metamorphosed into a swan; and a *duty* to believe in that of Mary and the handsome and seductive angel Gabriel metamorphosed into a spirit? Yet for treating all such absurd tales with the contempt they deserve, the devout Moslem curses you and me for unbelieving dogs, and the devout Christian will make you and me believe that we are blind, "*willfully*" (!) blind.

In what passage of the Mosaic or the prophetic writings is the absurdity to be found of *commanding* belief in any of the marvelous

* 2 Corinth. xii. 4.

or miraculous, or even in the purely historical parts of their writings? In not one. If I believe the relation of the historian or the prediction of the prophet, I do so because I trust in the veracity of the one and the far-sightedness of the other; when, however, my reason revolts at the recital of things which are or appear to me incredible or impossible, I cannot be held responsible for my unbelief. Is it reasonable to blame or condemn me for disbelieving that water can be changed into wine; that man can walk upon the waves of the sea; that the hunger of five thousand men can be appeased by distributing amongst them a dozen sprats and half a score of potatoes? Or that a whole legion of devils (whatever such animals may be) can inhabit a man's body and play at hide and seek with a regiment of pigs? Or that two unborn babes should dance a polka when their respective mothers meet to have a confidential gossip about matters that should be carefully concealed from jealous or justly suspicious husbands?

Now, Judaism is not a religion founded upon belief at all. Suppose I did not believe that Jonah passed three days within the body of a fish; that Samson caught three hundred foxes and tied their tails together; that Balaam's ass lectured its rider; that Lot's wife was changed into a pillar of salt because she liked to have a look at a city in flames; that Elijah ascended bodily and alive into heaven in a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire; that Aaron's staff was changed into a serpent and swallowed all its fellow-serpents; that Elisha parted the water of a river with his cloak, and crossed dryshod. Suppose I did not believe, because it might not be within my power to believe, in interviews and conversations between cunning serpents and unsophisticated country girls; or that, with a very highly distinguished and not less popular orthodox Christian minister, I believed that the story of the garden of Eden was a parable; suppose I did not believe that the world was made in six days; suppose I did not believe in any part of the pre-Abrahamic period of biblical history at all—can I help it; and, moreover, am I not an Israelite?

On the other hand, suppose I believe that at the command of Joshua the sun and moon were arrested in their course—a circumstance that could not have happened without disturbing the harmony of the universe and producing an earthquake that would have shattered the world into fragments, and which therefore never did happen, although it be found written in the Bible. Would a mere belief in any or even in all such marvels be accounted a merit? And again, would a belief therein constitute me an Israelite? By no means. Suppose

also I believed *all* that is recorded in Scripture of a marvelous character, but at the same time disregarded the duties of humanity, of philanthropy, and made up by belief for the lack of rectitude, should I be an Israelite? Indeed not!

Nor is Judaism a religion based upon dogmas or doctrines; with one single exception—the dogma of the unipersonality and eternity of the Godhead. Of this more hereafter.

Suppose I did not—because I could not—believe that a body, after being consumed by worms, or eaten by the fishes, or dissolved into the nourishing particles of vegetable life, or into the elements, or burnt to ashes by cremation, will, after thousands of millions of centuries, at the end of the world—if ever it come to an end—be restored to life and identity. Suppose I disbelieve entirely this dogma,* which is inferior in insanity only to that of the tripersonality of one Godhead, the miraculous conception, or the transformation of a bit of baker's dough into the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth or even into the body—muscles, bones, blood, and all—of a full-grown man who died two thousand years ago—a dogma so grossly revolting to common sense, to experience, and to the laws of nature, that, in order to obtain credence for it, it was necessary to invent fabulous stories of men actually having risen from the grave. Suppose I do not believe, because it is not within my power to believe, in that monstrous theological compound of folly, injustice, and cruelty—the damnation of the human race, because a young woman had taken a bite of an apple, and which dogma has served as a foundation for the establishment of another not less foolish, unjust, and cruel scheme—that of the redemption—suppose I believe nothing of all that, provided I do my duty toward God and man, acting in accordance with and in obedience to God's law, am I not still an Israelite? Here

* A worthy bishop of the Anglican Church recently preached a sermon against cremation, on the ground that it would defeat the resurrection of the body; as if it were not as great a miracle to restore to life and identity a person who was buried tens of centuries ago, as one who was burnt to a handful of ashes yesterday. What, I would ask the pious prelate, is to become of his Protestant ancestors that were actually burnt to ashes. Can *they* never rise again?

"The Rev. T. A. Goodwin, a Methodist minister of Indianapolis, is charged with heresy in maintaining that there is no resurrection of the material body of a dead man, and that the second coming of Christ and the last judgment are not physical events to take place in the material world, but spiritual events. Mr. Goodwin is to be tried by the Fourth District Conference. The question of a material resurrection has long been quietly agitating the Methodist Church, the great majority of Methodists being in favor of a strictly physical rising of the dead." Of course they are!

we perceive at once the immense difference between Judaism and Christianity.

Archdeacon Pailey observes that Christianity and Judaism have very little in common ; that the two religions are entirely independent of each other. This is strictly true as applied to popular Christianity, that of the schools. The difference is pointed out in a striking manner by the author of the Gospel of "John," who distinctly states that "the law was given by Moses, but that grace and truth came by Jesus Christ ;" *ergo*, neither grace nor truth came by Moses. Here is an absolute contrariety of character. Again, among many other things asserted by the same writer to have been said by Jesus, and which most probably he never did say, are the following : "All that ever came before me have been thieves and murderers." (John x. 8, Luther's translation.) The difference between the two religions appears conspicuously when faith or belief and duty are in question. Judaism, as has been shown, is not founded on belief in dogmas at all, but upon duty ; Christianity—the Christianity of the churches—makes belief not only its foundation, but its all in all. For though they most heartily damn and condemn one another, the churches all agree in making belief in the absurd, the impossible, the false—in making such belief the alpha and omega of duty and merit, the only means of what they call "salvation," whatever that may be. Hear what *evangelical* Christianity teaches.

- Mr. Spurgeon recently addressed his congregation in these words : "O sirs ! Believe me ! Could you roll all sins into one ; could you take murder and blasphemy and lust, adultery, and fornication, and everything that is vile, and unite them all into one vast globe of black corruption, they would not equal even then the sin of *unbelief*. This is the monarch sin, the quintessence of guilt, the mixture of the venom of all crime, the dregs of the wine of Gomorrah ; it is the *A 1 sin*, the masterpiece of Satan, the chief work of the devil."

This is a quotation from a sermon, not preached in the dark ages, but from one preached but yesterday. They are not the words of the indulgence-peddler Texel, but of one of the most eminent and most popular orthodox Protestant preachers in London ; not the teachings of the Church of Rome alone—the Church condemned by orthodox Protestantism as "a system engendered in hell, and vomited forth upon earth by Satan, to become the bane and curse of mankind."*

* The very words pronounced from the pulpit, within my hearing, by a very eminent evangelical minister of the Church of England.

They are the teachings of that very Protestantism; they are, in fact, the very pith and marrow of orthodox Protestant "evangelical," as well as Roman Catholic Christianity.

Happily the teachings of the churches are confined to not above one-fourth of the human race; but for this, and the vastly spreading unbelief going hand in hand with civilization, this world would long since have been changed into a pandemonium.

Judaism is not a religion founded upon inspiration. The truthful historian needs it not, because inspiration cannot render truth more true. To the untruthful historian, inspiration is useless, for it can neither change fiction into fact, nor folly into wisdom. Inspiration is a plea and a plaster for the incredible. Not one of the historians, either in the Old or New Testament, lays claims to inspiration. It has been claimed *for* them, but not by them.

What then *is* Judaism?

Judaism appears to me to consist in the acknowledgment of one unipersonal, omnipotent, omniscient, and beneficent eternal Creator, Preserver and Disposer of all; the Jehovah of the Pentateuch; coupled with the obedience to and observance of the Mosaic laws, such obedience being *founded upon their divine origin*. It teaches the love of God and the love of our neighbor, and requires the Israelite to do as he wishes to be done unto.

The observance of the Mosaic law, *founded upon its divine origin* and authority, is inseparable from Judaism. Indeed it is an integral part thereof. If you throw this aside, Judaism resolves itself into Deism, the laws become mere political and social institutes which you may observe or neglect or reject, as you either approve or disapprove of them; or as they either promote or interfere with your interests, your inclinations, or convenience; and the divine legislator is reduced to the level of Solon or Mohammed.

A belief in the divine unity, in the divine origin of the Mosaic laws, in the obligatory character of these laws, does not, however, imply a belief in the marvelously historical, which does not form part and parcel of Judaism, however true, and however sincere the Israelite's belief in its truth may be. The orthodox Jews believe in perfect accordance with the Scripture record; that the Mosaic laws were literally communicated, dictated to Moses; that the decalogue was "written with the finger of God;" that Moses received the laws from God; that he did speak to and was spoken to by God; that all this statement is to be understood in a literal sense; that there is no equivoca-

tion about it; that it requires no explanation, no interpretation, no comment. Now this biblical statement is either true or false. If true, it should be admitted by the so-called reformed Jews as it is by the so-called orthodox. If false, and as such denied, let it be denied openly and in a straightforward manner; and let the belief be expressed that Moses acted in the manner other legislators—for instance, Numa—acted; that is to say, that he *pretended* to have received the laws which he gave to his people, from God, in order to insure their veneration for them and their observance. The reformed, without directly denying their belief in the account *as given* in the Pentateuch, assert that Moses received his laws by inspiration—in a sort of trance or ecstasy. I cannot attach any other meaning to the following passages in the “נר ומיר” of the learned, upright, and highly to be honored Dr. Einhorn.

“Moses . . . vernahm Gottes Wort in so klarer Rede, dass dessen Inhalt sofort lebendig im Bilde vor seinen Augen stand. Seine Offenbarungen wurden auf der lichten Höhe des Geistes empfangen und nahmen erst von hier aus den Weg, ergreifend, zündend und gestaltend in das Gebiet der Sinnlichkeit” (p. 15).

There seems to be no warrant for such an interpretation of the account as given in Scripture. The mind that can admit such an ecstatic state might, I think, as readily admit the fact of the direct literal, not indirect or figurative delivery of the laws by God to Moses.

Whether the orthodox or reformed believer be in error, is what I have neither the right nor the wish to decide; nor would it, I think, be becoming in me even to obtrude my own humble opinion on the subject.

Judaism is a religion of *duty*. It is founded upon law, positive, imperative, direct, clear, intelligible, and admitted by *all* professed believers in revelation—whatever be the religion they profess—to be of divine origin. “This thou *shalt do*,” “that thou *shalt not do*,” is the explicit language employed by the legislator.

In the Mosaic dispensation there is nothing “spiritual,” nothing doctrinal, nothing dogmatic. No claim is set up for inspiration; no belief is demanded in behalf of even the simply, purely historical parts of the Mosaic writing. The author of the Pentateuch was too wise and too just to demand what has been shown elsewhere not to be within the power of the human intellect to grant at will. The laws of Moses are all political and civil institutes, not even excepting the na-

tional festivals and the sacrificial enactments. The latter were probably instituted not merely in accordance with the spirit of the times of antiquity, but, as appears from the peculiar provisions respecting the condition of the animals offered as victims for sacrifice, etc., with a view to encourage agriculture. The laws may be classified under four heads: laws of health, morality, of humanity, and of general and municipal government. The laws of the decalogue were within the same category, with the exception of that prohibiting idolatry or polytheism, and the institution of the Sabbath. The laws of the decalogue were established among the Egyptians, and had been so for centuries, as appears from the history of Joseph. Even the institution of the Sabbath had a political object. The form of government established by Moses, though a theocracy from a religious point of view, was politically democratic, or at least republican,* or intended to be such in future. Now it is but reasonable to suppose that many contingencies must arise, and that almost constantly, as they do in all large communities, in which the laws, as we find them, have not provided, and cannot always provide. The Jewish republic was small, and it is but natural to suppose that the people met from time to time, and were expected and indeed required to do so, in order to consult on their common interests. For this purpose, one day in seven was to be set aside. On that day they were to meet and fraternize by taking their meals in common.† Hence the prohibition to kindle fire in their habitations.

That such must have been the legislator's object in instituting the Sabbath may reasonably be inferred from the whole character of his legislation. He whose laws are all utilitarian, cannot have required the people to waste in absolute idleness one day in every seven. But there is presumptive evidence in support of the correctness of this view of the subject. We find that a man was sentenced to be stoned to death by the whole congregation, for gathering sticks on the Sabbath. No one can deny that, *prima facie*, for such an offense the punishment was excessively severe—nay, it was cruel. But if we consider that that man cared so little for the interest of the common weal as to absent himself from the assembly, and even considered his trifling private interest—of obtaining a few sticks—superior to the general interests of the state, the severity of the punishment will be accounted

* It is not necessary to point out the difference between a republic and a democracy; the former is not necessarily a democracy. Genoa, Venice, Holland, etc., were republics, but not democracies.

† So did the ancient Spartans.

for. *He was a worthless citizen*, and such citizens the commonwealth had better do without.*

It has been said, and with truth, that all ancient religions were state religions; the Mosaic is, however, the only exception.

A state religion is that which denies to persons not professing a particular religion, the rights to which those who profess *this* particular religion are declared by law to be entitled. England, for instance, denied such rights to the Catholics, the Jews, and even to Trinitarian Protestant dissenters. In all Catholic countries, those who were not Catholics had no rights whatever; their presence was barely tolerated. In some they were not even permitted to sojourn, or so much as to make their appearance. The Mosaic law, on the contrary, confers on the non-Israelite equal rights with the Israelite.

Judaism is a religion based upon morality.

What says the moralist and patriot Micah? What does the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justice and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God? He wants none of your atonements, none of your heifers and lambs and turtle doves, none of your bloody sacrifices, none of the smoke and smell of burning grease upon your altars. Do your duty, says the God of justice, and fear not, I am with you.

Judaism is a religion founded upon equity and upon humanity. "Thou shalt make no distinction between thy brother Israelite and the stranger that dwelleth within thy gates; thou shalt not oppress him, but shalt have one law for all alike, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

This is the language of the Hebrew legislator, and the following is the language of the Jewish commentator, in the Talmud.

Thy neighbor is he who is of the same nature as thyself, for all men are created alike; all in the image of God. All are children of the same great and good Father. "The pious of all creeds have a share in the future world."

The Rev. Mr. Lewin, in his work entitled "What is Judaism?" observes that "the doctrine that belief in one particular religion is essential to salvation is nowhere to be found in Judaism. If therefore so much freedom of thought is ceded to our neighbors, and the grand, leading idea of Judaism is the universal recognition of God and of the moral law, it surely follows that in the mission of our race there can be no exclusiveness."

* This may have done very well in those times, but would not do so well nowadays. If all worthless citizens were stoned to death, how populations would be thinned!

Judaism is a religion based upon wisdom and knowledge. "Happy is the man," says Solomon, "that findeth wisdom, and the man that gathereth understanding and knowledge; for then he shall understand righteousness and judgment and equity." How true! How strong the evidence of this truth furnished by history! How overwhelming the evidence in support of the fact, that wherever and whenever knowledge and understanding are despised and condemned as sources of unbelief, infidelity, and all evils; righteousness and judgment and equity are trampled under foot, and inhumanity, injustice, cruelty, and folly are made duties.

Freemasonry forbids to judge men by the nature of their belief, but measures them by moral and social standards; and thus, what Freemasonry inculcates, Judaism commands. Hence Freemasonry harmonizes with Judaism. Does it also harmonize with Christianity? This will form the subject of inquiry in my next paper.

(To be continued.)

THE LESSONS OF THE CEMETERY.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY THE EDITOR AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE
BURIAL GROUND OF STANDARD LODGE No. 30, I. O. F. S. OF I.,
ON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1874.

BRETHREN: We have performed a very solemn and important work. From time immemorial it has been deemed an especial duty of Israelites to provide suitable burial for the dead, and to consecrate as hallowed ground the cemeteries wherein our departed brethren and sisters sleep in peace. Hence these sacred spots have assumed the importance of sanctuaries, and have always been regarded with feelings of deep respect, if not indeed of actual veneration. In accordance, therefore, with the custom of our fathers, we, the members of Standard Lodge, have this day dedicated the ground which is henceforth to receive the mortal remains of those cherished and beloved ones whom God may summon from our communion.

What holy thoughts should fill our minds as we contemplate this last resting-place of ourselves and our kindred! Here will we be gathered sooner or later; here will we repose in the dust together, where there is no difference of persons, and where all worldly distinctions are of no avail. Death comes to one and all alike, and to that great leveler of man's pride must we eventually pay homage. It

matters little by what artificial devices we raise barriers between ourselves and our fellow-men, for they serve us no further than the grave. There all the pomp and show and vanity of life must end, and perfect equality prevail. Oh! if we could only have this reflection ever with us, how much happier and better would we be; how much more brotherly love would there be in the world!

On occasions like the present, however, we are forcibly reminded of our true condition, for as we stand here to-day, we are made sensible not only of the ephemeral nature of our earthly existence, but of those great duties incumbent upon us as members of the human race, as children of the One Eternal Father. The sight of the burial ground is an appeal to our hearts which is far more eloquent and touching than words can express; for it teaches us that life and decay are so inseparably connected, so closely linked together, that though we may all be now in the enjoyment of health and happiness, yet day by day our end draws nigh and our graves are ready to receive us. It bids us, therefore, take heed of the fleeting hours which, when once gone, are gone forever. It tells us that with every setting sun another day from our limited career has passed, never more to return. It warns us to use well every precious moment of time which God gives us, to labor for the improvement of our minds and hearts, for the welfare of our fellow-creatures no less than for our own, and thus, by striving to make a heaven on earth, qualify ourselves for the enjoyment of that blessed state which awaits us in eternity.

To the majority of persons the contemplation of death is so unpleasant and fearful a subject that they either do not think of it at all, or if they do, think of it only as something very awful and cruel. Thus it is that many have a false estimate of life, and often mistake the shadow for the substance. Many, heedless of the swift wing of time, and never pausing in their headlong course to look at the hour-glass of their lives, run through their allotted years with no other thought save the enjoyment of the present moment. With what willful profligacy do those spendthrifts squander their patrimony of time without once giving heed to the real object for which they were created. Judging from their actions, it would seem as though they intentionally ran the race of life blindfolded, and with as little regard for the value of time as if it were a commodity so easily obtained at will as to be unworthy of consideration. This recklessness is due, not so much to their greedy love of pleasure as to their lack of moral courage to think seriously of death or to understand the true mission of that

grim messenger of God. To them death is cruel, hard, stern, pitiless, relentless; it is an avenger, a foe which has to be dreaded and shunned. Hence they fear even to think of it, lest the thought should invite the reality. Thus when at length it does arrive, it finds its victims unprepared for that mysterious journey to which it imperatively calls them.

O brethren! let us not be of this class, but rather let us strive to give additional solemnity to our act to-day, by taking away with us from this place such conception of death as will give us a holier and better conception of life. To the faithful Israelite who is guided by the light of religion and love, death is stripped of its horrors; for to him all is good and perfect and beautiful in nature, and he sees in death not the grim skeleton, but the merciful messenger of God sent to conduct him through the glorious gates of immortality into the kingdom of the righteous. Depend upon it, this is the correct idea, and if we would appreciate and enjoy life, we must recognize death, not as the end of life, but as the commencement, as that state of transition which is necessary for our perfectibility and for the return of our souls into the presence of the great Father of all, where life and bliss are everlasting.

This belief in a future existence is one of the fundamental principles of Judaism, and seems indeed to be implanted into our hearts by God Himself as a solace and comfort for all our earthly trials and tribulations. It was not necessary for the Bible to teach the doctrine of the soul's immortality or to insist upon it as an article of faith. Long before the Bible was written, it was firmly established and became one of the strongest of intuitive convictions. Our entire conception of God and his attributes would be irrational, did not this belief pervade our whole system of religious thought. In all ages have we, Jews, cherished this sublime idea, and though unfortunately the materialistic tendencies of the present day have, in this respect as in others, clouded the minds of some of the world's brightest thinkers, yet we may safely assume that among Jews it will ever remain the mainspring of our fondest, noblest, and holiest aspirations. Our own consciousness proclaims its truth; the voice of our own hearts, stronger and more forcible than written or spoken words, is the best and most convincing revelation we can have of the soul's eternity. Who is there here among us that has lost some near and dear relative or beloved friend, who has not felt within his breast the moral certainty of again meeting the departed one in another state of existence, where cares

and griefs are forever hushed? Who has not felt that indescribable longing to be in communion again with those loved ones whom death has taken from us? And is not this constant yearning of the soul the best proof of its own immortality? Is not this earnest hope of a hereafter the strongest evidence that there is an eternal future? Do not, then, regard this act of ours to-day as a very sad or melancholy one. We but perform our duty to the living when we provide for them a fit place wherein their material bodies are to be deposited after their heavenly spirits have joined the Father Spirit of all. The burial ground is in reality not such an awful place. It may indeed invite serious thoughts, but not necessarily sorrowful ones, for it is but the boundary line between time and eternity; between this world of unceasing care, anxiety, trouble, and grief, and that glorious world of joy and peace and everlasting beatitude.

Be guarded, however, lest this rational belief in the immortality of the soul should lead you so far into the realms of fancy as to make you oblivious to the claims which this world has upon you. Though I would impress upon you the brevity of life and the inferiority of this existence in comparison with that which comes afterward, yet I would not have you think lightly of this world, or of our great mission while here on earth. "Life is real, life is earnest;" it is a thing of action, a most sacred possession which must never be held in mean estimation. We are placed in this world for grand and noble purposes, and on ourselves depends, in a great measure, the nature of our sojourn here. The formation of our happiness or misery is mainly in our own keeping, for in the metaphysical as in the physical world cause precedes effect and effect follows cause with as certain regularity as the night succeeds the day. Life, therefore, must not be spent as some visionaries would have us spend it, in constantly dreaming of a future state and calculating the chances of reward or punishment which may await us at the end. Such is not the teaching of Judaism. Of the future we know actually nothing; it is at best only speculation, hope, belief, faith, if you please to call it so, but nothing more; whereas the present is ours and this alone is ours. Let us miss this and we miss all.

When I hear men profess a supreme indifference for life and yet rave about a heaven which is to be visible only after death, I conclude that these are the very ones who have never done anything to improve either their own condition or that of their fellows. When I hear theologians and doctrinarians discourse on the future world and

tell their infatuated followers, in minute detail, all that is there seen, felt, and enjoyed, with as much positiveness and assurance as if they had taken a special excursion to heaven and had graciously come back to earth for the purely philanthropic purpose of giving us free passes to that delightful region, I pity both the talkers and the listeners, and think to myself how much better would these visionaries be employed, if instead of straining every nerve to get people into a heaven when they are dead and gone, they would labor to make of this world a place worthy of being called heaven ! Here is our field, brethren, here is our garden which has to be tilled, to be made into a paradise fit for the habitation of beings formed "in the image of God." Enough for us if we do well our part while on earth ; for the rest we can wait. Enough that we have the ardent hope, the unshaken belief in a future state. This is all that religion can ask, does ask of us on a subject of which we can never possess any other knowledge save that which springs from intuitive conviction or deductive reasoning. But not so is it with this world. We know we are here, we know we shall remain here so long as our corporeal attributes endure. Hence Judaism emphatically teaches that man's life on earth must be so practically employed as to conduce as far as possible to the general welfare and happiness. Therefore Judaism inculcates the necessity of work—active, earnest, thoughtful work. Whatever is to be done in the world for the development of knowledge, for the promotion of virtue, for the diffusion of truth, for the advancement of the human race, becomes a most sacred duty which Judaism demands from its followers.

Let us, then, brethren of Standard Lodge, see in this solemn act of ours to-day one of the greatest incentives we can have to lead a life of honorable usefulness in the respective spheres in which we move. There is no person, however poor his lot, however humble his condition, that has it not in his power to do some good, to benefit those with whom he comes in contact, and to add to the happiness of the whole by increasing the happiness of the few. Each man is, as it were, the centre of a little world over which he exercises no small amount of influence. Let us therefore be careful that that influence shall always be a pure and holy one, and thus, by the bright example of our lives and deeds, show to others the efficacy and sublime beauty of the sacred religion we profess. As members of the Jewish race, we owe it to mankind, to our faith, and to ourselves, to be ever foremost in good works, for such is the nature of our noble mission as the

standard-bearers of God's eternal law of truth and love. Judaism is not a mere theoretical religion; it is an active principle, a practical religion which holds that the performance of good deeds is far more pleasant in the sight of God than all our professions of belief, however numerous they may be.

But especially on you, brethren of the Order of Free Sons of Israel, is it incumbent to practice those ethical precepts so strongly inculcated by our religion, to labor honestly and diligently in the path of virtue and rectitude, and to devote your entire lives to the service of God, by using your best endeavors for the advancement of every cause which tends to benefit humanity and bring God's children nearer to the Universal Father. In this way only will you elevate the name of Israel and make it respected. I claim for our Order that it is something more than a social club or a benefit society. The personal advantages we may derive from it are only incidental; its foundation is Judaism pure and simple. Its primary object is to foster the holy love for our mission which every Jew should have, and to strengthen the bands of brotherhood between us, not for any narrow-minded or selfish purpose, but to unite us so firmly as to enable us to work together better and with greater zeal for the temporal and spiritual welfare of our fellow-creatures. To be a true Free Son of Israel, is to be free from every vice; free from every immorality, free from every prejudice, free from every unworthy thought. It is to be free in our sentiments, in our charity, in all the nobler impulses of the human heart. Do you then, members of the Standard Lodge, strive to set a worthy example to the Order; be yours the task of unfurling our banner and bearing it boldly onward, never permitting it to be sullied by a single stain. Then indeed will you have consecrated yourselves, and then indeed will you never fear the approach of that herald which is to summon you to meet your God, and receive the just reward of well-spent lives.

And now, brethren, let us leave this place and go forth into the busy world determined to fight the battle of life bravely. Let us go forth with the conviction that though life is short, we can yet employ it so profitably as not alone to make it a possession worth having, but also to make it the means of preparing ourselves for that other life which awaits us when the spirit, free and unfettered, soars upward to the Fountain Spirit whence it emanated.

May the blessing of God dwell with us in this hour, may it accompany us hence, and endure with us forever. Amen!

THE VALE OF CEDARS; OR, THE MARTYR.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"She clasped her hands!—the strife
Of love—faith—fear, and the vain dream of life,
Within her woman-heart so deeply wrought—
It seemed as if a reed, so alight and weak,
Must, in the rending storm, not quiver only—break!"

MRS. HEMANS.

ISABELLA's expressive countenance was grave and calm; but it was impossible to doubt the firmness of her purpose, though what that purpose might be, Marie had no power to read. She stood leaning against the back of one of the ponderous chairs; her head bent down, and her heart so loudly and thickly throbbing that it choked her very breath.

"We have summoned thee hither, Marie," the queen said at length gravely, but not severely, "to hear from thine own lips the decision which Father Denis has reported to us; but which, indeed, we can scarcely credit. Wert thou other than thou art—one whose heavy trials and lovable qualities have bound thee to us with more than common love—we should have delivered thee over at once to the judgment of our holy fathers, and interfered with their sentence no farther. We are exposing ourselves to priestly censure even for the forbearance already shown; but we will dare even that, to win thee from thine accursed creed, and give thee peace and comfort. Marie, canst *thou* share the ingratitude—the obstinacy—of thy benighted race, that even with thee we must deal harshly? Compel me not to a measure from which my whole heart revolts. Do not let me feel that the charge against thy people is true, without even one exception, and that kindness shown to them, is unvalued as unfelt."

A convulsive sob was the sole reply. Marie's face was buried in her hands; but the tears were streaming through her slender fingers, and her slight figure shook with the paroxysm.

"Nay, Marie, we ask not tears. We demand the proof of grateful affection on thy part; not its weak display. And what is that proof? The acceptance of a faith without which there can be no security in this life, nor felicity hereafter. The rejection of a fearfully mistaken—terribly accursed—creed; condemning its followers to the scorn and hate of man, and abiding wrath of God."

"To the scorn and hate of man?" Alas, gracious Sovereign, it is even so; but not to the 'abiding wrath of God,'" answered Marie, suppressing, with a desperate effort, her painful emotion. "The very scorn and loathing we encounter confirm the blessed truth of our having been the chosen children of our God, and the glorious promise of our future restoration. We are enduring now on earth the effects of the fearful sins of our ancestors; but for those who live and die true to His law, there is a future after death laid up with Him; that, how may we forfeit for transitory joy?"

"If it were indeed so, we would be the last to demand such forfeit," answered the queen; "but were it not for the blinding veil of willful rejection cast over the eyes and hearts of thy people, thou wouldst know and feel, that however thy race were *once* the chosen of God, the distinction has been lost forever, by their blaspheming rejection of Jesus and his virgin mother; and the misery—its consequence—on earth, is but a faint type of that misery which is for everlasting. It is from this we would save thee. Father Denis has brought before thee the solemn truths which our sainted creed advances, in reply to the mystifying fallacies of thine; and, he tells me, wholly without effect. My arguments, then, can be of such little weight, that I have pledged myself to my confessor to attempt none. We summoned thee merely to tell our decision in this matter; of too vital importance to be left to other lips. Once more let me ask—and understand thee rightly!—have all the Holy Father's lessons failed to convince, even as all our affection has failed to move, thee?"

"Would—would to Heaven I could believe as thou demandest!" answered Marie. "Would that those lessons had brought conviction! The bitter agony of your Grace's displeasure—of feeling that, while my heart so throbs and swells with grateful devotion that I would gladly die to serve thee, yet the proof thou demandest I *cannot* give; and I must go down to an early grave, leaving with thee the sole impression that thou hadst cherished a miserable ingrate, whom, even as thou hast loved, so thou must now hate and scorn. O madam! try me by other proof! My creed may be the mistaken one it seems to thee; but, oh! it is no garment we may wear and cast off at pleasure. Have mercy, gracious Sovereign! condemn me not as reprobate—hardened—more insensible than the veriest cur, who is grateful for the kindness of his master!—because I love my faith better even than thy love—the dearest earthly joy now left me."

"Methinks scarcely the dearest," replied Isabella, affected, in spite

of her every effort for control; "but of that hereafter. Marie, I have pledged myself to my confessor, not to let this matter rest. He has told me that my very affection for thee is a snare, and must be sacrificed if it interfere with my duty; not alone as member of Christ's church, but as sovereign of a Catholic realm, whose bounden duty it is to purge away all heresy and misbelief. I feel that he is right, and, cost what it may, Christ's dictates must be obeyed. The years of fraud—of passing for what thou wert not—I forgive, for thy noble husband's sake; but my confessor has told me, and I feel its truth, that if we allow thy return to thy people as thou art now, we permit a continuance of such unnatural unions, encourage fraud, and expose our subjects to the poisonous taint of Jewish blood and unbelief. A Christian thou must become. The plan we have decided upon must bring conviction at last; but it will be attended with such long years of mental and physical suffering, that we shrink from the alternative, and only thine own obstinacy will force us to adopt it."

She paused for above a minute; but though Marie's very lips had blanched, and her large eyes were fixed in terror on the queen's face, there was no answer.

"Thou hast more than once alluded to death," Isabella continued, her voice growing sterner; "but, though such may be the punishment demanded, we cannot so completely banish regard as to expose thy soul, as well as body, to undying flames. Thou hast heard, perchance, of holy sisterhoods, who, sacrificing all of earthly joys and earthly ties, devote themselves as the willing brides of Christ, and pass their whole lives in acts of personal penance, mortification, self-denial, and austerity; which to all, save those impelled by this same lofty enthusiasm, would be unendurable. The convent of St. Ursula is the most strictly rigid and unpitying of this sternly rigid school; and there, if still thou wilt not retract, thou wilt be for life immured, to learn that reverence, that submission, that belief, which thou refusest now. Ponder well on all the suffering which this sentence must comprise. It is even to us—a Christian—so dreadful, that we would not impose it, could we save thy deluded spirit by any other means. The abbess, from the strict and terrible discipline of long years, has conquered every womanly weakness; and to a Jewess placed under her charge, to be brought a penitent to the bosom of the Virgin, is not likely to decrease the severity of treatment and discipline, the portion even of her own. Once delivered to her charge, we interfere no further. Whatever she may command—short of actual torture or death—thou

must endure. Marie! wilt thou tempt a doom like this? In mercy to thyself, retract ere it be too late!"

"If I can bear the loss of thy favor, my Sovereign, I can bear this," replied Marie, slowly and painfully. "There is more suffering in the thought that your Grace's love is lost forever; that I shall never see your Highness more; and thou must ever think of me as only a wretched, feelingless ingrate, than in all the bodily and mental anguish such a life may bring."

"Marie!" exclaimed Isabella, with an irrepressible burst of natural feeling. And Marie had darted forward, and was kneeling at her feet, and covering her hand with tears and kisses, ere she had power to forcibly subdue the emotion and speak again.

"This must not be," she said at length; but she did not withdraw the hand which Marie still convulsively clasped, and, half unconsciously it seemed, she put back the long black tresses, which had fallen over her colorless cheek, looked sadly in that bowed face, and kissed her brow. "It is the last," she murmured to herself. "It may be the effects of sorcery—it may be sin; but if I do penance for the weakness, it must have way."

"Thou hast heard the one alternative," she continued aloud; "now hear the other. We have thought long, and watched well, some means of effectually obliterating the painful memories of the past, and making thy life as happy as it has been sad. We have asked and received permission from our confessor to bring forward a temporal inducement for a spiritual end; that even the affections themselves may be made conducive to turning a benighted spirit from the path of death into that of life; and, therefore, we may proceed more hopefully. Marie! is there not a love thou valuest even more than mine? Nay, attempt not to deny a truth, which we have known from the hour we told thee that Arthur Stanley was thy husband's murderer. What meant those wild words imploring me to save him? For what was the avowal of thy faith, but that thy witness should not endanger him? Why didst thou return to danger when safety was before thee?—peril thine own life but to save his? Answer me truly: thou lovest Stanley, Marie?"

"I have loved him, gracious Sovereign."

"And thou dost no longer? Marie, methinks there would be less wrong in loving now, than when we first suspected it," rejoined the queen, gravely.

"Alas! my liege, who may school the heart? He was its first—

first affection! But, oh! my Sovereign, I never wronged my noble husband. He knew it all ere he was taken from me, and forgave and loved me still; and, oh! had he been but spared, even memory itself would have lost its power to sting. His trust, his love, had made me all—all his own!"

"I believe thee, my poor child; but how came it that, loving Stanley, thy hand was given to Morales?"

For the first time, the dangerous ground on which she stood flashed on the mind of Marie; and her voice faltered as she answered—"My father willed it, madam."

"Thy father! And was he of thy faith, yet gave his child to one of us?"

"He was dying, madam, and there was none to protect his Marie. He loved and admired him to whom he gave me; for Ferdinand had never scorned nor persecuted us. He had done us such good service that my father sought to repay him; but he would accept nothing but my hand, and swore to protect my faith—none other would have made such promise. I was weak, I know, and wrong; but I dared not then confess I loved another. And, once his wife, it was sin even to think of Arthur. O madam! night and day I prayed that we might never meet, till all of love was conquered."

"Poor child," replied Isabella, kindly. "But, since thou wert once more free, since Stauley was cleared of even the suspicion of guilt, has no former feeling for him returned? He loves thee, Marie, with such faithful love as in man I have seldom seen equaled; why check affection now?"

"Alas! my liege, what may a Jewess be to him; or his love to me, save as the most terrible temptation to estrange me from my God?"

"Say rather to gently lure thee to Him, Marie," replied Isabella, earnestly. "There is a thick veil between thy heart and thy God now; let the love thou bearest this young Englishman be the blessed means of removing it, and bringing thee to the sole source of salvation, the Saviour Stanley worships. One word—one little word—from thee, and thou shalt be Stanley's wife! His own; dearer than ever from the trials of the past. Oh! speak it, Marie! Let me feel I have saved thee from everlasting torment, and made this life—in its deep, calm joy—a foretaste of the heaven that, as a Christian, will await thee above. Spare Stanley—ay, and thy sovereign—the bitter grief of losing thee forever!"

"Would—would I could!" burst wildly from the heart-stricken

Marie; and she wrung her hands in that one moment of intense agony, and looked up in the queen's face, with an expression of suffering Isabella could not meet. "Would that obedience, conviction, could come at will! His wife?—Stanley's. To rest this desolate heart on his? To weep upon his bosom?—feel his arm around me?—his love protect me? To be his—all his? And only on condition of speaking one little word! Oh! why can I not speak it? Why will that dread voice sound within, telling me I dare not—cannot—for I do not believe? How dare I take the Christian's vow, embrace the cross, and in my heart remain a Jewess still?"

"Embrace the cross, and conviction will follow," replied the queen. "This question we have asked of Father Tomas, and been assured that the vows of baptism once taken, grace will be found from on high; and to the *heart*, as well as *lip*, conversion speedily ensue. Forswear the blaspheming errors of thy present creed—consent to be baptized—and that very hour sees thee Stanley's wife!"

"No, no, no!—Oh! say not such words again! My liege, my gracious liege, tempt not this weak spirit more!" implored Marie, in fearful agitation. "Oh! if thou hast ever loved me, in mercy spare me this!"

"In mercy is it that we do thus speak, unhappy girl," replied Isabella, with returning firmness; for she saw the decisive moment had come. "We have laid both alternatives before thee; it rests with thee alone to make thine own election. Love on earth and joy in heaven depend upon one word: refuse to speak it, and thou knowest thy doom!"

It was well, perhaps, for Marie's firmness, that the queen's appealing tone had given place to returning severity; it recalled the departing strength—the sinking energy—the power once more to *endure*! For several minutes there was no sound: Marie had buried her face in her hands, and remained—half kneeling, half crouching—on the cushion at the queen's feet, motionless as stone; and Isabella—internally as agitated as herself—was, under the veil of unbending sternness, struggling for control. The contending emotions sweeping over that frail woman-heart in that fearful period of indecision we pretend not to describe: again and again the terrible temptation came to say but the desired word, and happiness was hers—such intense happiness, that her brain reeled beneath its thought of ecstasy; and again and again it was driven back by that thrilling voice—louder than ever in its call—to remain faithful to her God. It was a fearful contest;

and when she did look up, Isabella started; so terribly was its index inscribed on those white and chiseled features.

She rose slowly, and stood before the sovereign, her hands tightly clasped together, and the veins on her forehead raised like cords across it. Three times she tried to speak; but only unintelligible murmurs came, and her lips shook as with convulsion. "It is over," she said at length, and her usually sweet voice sounded harsh and unnatural. "The weakness is conquered, gracious Sovereign, condemn, scorn, hate me as thou wilt, thou must: I must endure it till my heart breaks, and death brings release; but the word thou demandest I *cannot* speak! Thy favor, Arthur's love, I resign them all! 'Tis the bidding of my God, and he will strengthen me to bear it. Imprison, torture, slay, with the lingering misery of a broken heart, but I cannot deny my faith!"

Disappointed, grieved, as she was at this unexpected reply, Isabella was too much an enthusiast in religion herself, not to understand the feeling which dictated it; and much as she still abhorred the faith, the martyr spirit which could thus immolate the most fervid, the most passionate emotions of woman's nature at the shrine of her God, stirred a sympathetic chord in her own heart, and so moved her, that the stern words she had intended to speak were choaked within her.

"We must summon those then to whose charge we are pledged to commit thee," she said with difficulty; and hastily rung a silver bell beside her. "We had hoped such would not have been needed; but, as it is——"

She paused abruptly; for the hangings were hastily pushed aside, and, instead of the stern figure of Torquemada, who was to have obeyed the signal, the Infanta Isabella eagerly entered; and ran up to the queen, with childish and caressing glee at being permitted to rejoin her. The confessor—not imagining his presence would be needed, or that he would return to his post in time—had restlessly obeyed the summons of a brother prelate, and in some important clerical details, forgot the mandate of his sovereign.

Marie saw the softened expression of the queen's face; the ineffectual effort to resist her child's caresses, and retain her sternness; and, with a sudden impulse, she threw herself at her feet.

"Oh! do not turn from me, my Sovereign!" she implored, wildly clasping Isabella's knees. "I ask nothing—nothing, but to return to my childhood's home, and die there! I ask not to return to my people; they would not receive me, for I have dared to love the stranger;

but in my own isolated home, where but two aged retainers of my father dwell, I can do harm to none—mingle with none; let me bear a breaking heart for a brief—brief while; and rest beside my parents. I will swear to thee never to quit that place of banishment—swear never more to mingle with either thy people or with mine—to be as much lost to man as if the grave had already closed over me, or convent walls immured me! O madam! grant me but this! Will it not be enough of suffering to give up Arthur?—to tear myself from thy cherishing love?—to bear my misery alone? Leave me, oh! leave me but my faith—the sole joy, sole hope, now left me! Give me not up to the harsh and cruel father—the stern mother of St. Ursula! If I can sacrifice love, kindness—all that would make earth a heaven—will harshness gain thine end? Plead for me,” she continued, addressing the infant-princess, who, as if affected by the grief she beheld, had left her mother to cling round Marie caressingly; “plead for me, Infanta! O madam! the fate of war might place this beloved and cherished one in the hands of those who regard thy faith even as thou dost mine; were such an alternative proffered, how wouldst thou she should decide? My Sovereign, my gracious Sovereign, oh, have mercy!”

“Mamma! dear mamma!” repeated the princess at the same moment, and aware that her intercession was required, though unable to comprehend the wherefore, she clasped her little hands entreatingly; “grant poor Marie what she wishes! You have told me a queen’s first duty is to be kind and good; and do all in her power to make others happy. Make her happy, dear mamma, she has been so sad!”

The appeal to Isabella’s nature was irresistible; she caught her child to her heart, and burst into passionate tears.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“I will have vengeance!

I’ll crush thy swelling pride! I’ll still thy vaunting!
I’ll do a deed of blood!

Now all idle forms are over—

Now open villany, now open hate—
Defend thy life!”

JOANNA BAILLIE.

“Let me but look upon ‘her’ face once more—

Let me but say farewell my soul’s beloved,
And I will bless thee still.”

MRS. HEMANS.

SOME time had elapsed since King Ferdinand and his splendid army had quitted Saragoassa. He himself had not as yet headed any im-

portant expedition, but fixing his head-quarters at Seville, dispatched thence various detachments under experienced officers, to make sallies on the Moors, who had already enraged the Christian camp by the capture of Zahara. Arthur Stanley was with the Marquis of Cadiz, when this insult was ably avenged by the taking of Alhama, a most important post, situated within thirty miles of the capital. The Spaniards took possession of the city, massacred many of the inhabitants, placed strong restrictions on those who surrendered, and strongly garrisoned every tower and fort. Nor were they long inactive: the Moors resolved to retake what they considered the very threshold of their capital; hastily assembled their forces, and regularly entered upon the siege.

While at Seville, the camp of Ferdinand had been joined by several foreign chevaliers, amongst whom was an Italian knight, who had excited the attention and curiosity of many of the younger Spaniards from the mystery environing him. He was never seen without his armor. His helmet always closed, keeping surlily aloof, he never mingled in the brilliant jousts and tournaments of the camp, except when Arthur Stanley chanced to be one of the combatants: he was then sure to be found in the lists, and always selected the young Englishman as his opponent. At first this strange pertinacity was regarded more as a curious coincidence than actual design; but it occurred so often, that at length it excited remark. Arthur himself laughed it off, suggesting that the Italian had perhaps some grudge against England, and wished to prove the mettle of her sons. The Italian deigned no explanation, merely saying that he supposed the Spanish jousts were governed by the same laws as others, and he was therefore at liberty to choose his own opponent. But Arthur was convinced that some cause existed for this mysterious hostility. Not wishing to create public confusion, he contented himself by keeping a watch upon his movements. He found, however, that he did not watch more carefully than he was watched, and incensed at length he resolved on calling his enemy publicly to account for his dishonorable conduct. This, however, he found much easier in theory than practice. The wily Italian, as if aware of his intentions, skillfully eluded them; and as weeks passed without any recurrence of their secret attacks, Stanley, guided by his own frank and honorable feelings, believed his suspicions groundless, and dismissed them altogether. On the tumultuary entrance of the Spaniards, however, these suspicions were re-excited. Separated by the press of contending

warriors from the main body of his men, Stanley plunged headlong into the thickest battalion of Moors, intending to cut his way through them to the Marquis of Cadiz, who was at that moment entering the town. His unerring arm and lightness of movement bore him successfully onward. A very brief space divided him from his friends: the spirited charger on which he rode, cheered by his hand and voice, with one successful bound cleared the remaining impediments in his way, but at that moment, with a piercing cry of suffering, sprung high in the air and fell dead, nearly crushing his astonished master with his weight. Happily for Stanley, the despairing anguish of the Moors, at that moment at its height, from the triumphant entry of the Spaniards into their beloved Alhama, aggravated by the shrieks of the victims in the unsparing slaughter, effectually turned the attention of those around him from his fall. He sprung up, utterly unable to account for the death of his steed: the dastard blow had been dealt from behind, and no Moor had been near but those in front. He looked hastily around him: a tall figure was retreating through the thickening *melée*, whose dull, red armor, and deep, black plume, discovered on the instant his identity. Arthur's blood tingled with just indignation, and it was with difficulty that he restrained himself from following, and demanding on the instant, and at the sword's point, the meaning of the deed.

The sudden start, and muttered execration of the Italian, as Stanley joined the victorious group around the Marquis, convinced him that his reappearance, and unhurt, was quite contrary to his mysterious enemy's intention. The exciting events of the siege which followed, the alternate hope and fear of the Spaniards, reduced to great distress by the Moors having succeeded in turning the course of a river which supplied the city with water, and finally, the timely arrival of succors under the Duke of Medina Sidonia, which compelled the Moors to raise the siege and disperse—the rejoicing attendant on so great and almost unexpected a triumph, all combined to prevent any attention to individual concerns. The Italian had not crossed Arthur's path again, except in the general attack or defense; and Stanley found the best means of conquering his own irritation toward such secret machinations was to treat them with indifference and contempt.

The halls of Alhama were of course kept strongly manned; and a guard, under an experienced officer, constantly occupied the summit of a lofty tower, situated on a precipitous height which commanded a view of the open country for miles, and overlooked the most distant

approach of the Moors. As was usual to Moorish architecture, the tower had been erected on a rock, which on one side shelved down so straight and smooth, as to appear a continuance of the tower-wall, but forming from the battlements a precipice some thousand feet in depth. The strongest nerve turned sick and giddy to look beneath, and the side of the tower overlooking it was almost always kept unguarded.

It was near midnight when Stanley, who was that night on command, after completing his rounds, and perceiving every sentinel on duty, found himself unconsciously on the part of the tower we have named. So preoccupied was his mind, that he looked beneath him without shrinking; and then retracing his steps some twenty or thirty yards from the immediate and unprotected edge, wrapped his mantle closely round him, and lying down, rested his head on his arm, and permitted the full dominion of thought. He was in that dreamy mood, when the silence and holiness of nature is so much more soothing than even the dearest sympathy of man; when every passing cloud and distant star, and moaning wind, speaks with a hundred tongues, and the immaterial spirit holds unconscious commune with beings invisible, and immaterial as itself. Above his head, heavy clouds floated over the dark azure of the heavens, sometimes totally obscuring the mild light of the full moon; at others merely shrouding her beams in a transparent veil, from which she would burst resplendently, sailing majestically along, seeming the more light and lovely from the previous shade. One brilliant planet followed closely on her track, and as the dark masses of clouds would rend asunder, portions of the heavens, studded with glittering stars, were visible, seeming like the gemmed dome of some mighty temple, whose walls and pillars, shrouded in black drapery, were lost in the distance on either side. Gradually, Stanley's thoughts became indistinct; the stars seemed to lose their radiance, as covered by a light mist; a dark light appearing, in his half dormant fancy, to take the gigantic proportions of a man, hovered on the battlement. It became smaller and smaller, but still it seemed a cloud, through which the moonlight gleamed; but a thrill passed through him, as if telling of some impalpable and indefinable object of dread. With a sudden effort he shook off the lethargy of half sleep, and sprung to his feet, at the very moment a gleaming sword was pointed at his throat. "Ha, villain! at thy murderous work again!" he exclaimed, and another moment beheld him closed in deadly conflict with his mysterious foe. A deep and terrible oath, and then a mocking laugh, escaped his adversary; and something in

those sounds nerved Stanley's arms with resistless power: he was sure he could not be mistaken, and he fought, not with the unguarded desire of one eager to obtain satisfaction for personal injury—but he was calm, cool, collected, as threefold an avenger. For once, the demon-like caution of the supposed Italian deserted him: discovery was inevitable, and his sole aim was to compass the death of the hated foreigner with his own. He tried gradually to retreat to the very edge of the precipice, and Stanley's calm and cautious avoidance of the design lashed him into yet fiercer desperation. Thick and fast fell those tremendous blows. The Italian had the advantage in height and size, Stanley in steady coolness and prudent guard; the Italian sought only to slay his adversary, caring not to defend himself; Arthur evidently endeavored merely to unhelm the traitor, and bring him but slightly wounded to the ground. For several minutes there was no cessation in that fearful clash of steel; the strokes were so rapid, so continued, a hundred combatants might have seemed engaged. A moment they drew back, as if to breathe; the Italian, with a despairing effort, raised his weapon and sprung forward; Arthur lightly leaped aside, and the murderous stroke clove but the yielding earth. Another second, and ere the Italian had regained his equilibrium, Arthur's sword had descended with so true and sure a stroke that the clasp of the helmet gave way, the dark blood bubbled up from the cloven brow, he reeled and fell; and a long loud shout from the officers and soldiers, who, at the sound of arms, had flocked round, proclaimed some stronger feeling than simply admiration of Stanley's well-known prowess.

"Seize him! seize him! or by Heaven he will escape us yet!" were among the few words intelligible. "The daring villain, to come amongst us! Did he think forever to elude Heaven's vengeance? Bind, fetter, hold him; or his assistant fiends will release him still!"

Fiercely the fallen man had striven to extricate himself; but Stanley's knee moved not from his breast, nor his sword from his throat, until a strong guard had raised and surrounded him: but the horrible passions imprinted on those livid features were such, that his very captors turned away shuddering.

"Hadst thou not had enough of blood and crime, thou human monster, that thou wouldst stain thy already blackened soul with another midnight murder?" demanded Stanley, as he sternly confronted his baffled foe. "Don Luis Garcia, as men have termed thee,

what claim have I on thy pursuing and unchanging hate! With what dost thou charge me? What wrong?"

"Wrong!" hoarsely and fiercely repeated Don Luis. "The wrong of baffled hate; of success, when I planned thy downfall; of escape, when I had sworn thy death! Did the driveling idiots, who haunted, persecuted, excommunicated me from these realms, as some loathed reptile, dream that I would draw back from my sworn vengeance for such as they? Poor, miserable fools, whom the first scent of danger would turn aside from the pursuit of hate! I staked my life on thine, and the stake is lost; but what care I? My hate shall follow thee; wither thy bones with its curse; poison every joy; blight every hope; rankle in thy life blood! Bid thee seek health, and bite the dust for anguish because it flies thee! And for me. Ha, ha! Men may think to judge me—torture, triumph, slay! Well, let them." And with a movement so sudden and so desperate, that to avert it was impossible, he burst from the grasp of his guards; and with one spring, stood firm and triumphant on the farthest edge of the battlement. "Now follow me who dares!" he exclaimed; and, with a fearful mocking laugh, flung himself headlong down, ere the soldiers had recovered his first sudden movement. Stanley alone retained presence of mind sufficient to dart forward, regardless of his own imminent danger, in the vain hope of arresting the leap; but quick as were his movements, he only reached the brink in time to see the wretched man one moment quivering in air, and lost the next in a dark abyss of shade.

A cry of mingled disappointment, horror, and execration, burst from all around; and several of the soldiers hastened from the battlements to the base of the rock, determined on fighting the arch-fiend himself, if, as many of them firmly believed, he had rendered Don Luis invulnerable to air, and would wait there to receive him. But even this heroic resolution was disappointed: the height was so tremendous, and the velocity of the fall so frightful, that the action of the air had not only deprived him of life, but actually loosed the limbs from the trunk, and a fearfully mangled corpse was all that remained to glut the vengeance of the infuriated soldiers.

The confusion and excitement attending this important event spread like wildfire; not only over Alhama, but reaching to the Duke's camp without the city. To send off the momentous information to the king was instantly decided upon; and young Stanley, as the person principally concerned, selected for the mission.

Ferdinand was astonished and indignant, and greatly disappointed that justice had been so eluded ; but that such a monster, whose machinations seemed, in their subtlety and secrecy, to prevent all defeat, no longer cumbered Spain, was in itself a relief so great both to monarch and people, as after the first burst of indignation to cause universal rejoicings.

It so happened that Ferdinand had been desirous of Stanley's presence for some weeks ; letters from Isabella, some little time previous, had expressed an earnest desire for the young man's return to Saragossa, if only for a visit of a few days. This was then impossible. Three months had elapsed since Isabella's first communication ; within the last two she had not again reverted to Stanley ; but the king, thinking she had merely refrained from doing so because of its present impossibility, gladly seized the opportunity of his appearance at Seville, to dispatch him, as envoy extraordinary, on both public and private business, to the court of Arragon.

Isabella was surrounded by her ministers and nobles when Stanley was conducted to her presence ; she received him with cordiality and graciousness, asked many and eager questions concerning her husband and the progress of his arms, entered minutely into the affair of Don Luis, congratulated him on his having been the hand destined to unmask the traitor and bring him low ; gave her full attention on the instant to the communications from the king, with which he was charged ; occupied some hours in earnest and thoughtful deliberation with her council, which, on perusal of the king's papers, she had summoned directly. And yet, through all this, Arthur fancied there was an even unusual degree of sympathy and kindness in the tone and look with which she addressed him individually ; but he felt intuitively it was sympathy with sorrow, not with joy. He was convinced that his unexpected presence had startled and almost grieved her ; and why should this be, if she had still the hope with which she had so infused his spirit, when they had parted. His heart, so full of elasticity a few hours previous, sunk chilled and pained within him, and it was with an effort impossible to have been denied, had it not been for the queen's *unspoken* but real sympathy, he roused himself sufficiently to execute his mission.

But Isabella was too much the true and feeling woman, to permit the day to close without the private interview she saw Stanley needed ; reality, sad as it was, she felt would be better than harrowing suspense ; and, in a few kindly words, the tale was told.

"I should have known it!" he exclaimed, when the first shock of bitter disappointment permitted words. "My own true, precious Marie! How dared I dream that for me thou wouldst sacrifice thy faith; all, all else—joy, hope, strength; ay, life itself—but not thy God! O madam," he continued, turning passionately to the queen, "thou hast not condemned her to misery for this! Thou hast not revoked thy former heavenly mercy, and delivered her over to the stern fathers of our holy church? No, no! Isabella could not have done this!"

"Nor have we," replied the queen, so mildly that Arthur flung himself at her feet, conjuring her to pardon his disrespectful words. "Give her to thee, without retracting her fearful misbelief, indeed we dared not, but further misery has not been inflicted. We have indeed done penance for our weakness, severe penance; for Father Tomas asserts that we have most grievously sinned; and more, have pledged ourselves most solemnly, that what he may counsel for the entire uprooting of this horrible heresy, and accursed race, shall be followed, cost what it may, politically or privately; but to refuse the last boon of the unhappy girl, who had so strangely, perchance so bewilderingly, wound herself about my heart—Stanley, I must have changed my nature first!"

"Her last boon! Gracious Sovereign——"

"Nay, her last to her sovereign, my friend. It may be that even yet her errors may be abjured, and grace be granted in her solitude, to become, in this world as the next, what we have prayed for; but we dare not hope it; nor must thou. She besought permission to return to the home of her childhood, pledging herself never to leave it, or mingle with her people or ours more."

"And she is there! God in Heaven bless, reward your Highness for the mercy!" burst impetuously from Arthur.

"I trust she is, nay, I believe it; for Jewess as she is, she would not pledge me false. In the garb of the novice, as she saved thee, Father Denis conducted her to the frontiers of Castile. More we know not, for we asked not the site of her home."

There was a few minutes' pause, and then, with beseeching eloquence, Arthur conjured the sovereign to let him see her once, but once, again. He asked no more, but he felt as if he could not sustain the agony of eternal separation, without one last, last interview. He pledged his honor, that no temptation of a secret union should interfere with the sentence of the queen; that both would submit; only to permit them once more to meet again.

Isabella hesitated, but not for long. Perhaps the secret hope arose that Stanley's presence would effect that for which all else had failed; or that she really could not resist his passionate pleadings.

"One word of retraction, and even now she is thine.—And I will bless thee that thou gavest her to me again," she said in parting; but her own spirit told her the hope was vain.

Half an hour after this agitating interview, Arthur Stanley was again on horseback, a deep hectic on either cheek; his eye bloodshot and strained, traversing with the speed of lightning the open country, in the direction of Castile.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Oh! love, love, strong as death—from such an hour
Pressing out joy by thine immortal power;
Holy and fervent love! Had earth but rest
For thee and thine, this world were all too fair:
How could we thence be weaned to die without despair!

"But woe for him who felt that heart grow still
Which with its weight of agony had lain
Breaking on his. Scarce could the mortal chill
Of the hushed bosom, ne'er to heave again,
And all the curdling silence round the eye,
Bring home the stern belief that she could die."

MRS. HEMANS.

THE glowing light of a glorious sunset lingered on the Vale of Cedars, displaying that calm and beautiful retreat in all the fair and rich luxuriance of former years. Reuben and Ruth, the aged retainers of the house of Henriquez, had made it their pride and occupation to preserve the cherished retreat lovely as it had been left. Nor were they its only inmates; their daughter, her husband, and children, after various struggles in the Christian world, had been settled in the Vale by the benevolence of Ferdinand Morales—their sole duty, to preserve it in such order as to render it a fitting place of refuge for any one who should need it. Within the last twelve months, another inmate had been added to them. Weary of his wanderings, and of the constant course of deception which his apparent profession of a monk demanded, Julien Morales had returned to the home of his childhood, there to fix his permanent abode; only to make such

excursions from it, as the interests of his niece might demand. Her destiny was his sole anxious thought. Her detention by Isabella convinced him that her disguise had been penetrated, and filled him with solicitude for her spiritual, yet more than her temporal welfare. Royal protection of a Jewess was so unprecedented, that it could only argue the hope—nay, perhaps conviction—of her final conversion. And the old man actually tried to divorce the sweet image of his niece from his affections, so convinced was he that her unhappy love for Arthur, combined with Isabella's authority, and, no doubt, the threat of some terrible alternative should she refuse, would compel her acceptance of the proffered cross, and so sever them forever. How little can man, even the most gentle and affectionate, read woman!

It was the day completing the eleventh month after Don Ferdinand's murder, when Julien Morales repaired earlier than usual to the little temple, there to read the service for the dead appointed for the day, and thence proceeded to his nephew's grave. An unusual object, which had fallen on, or was kneeling beside the grave caught his eye, and impelled him to quicken his pace. His heart throbbed as he recognized the garb of a novice, and to such a degree as almost to deprive him of all power, as in the white, chiseled features, resting on the cold, damp sod, he recognized his niece and believed, for the first agonizing moment, that it was but clay resting against clay; and the sweet, pure spirit had but guided her to that grave and flown. But death for a brief interval withdrew his grasp; though his shaft had reached her, and no human hand could draw it back. Father Denis had conducted her so carefully and tenderly to the frontiers of Castile that she had scarcely felt fatigue, and encountered no exposure to the elements; but when he left her, her desire to reach her home became stronger, with the seeming physical incapacity to do so. Her spirit gave way, and mental and bodily exhaustion followed. The season was unusually damp and tempestuous, and, though scarcely felt at the time, sowed the seeds of cold and decline, from which her naturally good constitution might, in the very midst of her trials, otherwise have saved her. Her repugnance to encounter the eyes or speech of her fellows, lest her disguise should be penetrated, caused her to shrink from entering any habitation, except for the single night which intervened, between the period of the father's leaving her and her reaching the secret entrance to the Vale. Her wallet provided her with more food than

her parched throat could swallow; and for the consuming thirst, the fresh streams that so often bubbled across her path, gave her all she needed. The fellowship of man, then, was unrequired, and, as the second night fell, so comparatively short a distance lay between her and her home, that, buoyed up by the desire to reach it, she was not sensible of her utter exhaustion, till she stood within the little graveyard of the Vale; and the moon shining softly and clearly on the headstones, disclosed to her the grave of her husband. She was totally ignorant that he had been borne there; and the rush of feeling which came over her, as she read his name—the memories of their happy, innocent childhood, of all his love for her—that had he been but spared, all the last year's misery might have been averted, for she would have loved him, ay, even as he loved her; and he would have guarded, saved,—so overpowered her, that she had sunk down upon the senseless earth which covered him, conscious only of the wild, sickly longing, like him to flee away and be at rest. She had reached her home; exertion no longer needed, the unnatural strength ebbed fast, and the frail tenement withered, hour by hour, away. And how might Julien mourn! Her work on earth was done. Young, tried, frail as she was, she had been permitted to show forth the glory, the sustaining glory, of her faith, by a sacrifice whose magnitude was indeed apparent, but whose depth and intensity of suffering none knew but Him for whom it had been made. She had been preserved from the crime—if possible more fearful in the mind of the Hebrew than any other—apostasy: and though the first conviction, that she was indeed “passing away” even from his affection, was fraught with absolute anguish, yet her uncle could not, dared not, pray for life on earth. And in the peace, the calm, the depth of quietude which gradually sunk on her heart, infusing her every word and look and gentle smile, it was as if her spirit had already the foretaste of that blissful heaven for which its wings were plumed. As the frame dwindled, the expression of her sweet face became more and more unearthly in its exquisite beauty, the mind more and more beatified, and the heart more freed from earthly feeling. The reward of her constancy appeared in part bestowed on earth, for death itself was revealed to her—not as the King of Terrors, but as an Angel of Light, at whose touch the lingering raiment of mortality would dissolve, and the freed soul spring up rejoicing to its home.

It was the Feast of the Tabernacle and the Sabbath eve. The tent—formed of branches of thick trees and fragrant shrubs—was erected,

as we have seen it in a former page, a short distance from the temple. Marie's taste had once again been consulted in its decorations; her hand, feeble as it was, had twined the lovely wreaths of luscious flowers and arranged the glowing fruit. With some difficulty she had joined the devotional service performed by her uncle in the little temple—borne there in the arms of old Reuben, for her weakness now prevented walking—and on the evening of the Sabbath in the festival, she reclined on one of the luxurious couches within the tent, through the opening of which she could look forth on the varied beauties of the Vale, and the rich glorious hues dyeing the western skies. The Sabbath lamps were lighted, but their rays were faint and flickering in the still, glowing atmosphere. A crimson ray from the departing luminary gleamed through the branches, and a faint glow—either from its reflection, or from that deceiving beauty which too often gilds the features of the dying—rested on Marie's features, lighting up her large and lustrous eyes with unnatural brilliance. She had been speaking earnestly of that life beyond the grave, belief in which throughout her trials had been her sole sustainer. Julien had listened, wrapt and almost awe-struck, so completely did it seem as if the spirit, and not the mortal, spoke.

"And thine own trials, my beloved one," he said,—“has the question never come, why thou shouldst thus have been afflicted?”

"Often, very often, my father, and only within the last few weeks has the full answer come; and I can say from my inmost heart, in the words of Job, 'It is good that I have been afflicted,' and that I believe all is well. While on earth, we must be in some degree of earth, and bear the penalty of our earthly nature. The infirmities and imperfections of that nature in others, as often as in ourselves, occasion human misery, which our God, in his infinite love, permits, to try our spirit's strength and faith, and so prepare us for that higher state of being, in which the spirit will move and act when the earthly shell is shivered, and earthly infirmities are forever stilled. In the time of suffering we cannot think thus; but looking back as I do now—when the near vicinity of another world bids me regard my own past life almost as if it were another's—I feel it in my inmost heart, and bless God for every suffering which has prepared me thus early for his home. There is but one feeling, one wish of earth remaining," she continued after a long pause of utter exhaustion. "It is weak, perhaps, and wrong; but if—if Arthur could but know that fatal secret which made me seem a worse deceiver than I was—I know it cannot be, but it so

haunts me. If I wedded one Christian, may he not think there needed not this sacrifice—sacrifice not of myself, but of his happiness. Oh! could I but—Hush! whose step is that?” she suddenly interrupted herself; and with the effort of strong excitement, started up, and laid her hand on her uncle’s arm.

“Nay, my child, there is no sound,” he replied soothingly, after listening attentively for several moments.

“But there is. Hark, dost thou not hear it now? God of mercy! thou hast heard my prayer—it is *his*!” she exclaimed, sinking powerlessly back, at the moment that even Julien’s duller ear had caught a rapid step; and in another minute the branches were hastily pushed aside, and Stanley indeed stood upon the threshold.

“Marie—and thus!” he passionately exclaimed; and flinging himself on his knees beside her, he buried his face on her hand, and wept in agony.

Nearly an hour passed ere Marie could rally from the agitation of Arthur’s unexpected presence sufficiently to speak. She lay with her hand clasped in his, and his arm around her—realizing, indeed, to the full, the soothing consolation of his presence, but utterly powerless to speak that for which she had so longed to see him once again. The extent of her weakness had been unknown till that moment either to her uncle or herself, and Julien watched over her in terror lest the indefinable change which in that hour of stillness was perceptibly stealing over her features should be indeed the dim shadow of death. To Arthur speech was equally impossible, save in the scarcely articulate expressions of love and veneration which he lavished on her. What he had hoped in thus seeking her he could not himself have defined. His whole soul was absorbed in the wild wish to see her again, and the thoughts of death for her had never entered his heart. The shock, then, had been terrible, and to realize the infinite mercy which thus bade sorrow cease, was in such a moment impossible. He could but gaze and clasp her closer and closer yet, as if even death should be averted by his love.

“Uncle Julien,” she murmured, as she faintly extended her hand toward him, “thou wilt not refuse to clasp hands with one who has so loved thy Marie! And thou, Arthur, oh! scorn him not. Without him the invisible dungeons of the Inquisition would have been my grave, and thine that of a dishonored knight and suspected murderer.”

The eyes of her companions met, and their hands were grasped in that firm pressure, betraying unity of feeling, and reciprocal esteem, which need no words.

"Raise me a little, dearest Arthur; uncle Julien, put back that spreading bough. I would say something more, and the fresher air may give me strength. Ah! the evening breeze is so fresh and sweet; it always makes me feel as if the spirits of those we loved were hovering near us. We hold much closer and dearer communion with the beloved dead in the calm twilight than in the garish day. Arthur, dearest, thou wilt think of me sometimes in an hour like this."

"When shall I not think of thee?" he passionately rejoined. "O Marie, Marie! I thought separation on earth the worst agony that could befall me; but what—what is it compared to the eternal one of death?"

"No, no, not eternal, Arthur. In heaven I feel there is no distinction of creed or faith; we shall all love God and one another there, and earth's fearful distinctions can never come between us. I know such is not the creed of thy people, nor of some of mine; but when thou standest on the verge of eternity, as I do now, thou wilt feel this too."

"How can I gaze on thee, and not believe it?" he replied. "The loudest thunders of the Church could not shake my trust in the purity of heaven, which is thine."

"Because thou lovest, Arthur. Thy love for Marie is stronger than thy hatred of her race; and, oh! if thou lovest thus, I know thou hast forgiven."

"Forgiven!" he passionately reiterated.

"Yes, dearest Arthur. Is the past indeed so obliterated that the wrong I did thee is forgotten even as forgiven? But, O Arthur! it was not so unjustifiable as it seemed then. I dared not breathe the truth in Isabella's court. I dare not whisper it now save to thee, who would die rather than reveal it. Arthur, dearest Arthur, it was no Christian whom I wedded. We had been betrothed from early childhood, though I knew it not; and when the time came, I could not draw down on me a father's curse, or dash with agony a heart that so cherished, so loved me, by revelation of a truth which could avail me nothing, and would bring him but misery. Ferdinand was my cousin—a child of Israel, as myself."

"Now heaven bless thee for those words, my own, true, precious Marie!" exclaimed Stanley, in strong emotion, and clasping her still

closer, he pressed his quivering lips to her forehead, starting in agony as he marked the cold, damp dews which had gathered upon it, too truly the index of departing life. He besought her to speak no more—the exertion was exhausting her; she smiled faintly, drank of the reviving draught which Julien proffered, and lay for a few minutes calm and still.

“I am better now,” she said, after an interval. “It was only the excitement of speaking that truth, which I have so long desired to reveal—to clear my memory from the caprice and inconstancy with which even thy love must have charged me; and now, Arthur, promise me that thou wilt not mourn me too long: that thou wilt strive to conquer the morbid misery, which I know, if encouraged, will cloud thy whole life, and unfit thee for the glorious career which must otherwise be thine. Do not forget me wholly, love, but deem it not a duty to my memory never to love again. Arthur, dearest, thou canst bestow happiness on another, and one of thine own faith, even such happiness as to have been thy wife would have given me. Do not reject the calm rest and peacefulness, which such love will bring to thee, though now thou feelest as if the very thought were loathing. She will speak to thee of me; for Jewess as she knew me, she has loved and tended me in suffering, and so wept my banishment, that my frozen tears had well-nigh flowed in seeing hers. Seek her in Isabella’s court, and try to love her, Arthur—if at first merely for my sake, it will soon, soon be for her own.”

Impressively and pleadingly, these words fell on Arthur’s aching heart, even at that moment when he felt to comply with them was and must ever be impossible. When time had done its work, and softened individual agony, they returned again and yet again; and at each returning, seemed less painful to obey.

“And Isabella, my kind, loving, generous mistress,” she continued, after a very long pause, and her voice was so faint as scarcely to make distinguishable the words, save for the still lingering sweetness and clearness of her articulation—“Oh! what can I say to her? Arthur, dearest Arthur, thou must repay the debt of gratitude I owe her. Her creed condemns, but her heart loves me—ay, still, still! And better (though she cannot think so) than had I for earthly joy turned traitor to my God. Oh, tell her how with my last breath I loved and blessed her, Arthur; tell her we shall meet again, where Jew and Gentile worship the same God! Oh, that I could but have proved—proved—How suddenly it has grown dark! Uncle Julien, is it not time for the evening prayer?”

And her lips moved in the wordless utterance of the prayer for which she had asked, forgetting it had some time before been said; and then her head sunk lower and lower on Arthur's bosom, and there was no sound. Twilight lingered, as loth to disappear, then deepened into night, and the silver lamps within the tents brighter and more brightly illumined the gloom; but Arthur moved not, suppressing even his breath, lest he should disturb that deep and still repose. It was more than an hour ere Julien Morales could realize the truth, and then he gently endeavored to unclasp Arthur's almost convulsive hold, and with kindly force to lead him from the couch. The light of the lamp fell full upon that sweet, sweet face; and, oh! never had it seemed so lovely. The awful stillness of sculptured repose was indeed there; the breath of life and its disturbing emotions had passed away, and naught but the shrine remained. But like marble sculptured by God's hand, that sweet face gleamed—seeming, in its perfect tracery, its heavenly repose, to whisper even to the waves of agony, "Be still—my spirit is with God!"

Julien Morales and Arthur Stanley—the aged and the young—the Jewish recluse and the Christian warrior—knelt side by side on the cold earth, which concealed the remains of one to both so inexpressibly dear. The moonlit shrubs and spangled heaven alone beheld their mutual sorrow, and the pale moon waned, and the stars gleamed paler and paler in the first gray of dawn ere that vigil was concluded. And then both arose and advanced to the barrier wall; the spring answered to the touch, and the concealed door flew back. The young Christian turned, and was folded to the heart of the Jew. The blessing of the Hebrew was breathed in the ear of the Englishman, and Stanley disappeared.

O love! thou fairest, brightest, most imperishable type of heaven! what to thee are earth's distinctions? Alone in thy pure essence thou standest, and every mere earthly feeling crouches at thy feet. And art thou but this world's blessing? Oh! they have never loved who thus believe. Love is the voice of God, Love is the rule of heaven! As one grain to the uncounted sands, as one drop to the unfathomed depths—is the love of earth to that of heaven; but when the mortal shrine is shivered, the minute particle will re-unite itself with its kindred essence, to exist unshadowed and forever.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentles speed
Who long have listened to my rede?"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE fickle sun of "merrie England" shone forth in unusual splendor; and, as if resolved to bless the august ceremony on which it gazed, permitted not a cloud to shadow the lustrous beams, which darted their floods of light through the gorgeous casements of Westminster Abbey, in whose sacred precincts was then celebrating the bridal of the young heir of England, with a fair and gentle daughter of Spain. It was a scene to interest the coldest heart—not for the state and splendor of the accoutrements, nor the high rank of the parties principally concerned, nor for the many renowned characters of church, state, and chivalry there assembled; it was the extreme youth and touching expression, impressed on the features of both bride and bridegroom.

Neither Arthur, Prince of Wales, nor Catherine, Infanta of Arragon, had yet numbered eighteen years, the first fresh season of joyous life; but on neither countenance could be traced the hilarity and thoughtlessness natural to their age. The fair, transparent brow of the young prince, under which the blue veins could be clearly seen, till lost beneath the rich chestnut curls, that parted on his brow, fell loosely on either shoulder; the large and deep blue eye, which was ever half concealed beneath the long, dark lash, as if some untold languor caused the eyelid to droop so heavily; the delicate pink of his downless cheek, the brilliant hue on his lips, even his peculiar smile, all seemed to whisper the coming ill, that one so dear to Englishmen would not linger with them to fulfill the sweet promise of his youth.

Beauty is, perhaps, too strong a word to apply to the youthful bride. It was the pensive sadness of her mild and pleasing features that so attracted—natural enough to her position in a strange land, and the thoughts of early severance from a mother she idolized, but recalled some twenty years afterward as the dim shadow of the sorrowing future, glooming through the gay promise of the present. And there, too, was Prince Henry, then only in his twelfth year, bearing in his flashing eye and constantly varying expression of brow

and mouth, true index of those passions which were one day to shake Europe to the centre; and presenting in his whole appearance a striking contrast to his brother, and drawing around him, even while yet so young, the hottest and wildest spirits of his father's court, who, while they loved the person, scorned the gentle amusements of the Prince of Wales.

Henry the Seventh and his hapless consort, Elizabeth of York, were, of course, present—the one rejoicing in the conclusion of a marriage for which he had been in treaty the last seven years, and which was at last purchased at the cost of innocent blood; the other beholding only her precious son, whose gentle and peculiarly domestic virtues were her sweetest solace for conjugal neglect and ill-concealed dislike.

Amongst the many noble Spaniards forming the immediate attendants of the Infanta, had been one so different in aspect to his companions as to attract universal notice; and not a few of the senior noblemen of England had been observed to crowd round him whenever he appeared, and evince toward him the most marked and pleasurable cordiality. His thickly silvered hair and somewhat furrowed brow bore the impress of some five-and-fifty years; but a nearer examination might have betrayed that sorrow more than years had aged him, and full six, or even ten years might very well be subtracted from the age which a first glance supposed him. Why the fancy was taken that he was not a Spaniard could not have been very easily explained; for his wife was the daughter of the famous Pedro Pas, whose beauty, wit, and high spirits were essentially Spanish, and was the Infanta's nearest and most favored attendant; and he himself was constantly near her person, and looked up to by the usually jealous Spaniards as even higher in rank and importance than many of themselves. How, then, could he be a foreigner? And marvel merged into the most tormenting curiosity, when, on the bridal day of the Prince of Wales, though he still adhered to the immediate train of the Princess, he appeared in the rich and full costume of an English peer. The impatience of several young gallants could hardly be restrained even during the ceremony; at the conclusion of which they tumultuously surrounded Lord Scales, declaring they would not let him go till he had told them who and what was this mysterious friend: Lord Scales had headed a gallant band of English knights in the Moorish war, and was therefore supposed to know everything concerning Spain, and certainly of this Anglo-Spaniard, as ever since his arrival

in England they had constantly been seen together. He smiled good-humoredly at their importunity, and replied :—

“I am afraid my friend’s history has nothing very marvelous or mysterious in it. His family were all staunch Lancastrians, and perished either on the field or scaffold ; he escaped almost miraculously, and after a brief interval of restless wandering, went to Spain and was treated with such consideration and kindness by Ferdinand and Isabella, that he has lived there ever since, honored and treated in all things as a child of the soil. On my arrival, I was struck by his extraordinary courage and rash disregard of danger, and gladly hailed in him a countryman. I learned afterward that this reckless bravery had been incited by a wish for death, and that events had occurred in his previous life, which would supply matter for many a minstrel tale.”

“Let us hear it, let us hear it!” interrupted many eager voices, but Lord Scales laughingly shook his head.

“Excuse me, my young friends : at present I have neither time nor inclination for a long story. Enough that he loved, and loved unhappily ; not from its being unreturned, but from a concatenation of circumstances, and sorrows which may not be detailed.”

“But he is married ; and he is as devoted to Donna Catherine as she is to him. I heard they were proverbial for their mutual affection and domestic happiness. How could he so have loved before ?” demanded, somewhat skeptically, a very young man.

“My good friend, when you get a little older, you will cease to marvel at such things, or imagine, because a man has been very wretched, he is to be forever. My friend once felt as you do (Lord Scales changed his tone to one of impressive seriousness) ; but he was wise enough to abide by the counsels of the beloved one he had lost, struggle to shake off the sluggish misery which was crushing him, cease to wish for death, and welcome life as a solemn path of usefulness and good, still to be trodden, though its flowers might have faded. Gradually as he awoke to outward things, and sought the companionship of her whom his lost one had loved, he became sensible that, spiritless as he had thought himself, he could yet, did he see fit, win and rivet regard ; and so he married, loving less than he was loved, perchance, at the time, but scarcely so now. His marriage, and his present happiness, are far less mysterious than his extraordinary interference in the event which followed the conquest of the Moors—I mean the expulsion of the Jews.”

“By the way, what caused that remarkable edict ?” demanded one

of the circle, more interested in politics than individuals. "It is a good thing indeed to rid a land of such vermin; but in Spain they had so much to do with the successful commerce of the country, that it appears as impolitic as unnecessary."

"Impolitic it was, so far as concerned the temporal interests of the kingdom; but the sovereigns of Spain decided on it, from the religious light in which it was placed before them by Torquemada. It is whispered that Isabella would never have consented to a decree, sentencing so many thousands of her innocent subjects to misery and expulsion, had not her confessor worked on her conscience in an unusual manner; alluding to some unprecedented favor shown to one of that hated race, occasioned, he declared, by those arts of magic which might occur again and yet again, and do most fatal evil to the land. Isabella had, it appears, when reproached by Torquemada for her act of mercy, which he termed weakness, pledged herself, not to interfere with his measures for the extermination of the unbelief, and on this promise of course he worked, till the edict was proclaimed."

"But this stranger, what had he to do with it?" demanded many of the group, impatient at the interruption.

"What he had to do with it I really cannot tell you, but his zeal to avert the edict lost him, in a great measure, the confidence of Ferdinand. When he found to prevent their expulsion was impossible, he did all in his power to lessen their misfortune, if such it may be called, by relieving every unbeliever that crossed his path."

An exclamation of horrified astonishment escaped his auditors. "What could such conduct mean? Did he lean toward unbelief himself——"

"That could hardly be," replied Lord Scales. "Unless he had been a Catholic, earnest and zealous as herself, Isabella would never have so esteemed him as to give him as wife her special favorite, Catherine Pas, and place him so near the person of her child. When I left Spain, I entreated my friend to accompany me, and resume his hereditary title and estate, but I pleaded in vain. Some more than common tie seemed to devote him to the interests of the queen of Castile, whom he declared he would never leave unless in England he could serve her better than in Spain. At that time there was no chance of such an event. He now tells me, that it was Isabella's earnest request that he should attend the princess; be always near her, and so decrease the difficulties which in a foreign land must for a time surround her. The queen is broken in health, and dispirited,

from many domestic afflictions ; and it was with tears she besought him to devote his remaining years to the service of her child, and be to the future queen of England true, faithful, and upright, as he had ever been to the queen of Spain. Need I say the honorable charge was instantly accepted, and while he resumes his rank and duties as a peer of his native land, the grateful service of an adopted son of Spain will ever be remembered and performed."

"But his name, his name?" cried many eager voices.

"ARTHUR STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY."

THE END.

THEATRICAL REHEARSALS.

PEOPLE who have hitherto described rehearsals have dwelt chiefly on the paucity of gaslights and on the fact of the actresses being in every-day dress—peculiarities at which, without any great effort of imagination, one might have guessed before going in. A rehearsal is never a brilliant spectacle; on wet winter days when half the company are afflicted with colds it is apt to be a depressing one; but even on a winter's day one might spend one afternoon to worse purpose than by sitting in a stage-box and watching a comedy in three acts being put through its goose-steps. If one learned nothing else, one would at least gather a conception of the difficulties, anxieties, and labors to which half a hundred people are subjected before even the most meagre comedy is fit to face the public.

We will suppose that a play is accepted,—and this is taking a big leap at once,—for if kind-hearted persons had any idea of the number of dramatists who, like Mr. Grewgious's gloomy clerk in "Edwin Drood," stalk about from theatre to theatre with sealed MSS. for the managers, somebody would surely propose that a charity theatre be erected somewhere, where all these rejected and much-to-be-pitied men of talent might get their works played for nothing. It is not so sure, by the way, that among the works thus played some might not be superior to those which attain the honor of genuine performance. This is said without malice, but all managers are not infallible, and it is a known fact that to judge a play sagaciously in manuscript, requires almost as much cleverness as to write one. However, we

will suppose all these obstacles surmounted. The manager has opened a manuscript, read it, liked it (being in good humor), and written to the fortunate author to say that with "certain modifications" (this phrase is inevitable) he thinks the play will do. A day is fixed for the reading before the company. The French, who are models in all these matters, invest their readings with a sort of solemnity. All the "friends of the house," patrons, play-surveyors in ordinary, and friendly critics, are convoked, and the author makes his appearance in dress clothes, with a trusty friend by his side to encourage him, and, if nervousness should supervene, read for him. Some French playwrights are capital readers; others always have recourse to the trusty friend. Alexandre Dumas read in such wise that his hearers wept, and when the performance was over threw themselves into his arms. Balzac, in reading his "Mercadet" before the committee of the Théâtre Français, tore off his coat, waistcoat, and necktie, brandished his fist above his head, and bellowed as if he were in a fever; and it stands on record of a third and still living dramatist that in reading a first work he threw so much spirit into the exercise that at the last act, where a murder was to be enacted, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and bawling out, "This is loaded!" discharged it in front of him, amid a pretty panic, very easy to imagine. Of course the pistol was not loaded, and the words to the contrary were merely part of the text; but this shows into what emotional incidents a reading may culminate under the auspices of a truly conscientious playwright.

The piece then stands read, and the next thing to do is to distribute the parts. Now, those who have ever been present at a reading, will remember that after the buzz of congratulations which attends the close of the author's labors has subsided, there is a sudden lull, and the lady members of the company fold their hands, beat down their skirts a little, and set their lips. This is like clearing the decks for action, and veteran playwrights know the symptoms so well that when the piece they have been reading is not one that was ordered beforehand, with all the parts cut to measure, they instantly follow up their conclusion by crying out, half defiantly, "I propose distributing as follows. . . ." and distribute as follows they do, all prayers, protestations and tears notwithstanding. Young playwrights, however, commit the blunder of pausing after they have shut up their manuscripts, and smile benignly at everybody. Then comes the war. It is not the leading parts that are so hard to award, for there is always

a male star and a lady star who decide at once and very peremptorily (especially the lady) whether the chief parts suit them; but it is the second-fiddle members of the company from whom tribulation comes. The ladies have been following the number of lines in each minor part with a watchful, critical ear, and each now protests with a flushing face that her part is by ten lines short of that which she took in her last play. If one adopted the scale of promotion advocated by these ladies, a 50-line part in July would give a clear title to a 100-line part in December, a 150-line part next June, and so on, independently of all considerations as to how the first part was acted, this issue being, according to the ladies interested, altogether foreign to the question. In vain does the young author argue that the importance of a part depends in no way upon its length, that Molière's *Tartuffe* does not appear on the scene until the third act, that—he is overborne, talked down, treated with bitter scorn; and it is then that the meaning of the word “modifications” in the manager's letter is first made manifest to him. He is given plainly to understand that if he does not want to have all the ladies there present his enemies for life he must modify, that is, add at least twenty lines to all the smaller “rôles.” If, like M. Rayer in M. Hervé's last operetta, “*Le Trône d'Ecosse*,” he be a man of bronze, resolved to make no concessions, he holds out firmly and takes the consequences. If he be a simple man, like other mortals, he yields, adds to the parts, and has the satisfaction of reading in the newspapers on the morrow of the first performance that the piece “would be all the better for a great deal of cutting.”

But we have not reached the first performance yet. After the distribution comes the learning by heart, and this occupies more or less time according to the greater or less intelligence of the actresses. It will be observed that we lay some stress on the actresses, and but little on the actors, the ungallant fact being that whatever hindrances are thrown into the way of the smooth production of a new piece come generally from the fairer half of creation. It is surprising what a time some actresses take in learning their parts, and what a peculiarly unsatisfactory way they have of reciting them once they are learned. The manager expostulates, the stage manager storms, the prompter groans aloud in his distress—impossible to bring the ladies to commit the text to memory without embellishments or substitutions of their own. “You have wantonly deceived me once, but I vow you shall never do so again,” were the indignant words put into the mouth of a subheroine in a metropolitan drama; and the lady intrusted with

the part, being of short memory, broke out at the first rehearsal, "You have gammoned me once, but, by George! if you do it again you'll be a cleverer fellow than I take you for." A young author fumes under these profanations as if his hair were being pulled: an older man usually checks them at about the third rehearsal by the scourging threat that he will withdraw her part from the culprit unless she show herself more appreciative of his writings. This leads to indignation, tears, uncomplimentary mutterings, but eventually to repentance and a return to grammar. About six weeks after the distribution the author may heave a sigh of relief, and hope on being told that things are getting on pretty well. "Not as well as might be expected," adds the stage manager, who is by profession of despondent mood, "but still fairly." This means that after the battles with the scene-painters have been fought and won—(there are always battles with the scene painters, who are for placing grand effects where none are needed)—after the *costumier* has been prevailed upon to follow your ideas of the becoming and not his,—you may expect the last undress rehearsal; as soon as the principal actress shall have deigned to recover from her cough, her cold, or whatever other infirmity she may be pleading to stop the way.

At length it comes, that last undress rehearsal. Two o'clock p.m.; mud in the street outside; crustiness on the part of the manager, who has seen that a rival house announces for performance next week a piece whose *denouement*, he hears, is exactly like that of the play about to be rehearsed. A manager may never be more than crusty, for his are the duties of an autocrat, and need to be exercised with command of temper and outward courtesy; but when the manager is crusty the stage manager is furious, and fines are scattered about with a prodigality which makes scene-shifters, call-boys, and others to whom fines are of consequence, tremble in their shoes. The author meanwhile, who has been cut dead by two actresses whose parts he has refused to lengthen in such a way as to admit of three changes of costume during the evening, takes his seat on a chair at a corner of the stage near the footlights, and fans himself with his handkerchief; the stage manager scrambles down into the conductor of the orchestra's seat, and casts a searching eye about the house to see if nobody from without—reporter, or person of that kind—has introduced himself by stealth. But nobody is in the stalls save three old women with baskets, mothers of actresses, and no one in the boxes except a carpenter in shirtsleeves, who is mending something and pauses to look; so the

stage manager shouts, "Begin!" and the interesting heroine enters. Now, if the stage manager be a man of soft mould he is indulgent toward the chief actress, but if he be a functionary well up to his work, he shows no respect of persons, and overhauls the stars as he does the lesser satellites. "I have sacrificed every thing to Henry," sighs the star; "my maiden innocence, my hopes of happiness, my" — "Stop!" roars the stage manager. "When you say, 'I have sacrificed everything to Henry,' you must make a resigned gesture, as if you felt the sacrifice to be worth something; and when you say 'my maiden innocence,' try and avoid smiling as you did just now." "I didn't do anything of the sort," protests the star hotly. "Then it was the gas made it seem so," retorts the stage manager. "Now go on." The star does go on, and has a three-hours' drilling of it. Simultaneously with her the satellites get their share much in this fashion: "Miss A., don't throw your eyes about in that manner; you're always looking at the orchestra stalls." "I don't look at the stalls." "A good actress," resumes the stage manager sententiously, "is so enwrapped in her part that the world ends for her at those footlights." (Miss A. pouts.) "Miss B.," goes on the stage manager, "pronounce five times over the word 'harrowing,' which you just pronounced 'arrowing.'" "H-h-h-arrowing, then!" cries Miss B. fiercely; "but you're always at me about something!" "Miss C.," proceeds the stage manager imperturbably, "three times already I've told you to assume an outraged expression when you are asked to betray your family for gold, and you don't look outraged in the least." "I shall look outraged at the performance," answers Miss C. "That's what all of you always say," vociferates the stage manager, "and when the performance comes it's as bad as ever." By this time the *finale* has been reached, and everybody looks as if he or she had had enough of it, especially the manager, who finds somehow that the dialogue does not sound so witty as when he heard it first. "My impression is," grumbles he to the author, "that, with all those additions of yours, the piece will not be over till three in the morning." "And it will certainly be one of the dullest pieces ever heard," breaks in one of the rebuked and angered actresses, brushing in high dudgeon by the pair; "it's a dull piece, and it'll be hissed; you mark my word!" An author does not always dine pleasantly after a rehearsal.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Editorial Department.

THE LATE DR. ABRAHAM GEIGER.

A GREAT man has fallen in Israel, one whose pure character, whose brilliant intellect, whose gigantic efforts in the cause of progress and enlightenment had rendered him known and beloved not only in his native land and in the immediate scenes of his labors, but in almost every Jewish community in the world. Dr. Abraham Geiger, the eminent and erudite rabbi, whose memory will be cherished by future generations, died suddenly at Berlin on Friday, October 25th. So unexpected was his death, that none save perhaps himself was prepared for it. Although he had attained the age of 64, he was yet in the enjoyment of such excellent health and manly vigor, that it seemed as if he had still many years before him in which to continue his useful and exemplary career. An all-wise and beneficent Providence, however, has seen fit to call him to his heavenly rest, and though His decrees often seem inexplicable, yet faith in His wisdom and goodness teaches us to bow with humility and to revere the hand that smites us.

Dr. Geiger was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main in the year 1810, and from his early childhood was destined for the Jewish ministry. His first clerical post was that of Rabbi at Wiesbaden, where he attracted considerable attention by the liberality of his religious sentiments. A reformer almost from youth, his expansive mind could not be trammelled within the narrow limits of the orthodox system of his day. He broke the bands, and towering far above all his contemporaries, became a champion of reform—a leader of men's thoughts in one of the most fertile fields, that of religious belief. With indefatigable zeal and energy he devoted himself to his Herculean task of uprooting bigotry and superstition, overthrowing fallacious theories and erroneous doctrines, and substituting in their place broad and elevated views which have since been amplified and developed by that great school of Jewish reformers in which he was so distinguished as a leader.

Apart from his extensive knowledge of talmudical and rabbinical
VOL. IV.—42 .

literature, he was a scholar in every sense of the word. He was familiar not alone with several modern, but also with many Oriental languages, chief among the latter being Arabic and Syriac. In the fertile fields also of history and philosophy he labored diligently, and has enriched these several departments of knowledge with his own valuable contributions. We regret we are unable in the present brief sketch to furnish our readers with a complete list of his works or with a more detailed account of his labors and achievements. Suffice it to say he occupied successively the office of rabbi to the reform congregations in the cities of Wiesbaden, Breslau, Frankfort, and Berlin, and that to him is due the establishment of the Berlin Rabbinical College, an institute in which he held the honorable post of Professor. He also gave the impetus to the conferences of the rabbis, three of which have been held since 1844, at Brunswick, Frankfort-on-the-Main, and Breslau. At the second of these he was vice-president; while at the third, he was unanimously chosen president.

The funeral ceremonies, which are said to have been the most impressive ever witnessed in Berlin, are thus described by the London *Jewish Chronicle*.

The funeral ceremony which took place on Monday was most impressive. More than ten thousand men assembled before the new Synagogue to which the body was conveyed the previous evening. The Ark, the pulpit, and the lustres were draped in black. The coffin was covered with wreaths of laurel and palm. The synagogue was brilliantly lighted. All the notabilities attended—among them were Professors Lazarus and Steinthal, the deputy Lasker, and representatives of various great German congregations. Representatives of all Jewish theological opinions in Berlin were present, except Dr. Hildesheimer.

The choir chanted a hymn, and the Rev. Dr. Aub preached a funeral sermon. He said that from Abraham the Patriarch to Abraham Ibn Ezra, Israel has known no Abraham so great as Abraham Geiger. The Rev. Dr. Goldschmidt of Leipzig preached a second sermon. The choir then sang a dirge, and amidst its plaintive notes and many freely shed tears, the body of this distinguished and learned man was born by the members of the governing body of the congregation from the synagogue. Since the funerals of Alexander von Humboldt and Michael Sachs, no such spectacle has been seen in Berlin.

SYSTEMATIC AND EFFICIENT CHARITY.

CHARITY has ever been acknowledged the greatest of virtues ; but its exercise has been always attended with many difficulties, as is the judicious carrying out of any other virtue. On superficial examination nothing would appear so simple as to exercise charity : for is it not easy to relieve distress applying at our doors, by gifts of money or the necessaries of life ? If you throw a penny to the beggar, is this not charity ? But when we inquire more deeply into the matter, we shall find that this indiscriminate almsgiving, as a general thing, does more harm than good. A person of any self-respect, deprived by accident or some unforeseen circumstance of the means of self-support, will shrink with horror from the idea of asking alms, though most deserving of relief ; while the professional beggar, neither needy nor deserving of encouragement, will, by persistence and impudence, generally gain his point. The charitably disposed, either ignorant of this fact or not having the time to institute inquiries, are thus grossly imposed upon, pauperism is encouraged, and real, deserving poverty remains unrelieved. It is very far from us to ask our readers to discountenance almsgiving, because five out of six applicants may, perhaps, be impostors ; but we wish to check *indiscriminate* charity, as tending more to demoralize than elevate the applicant.

Conscious of the facts above stated, our co-religionists of the city of Philadelphia first made a step in the right direction, and we are glad to see that our brethren of this city have followed the good example. Five prominent charitable associations have united into one society for relieving distress, and that in a manner to help the deserving poor to regain their position in society by giving them the means of self-support, and encouraging thrift and economy, while professional beggars will henceforth be unable to impose upon the charitable. We reproduce below the circular of the "United Hebrew Charities of the City of New York"—the name given to the five societies that have amalgamated as stated above—setting forth more in detail how that desirable end is to be attained. We earnestly hope that other charitable institutions will follow the good example of these worthy societies, and by joining the union increase and enlarge their sphere of usefulness. Other cities would do well to organize likewise into one efficient body their several smaller charities, and thereby contribute to

the eradication of one of the blots of our nineteenth-century civilization—pauperism. Thus, indeed, is “charity made easy,” the difficulties in the way have been cleared off, and we may confidently anticipate an improvement in the condition of the needy. The Executive Committee close their circular with an appeal to the benevolent: winter is at our doors; employment is scarce and labor abundant—shall that appeal be heeded? The Israelites have always nobly responded to calls of this nature, and we are sure this one will be no exception to the rule—nay, more, where such inducements are held out, and such noble ends to be gained, we are convinced that the result will far exceed the most sanguine expectation. Godspeed, then, to thee, thou noble charity!

I. F.

CIRCULAR OF THE UNITED HEBREW CHARITIES OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

CENTRAL OFFICE, 59 EAST 4TH ST.

NEW YORK, November 1st, 1874.

To the Israelites of New York:

WE have the pleasure to announce that, having commenced active operations under the auspices of the following Societies, viz.,

“The Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum Society,”

“The Hebrew Benevolent Fuel Association,”

“The Hebrew Relief Society,”

“The Hebrew Ladies’ Benevolent Society of Yorkville,” and

“The Ladies’ Benevolent Society, Congregation ‘Gates of Prayer,’”

represented by a board of delegates, a central office for the transaction of its business has been opened at the above address.

Our object (briefly stated) is to carry out an improved system of relief. To this end, the city has been divided into seventeen districts; in each a committee [consisting of two ladies and three gentlemen] has been appointed, whose duty will be, to visit the poor in their several districts, note their condition, and report on every case of distress, with the least possible delay.

Committees have also been appointed for obtaining employment, granting loans and receiving deposits, on emigration, and on medical and sanitary

relief. By their united efforts we hope to improve the condition of our poor, by assisting them in various ways to raise themselves from their present condition.

While the co-operation of our societies will greatly promote their efficiency and secure the intelligent and methodical performance of their work, we are nevertheless aware that the assistance of the benevolent is indispensable in furnishing the means whereby the material usefulness of the Board can be maintained.

We therefore appeal to you, especially in view of the peculiar calls upon us during the winter season, to extend to us your hearty and generous aid.

And we would impress upon you that the assistance of the community is required in order that the unworthy shall no longer receive the help to which the needy and unfortunate are entitled. Refuse to give alms indiscriminately to those who apply to your offices and dwellings, take their names and addresses, forward the same to our central office, and the cases will be immediately referred to the proper District Committee for investigation. If found worthy, the applicants will be promptly relieved; if professional beggars, they will be compelled to seek an honest livelihood and will cease to be a burden on the charitable.

In this way only can we prevent the unworthy obtaining funds (as they have hitherto, by their persistence) from our various societies and private individuals.

We offer this brief sketch, asking your attention to its prominent features, and in pledging ourselves to use the utmost zeal in the administration of its various details, we trust this appeal to assist us with funds to carry them out, will not have been made in vain.

Your cast-off wearing apparel, blankets, etc., can be made available and will be gratefully received. If you will kindly notify us, our messenger shall be instructed to call at your residence for such articles as you desire to distribute amongst our worthy poor the coming winter.

Contributions addressed to the Treasurer, Lewis S. Levy, Esq., at the central offices, or to the undersigned, will be thankfully received, and suitably acknowledged.

We are, very respectfully yours,

The Executive Committee,

P. W. FRANK, 43 Broad Street.

LOUIS LEWENGOD, 28 White Street.

H. S. ALLEN, 253 W. 45th Street.

L. S. LEVY, 61 W. 49th Street.

ISAAC HOFFMAN, 39 White Street.

A CHRISTIAN THANKSGIVING.

As usual at this time of the year, the various governors have issued their proclamations, appointing the day of Thanksgiving for their respective States. It has hitherto been supposed that this day was to be celebrated by the whole country irrespective of creed, and as our Constitution guarantees us an unsectarian government, so ought our national holidays—Fourth of July and Thanksgiving—to be entirely unsectarian. The governor of the State of Massachusetts, however, Mr. Talbot, would like to exclude from the participation in this national rejoicing all who do not believe as he happens to believe. The feelings of those who think otherwise go for nothing with him. How can we interpret differently the following passage in his proclamation, to give thanks “for the higher hopes and aspirations which spring from the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ”? Following the example of Mr. Talbot, perhaps we may expect next year, from a State whose governor happens to be a Catholic, to be asked to give thanks for the grace of the intercession of the Virgin Mary and all the Saints in the calendar. That would only be the natural consequence of the precedent set by this fanatical official, and every newspaper in the land, no matter of what creed or tendency, ought to censure this evident violation of our Constitution.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

With the present number, the fourth volume of the *NEW ERA* closes. We think it unnecessary to hold out a long list of tempting novelties as attractions for the coming volume; the character and reputation of our magazine being so well established by this time, that we need resort to no such expedients. Our patrons and readers may rest assured that we will, in the future as in the past, endeavor to maintain its high standard; and that no pains and expense will be spared to secure the co-operation of contributors in the various fields to which our monthly is devoted. To our friends and supporters we herewith tender our thanks, and promise, in return—no matter how well we may have done in the past—we shall strive to do still better in the future. With this understanding, we have no doubt that our readers will continue to give us their encouragement, and thereby facilitate the fulfillment of our promise.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.
2 Vols. New York: *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

Almost since the destruction of the Second Temple the life of that renowned Israelite, who suffered martyrdom because his ignorant contemporaries could not appreciate the reforms he desired to introduce into Judaism, has been made the pet subject on which theological biographers have devoted much time, labor, and erudition. First of all appeared the original histories, written by gentlemen who have since been called the four Evangelists. In these, as was to have been expected from the writers and the object they had in view, truth was perverted to suit the exigencies of the circumstances, the sayings and doings of the illustrious Jew were intentionally misinterpreted and falsified, a totally different character to that which he bore was assigned to him by his "faithful" historians, and the nature of his mission was entirely changed so as to suit the religious sentiments and weak minds of the heathens, from whose ranks the founders of Christianity determined to establish a new sect of believers. And yet, even in these histories, albeit the intention was the same, there are many contradictions and discrepancies which bewilder the reader, and leave him much in doubt on the very subject he wishes to be enlightened. After these biographies came the writings and discussions of the earlier fathers of the Church, and so on, through the lapse of centuries, until the invention of printing gave them to the world, as text books on which to write numerous commentaries, and from which should spring all those violent controversies which have not yet ceased even in this very utilitarian age. The biographical as well as the theological student will readily recall many of these "lives of Christ" which have appeared within comparatively late years. Their writers have represented Jesus under all imaginable aspects. They have shown him up as a semi-God, as a whole God, and as no God at all. They have given him the character either of king, priest, prophet, law-giver, savior, or of all these put together. They have proved him to be everything in general and nothing at all in particular; in short, they have proved too much; hence it is incumbent on everybody now who wishes either to defend or to attack Christianity, to write a life of Jesus and to give his own version of the great events in which our respected coreligionist took so prominent a part.

The latest contribution to this large and constantly increasing department of literature is the present work by the Master of Marlborough College, the Rev. Dr. W. R. Farrar. To review it according to its deserts, and from a Jewish stand-point, would be a task which would lead us far beyond the limits of magazine criticism, for in order to refute many of the Doctor's statements of facts, as well as to show the weakness and inconsequence of many of his arguments and deductions, it would be almost necessary to write another life of Jesus. We shall therefore at present attempt no more than a cursory notice. There is no doubt that the work before us bears evidence of great scholarship, deep research, and careful preparation. As is to be expected, however, the peculiar training of the doctor's mind, so far as his theology is concerned, constrains him to certain dogmatic views on the subject of Christianity which every now and then crop out in striking contrast to the freedom of many of his criticisms. His basis is of course the divinity of Jesus, and this idea permeates the entire work. It is evident that the doctor is an orthodox clergyman, and he has certainly done his best, not only to present his subject from the recognized ecclesiastical stand-points, but to claim for Christianity the sole merit of having done everything that is noble in the world. Before the advent of Christ, there was no virtue, no purity, no good of any kind to be found on earth; everybody was wicked and corrupt and vicious; but since our worthy brother died, all this has been wonderfully changed, and now the world has, through his teachings, become so extremely holy that it is impossible for any vice to exist anywhere—that is, inside the bosom of the Christian Church. Such, in plain words, is the sum total of what our author says. Skeptics and those who do not belong to the Christian faith may be apt to cavil at this and call it a gratuitous assumption, but the great mass of "believers" will accept it as inspired truth, and it is for this class that the work is written. The main purpose of the author is, as he himself describes it, "to tell the full story of the gospels in such a manner, and with such illustrations, as . . . might serve to enable at least the simple and the unlearned to understand and enter into the human surroundings of the life of the Son of God." He has, however, done more than this, for he has furnished a great deal which even learned readers may value.

The work, apart from its theological character, abounds in beautiful passages wherein the genius of the author is strikingly displayed. His descriptions of the manners and customs of the East, and the

characteristics of its people, are excellent and will amply repay the reader. As a literary production, therefore, it is entitled to high consideration, but as soon as it is regarded merely as a life of Christ, it lacks many of those qualifications which have made other histories of the same person peculiarly interesting even to those who must necessarily dissent from the Christian idea of Jesus.

A SYSTEM OF LOGIC, RATIOCINATIVE AND INDUCTIVE: being a connected view of the principles of evidence and the methods of scientific investigation. By JOHN STUART MILL. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

This work of the great English logician is so well known to all students of the important subjects upon which it treats, that it is hardly necessary at this late day to do more than merely call passing attention to some of its merits. In the first place, it embodies and systematizes the best ideas which have either been promulgated or adopted by the leading thinkers of the world in the prosecution of their scientific inquiries. It cements together the several fragments of a subject which have never yet been properly treated as a whole, and harmonizes the true portions of discordant theories by disentangling them from the errors with which they are connected, and supplying the necessary links of thought to reconcile them with each other. To say that the work is the production of Mr. John Stuart Mill is simply to say that it is comprehensive in thought, sound in principle, thorough in method, and admirably calculated not only to make men think, but to teach them how to think correctly. It is no wonder, then, that it should so long have remained the standard work on logic in the English language. There have doubtless appeared many excellent treatises on the same subject by writers whose names are sufficient guarantees for the worth of their productions, but careful analysis and comparison will reveal the fact that they are all more or less modifications of the essential method and idea which characterize Mr. Mill's work. As a logician our author undoubtedly is without a rival, and those who desire to obtain an adequate idea of the immense powers of his intellect would do well to read this masterwork of modern philosophy. The American edition, which is reprinted from the eighth and last London edition, is produced in the usual style of excellence characteristic of all the scientific publications of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

A HISTORY OF GERMANY, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES. Founded on DR. DAVID MÜLLER'S "History of the German People." By CHARLTON T. LEWIS. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

The author of this History of Germany has in his present work supplied a want in this country which has long been felt to exist. With the exception of Great Britain, there is no people in Europe with whom we hold more intimate association than with the Germans. The events of the past few years also have contributed in no small degree to the general interest which all educated persons take now in this nation, and therefore it is of much importance to have a correct knowledge of their character, history, and achievements. Dr. Müller's History of the German People" enjoys great popularity in the "fatherland," and is regarded as one of the best and most useful of German histories. It is from this work that Mr. Lewis has compiled his present volume. Recognizing, however, that there is much in the original work of but small interest to Americans, Mr. Lewis has very wisely condensed it, but has nevertheless given us a full narrative of the growth and progress of the German race from the earliest times to the present day. He has also added, in a final chapter, a brief outline of the principal events in the new empire since the peace of Frankfort, and by this has continued the history of Germany to a later date than that at which the last edition of Dr. Müller's work ends. As a text-book to the student, no less than as a manual for the general reader, Mr. Lewis has prepared a work which will prove highly interesting and serviceable.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

A RAMBLE ROUND THE WORLD, 1871. By M. LE BARON DE HUBNER. Translated by LADY HERBERT. New York: *Macmillan & Co.*

ORIENTAL AND LINGUISTIC STUDIES, Second Series. By WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY. New York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*

PROSPER MERIMÉE'S LETTERS TO AN INCOGNITA, with recollections by LAMARTINE and GEORGE SAND. Being THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE BRIO-A-BRAC SERIES, edited by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. New York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*

NAST'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC for 1875. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

THE STAGE.

THE debt of gratitude which the music-loving portion of the public owes to Mr. Strakosch for the energy and enterprise he has exhibited during the past three seasons of Italian opera, has been greatly enhanced by the engagement of Mlle. Emma Albani as the *prima donna* of the present company. This lady's performances may safely be set down as the leading attractions and most marked features of the season. We do not mean to imply by this, that without her aid the company now singing at the Academy would be inferior as compared to others who have been heard within its walls, but simply that Mlle. Albani possesses, in her own immense powers, sufficient merit to attract large and enthusiastic gatherings wherever she may perform. With but one exception—that of Adelina Patti—no purer, sweeter, or richer voice has been heard in this country, or perhaps in any other. To say that her execution is faultless, her manner unimpeachable, and her skill as a songstress wonderful, is but to describe inadequately her great merits. Her work in the several operas in which she has taken part has been so many revelations and has permanently established her in public opinion as an artist of the highest rank. The triumph she has won in her native land has but confirmed the verdict already pronounced in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Italy, and must be exceedingly gratifying, not only to the young lady and her friends, but also to her *impresario* who with her has achieved a real and deserving success. It would perhaps be injudicious to draw any contrast between her several performances, for whether as Amina, Lucia, Gilda, or Mignon, she fairly carries away the hearts of her hearers and elicits enthusiastic and prolonged applause.

Among the other new-comers who have gained a fair share of public admiration, must be mentioned especially the leading tenor, Sig. Carpi; the baritone, Sig. Tagliapietra; and the bass, Signor Fiorini. The two sopranos, Mlles. Heilbron and Potentini, have also produced very favorable impressions, both ladies possessing agreeable voices, and sufficient artistic talent to render their performances pleasant, smooth, and gratifying. Of our former favorites, Miss Cary and Signor Del Puente, it is hardly necessary to offer any remarks. Their merits are well recognized and their appearance on the stage is always the signal for a hearty welcome, which in itself is

ample evidence of the high estimation in which they are held. The orchestra and chorus, under the able direction of Sig. Muzio, are remarkably efficient and quite equal to what they were last season. Besides the three regular subscription nights and the Saturday *matinee* performance, which take place every week, Mr. Strakosch, who seems determined to cultivate the musical taste of the public, gives every Sunday evening a representation at the Grand Opera House. On these occasions, the *bâton* is wielded by Mr. S. Behrens, whose reputation as an accomplished musician is too well acknowledged to need comment at our hands. The *repertoire*, so far as the season has advanced, has included five of Verdi's productions, viz., "La Traviata," "Il Trovatore," "Ernani," "Rigoletto," and "Aida;" two of Donizetti's, "Lucia," and "La Figlia del Reggimento;" one of Rossini's, "Il Barbiere;" one of Bellini's, "La Sonnambula;" besides Gounod's "Faust," Thomas' "Mignon," and Marchetti's new opera "Ruy Blas." Verdi's great "Messa da Requiem" and Wagner's "Lohengrin" are in active rehearsal, and will doubtless be heard at the Academy very soon.

Of the theatres which have all of late been catering so well to the public taste, we regret that our space will not permit us in this issue to give more than a brief mention. At the Union Square, "The Hunchback" was revived on a magnificent scale, the charming *rôle* of *Julia* being sustained by Miss Clara Morris, with a delicacy, nicety, and power which place her portrayal of this exceedingly difficult character among her best efforts. Independently of the great attraction of Miss Morris' acting, the entire cast was as complete as it could possibly be. Mr. Frederic Robinson pictured *Master Walter* with much earnestness and depth of feeling, while *Clifford* was filled by Mr. C. R. Thorne, Jr., with dignity and ease and with his usual elocutionary skill. Mr. Stuart Robson's *Modus* was on a par with his other performances and excited much hearty laughter. Miss Claxton's *Helen* was in some instances slightly overdone, but not sufficiently so as to detract from its general excellence. With the termination of Miss Morris' engagement, the piece was withdrawn, and "Jane Eyre" substituted in its place.

At Booth's, Mr. Joe Jefferson is giving his inimitable representation of "Rip Van Winkle;" at the Park Theatre, Mr. Raymond still continues to delight the *habitués* of that house in his great character specialty of Col. Mulberry Sellers; at the Lyceum, the Soldene company is giving English Opera Bouffe in a style with which the most squeamish cannot possibly find fault.

